Book of Hymns

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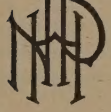
for the

Joint Evangelical Lutheran Synod of
Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan
and other States



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Classification of the Hymns

General Classification

	Hymns
Sunday—Opening and Closing of Service	1— 27
Miscellaneous Hymns (in alphabetical order)	28—228
Baptism and Children	229—233
Communion	234—240
Advent	241—247
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Marriage	301—303
Morning	304—307
Evening	308—315
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Special Classification

The numerals and letters given at the left of the Index of First Lines refer to the following special classification and show how almost every hymn given falls under two or more different headings:

I. Sunday.
   - Ia. Opening of Service.
   - Ib. Closing of Service.

II. Trinity and Works of God in General.

III. Creation—Providence—Temporal Gifts—National Welfare—Thanksgiving.

IV. Redemption and Justification.

V. Christian Life.
   - Va. Invitation and Exhortation.
   - Vb. Humiliation.
   - Vc. Coming to Christ—Faith (Enlightenment, Conversion).
   - Vd. Adoration of Christ.
   - Ve. Consecration—Allegiance—(also Confirmation).
   - Vf. Serving and Confessing Christ.
   - Vg. Preservation and growth in faith and righteousness.
   - Vh. Perseverance.
   - Vi. Christian Virtues.

VI. The Word and the Church.
- VIa. The Word—Preaching.
- VIb. Christian Fellowship.
- VIc. Church Buildings.
- VId. Work and Glory of the Church.
- VIe. Preservation of the Church.

VII. Cross and Comfort.

VIII. Death—Judgment—Eternity—Heaven.

IX. Sacraments—Church Year—Special Occasions.
- IXa. Baptism—Children.
- IXb. Communion.
- IXc. Advent.
- IXd. Christmas.
- IXe. Year End.
- IXf. New Year.
- IXg. Epiphany.
- IXh. Lent.
- IXi. Easter.
- IXj. Ascension.
- IXk. Pentecost.
- IXl. Church Buildings.
- IXm. Mission.
- IXn. Reformation.
- IXo. Thanksgiving.
- IXp. Marriage.
- IXq. Morning.
- IXr. Evening.
- IXs. Burial.

Classification						Alphabetical Index of First Lines	Hymn No.	Number of Stanzas
I		V	VI	VII		.....Abide, O dearest Jesus	28	6
Ib	III	Vg		VII	VIII	IXr,s....Abide with me.....	29	8
						IXe.....A few more years shall roll 257		5
						IXh.....A Lamb goes uncomplaining 264		10
						IXh.....Alas! and did my Savior bleed 265		5
Ia	II					.....All glory be to God on high	30	4
I		Vd				IXf,j.....All hail the power of Jesus' name	31	5
						IXd.....All my heart this night rejoices 248		15
						IXd.....All praise to Jesus' hallowed name 249		7
	IV	Vb				.....All that I was, my sin, my guilt	32	5
Ia	III	Vf,o				.....Almighty Father, heaven and earth	33	5
Ib		Vc,h	VIa			.....Almighty God, Thy Word is cast	7	4
	III	Vb				IXn.....Almighty Lord, before Thy throne	34	5
		Vf,h				.....Am I a soldier of the cross	35	6
II		Vg	VId			IXn.....A mighty fortress is our God.....	36	4
	IV	Vb,c				.....And wilt Thou pardon, Lord	37	4
	IV	Vb,c				.....Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	38	5
			VIa			IXg,m...Arise, O God, and shine 262		4
						IXs.....Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep 316		4
					VIII	IXs.....A slumber I know in Jesus' name	39	5
		Vc,g				.....Author of faith, to Thee I cry	40	4
						IXi.....Awake, my heart, with gladness 281		9
						IXq.....Awake, my soul, and with the sun 304		5
			VIa,d			IXm.....Awake, Thou Spirit, who didst fire	41	6
						IXa.....Baptized into Thy name most holy 229		7
Ia		Vd				IXf,g....Beautiful Savior	42	4
Ia	II III		VI			.....Before Jehovah's awful throne	43	5
	IV					.....Behold the Lamb of God	44	4

					Hymn No.	Number of Stanzas
		VIc		IXl.....Behold the sure Foundation-stone	45	4
			VII VIII	IXs.....Beloved, it is well	46	4
				IXh.....Beloved Jesus, what law hast	266	15
Ia	Vc	VIa		.....Blessed Jesus, at Thy word	1	4
				IXa.....Blessed Jesus, here we stand	230	7
	Vh	VIb		.....Blest be the tie that binds	47	6
	Ve			.....Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	48	4
				IXg.....Brightest and best....	263	5
		VIc		IXl.....Christ is our Cornerstone.	49	4
				IXh.....Christ, the Life of all the living	267	6
				IXi.....Christ the Lord is risen again	282	7
				IXi.....Christ the Lord is risen today	283	6
		VIc		IXl.....Christ, Thou art the sure Foundation	50	4
		VIe		IXn.....Christ, Thou the Champion	51	4
	Ve,f,i			.....Come, follow me, the Savior spake	52	7
				IXd.....Come hither, ye faithful	250	4
Ia	V	VI		IXk.....Come, Holy Ghost, God and Lord	291	3
Ia	V	VI		IXk.....Come, Holy Spirit, come	292	5
	IV Vd			.....Come, let us join our cheerful	53	5
Ia	Vc			.....Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.	54	6
	V	VI		IXk.....Come, O come, Thou quick'ning Spirit	293	9
Ia II				.....Come, Thou Almighty King	55	5
	Va		VII VIII	.....Come unto me, when shadows.	56	4
	Va		VII	.....Come, ye disconsolate	57	3
				IXc.....Comfort, comfort ye my people	241	3
	Vd			.....Crown him with many crowns	58	5
	IV			.....Dear Christians, one and all rejoice	59	10
			VII	.....Dear Refuge of my weary soul	60	4

Classification				Alphabetical Index of First Lines	Hymn No.	Number of Stanzas
				IXb.....Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness	234	9
	Va			.....Delay not, delay not, O sinner	61	5
I II				.....Doxologies		11-27
				IXb.....Draw nigh and take the body	235	3
	Vc,e			.....Drawn to the cross....	62	4
	Vg,h			.....Draw us to Thee	63	5
				IXs.....Farewell I say with gladness	317	5
Ia II				.....Father, in whom we live	64	4
Ia		VIa		.....Father of mercies, in Thy word	65	4
	Ve,h			.....Fight the good fight...	66	4
	Vh		VII	.....Forever with the Lord	67	8
				IXs.....For me to live is Jesus	318	8
		VIa,d		IXm.....From Greenland's icy mountains	68	4
				IXd.....From heav'n above to earth I come	251	15
III				IXf,a....Give to our God immortal praise	69	6
I II				.....Glory be to God the Father	70	4
	IV Vd			IXh.....Glory be to Jesus 268		6
				IXr.....Glory to Thee, my God, this night	308	4
III				.....God bless our native land	71	2
III			VII	.....God moves in a mysterious way	72	6
	Vf,h			.....God of my life, whose gracious power	73	6
				IXq.....God who madest earth and heaven	305	7
				IXh.....Go to dark Gethsemane	269	4
	IV Vc			.....Grace! 'tis a charming sound	74	6
				IXa.....Gracious Savior, gentle Shepherd	232	5
Ia		V	VI	IXk.....Gracious Spirit, Dove Divine	294	4
				IXf.....Great God, we sing that mighty hand ...	258	5
			VIII	.....Great God, what do I see and hear	75	4
			VI	.....Great is the Lord our God	76	4
	Vh		VII	.....Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	77	3

Classification				Alphabetical Index of First Lines	Hymn No.	Number of Stanzas
	Vd			IXj.....Hail, Thou once despised Jesus	78	4
				IXc.....Hail to the Lord's Anoited	242	4
				IXc.....Hark, a thrilling voice is sounding 243		4
			VIII	IXs.....Hark, a voice divides the sky.	79	5
	Vd			IXj.....Hark, ten thousand harps and voices	80	6
		VI		.....Hark, the Church proclaims her honor	81	5
		VId	VIII	IXs.....Hark, the sound of holy voices	82	5
	Vf	VId		.....Hark, the voice of Jesus crying	83	4
				IXd.....Hark, what mean those holy voices 252		6
				IXf.....Help us, O Lord, behold we enter 259		5
	V	VI		IXk.....Holy Ghost, with light divine 295		6
Ia	II			.....Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	84	4
I		V	VI	IXk.....Holy Spirit, hear us ...296		7
			VIa	.....How precious is the Book divine	85	6
		Vd,f		.....How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	86	7
				IXi.....I am content, my Jesus liveth still 284		5
		Vc,g		.....I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus	87	6
		Vb,c		.....I do not come because my soul	88	5
			VIe	IXn.....If God were not upon our side	89	8
	III		VII	.....If thou but suffer God to guide thee	90	7
		Va,e		.....I heard the voice of Jesus say	91	3
				IXi.....I know that my Redeemer lives 285		8
		Vc,e		.....I lay my sins on Jesus	92	3
		Vc,e	VII	.....I leave Thee not, Thou art my Jesus.	93	9
		Vc,f		.....I lift my heart to Thee	94	4
	III			IXo.....I'll praise my Maker whilst	95	4
			VII VIII	IXs.....I'm but a stranger here	96	4
				IXi.....In death's strong grasp the Savior 286		7
			VII	.....In God, my faithful God	97	5

Classification				Alphabetical Index of First Lines	Hymn No.	Number of Stanzas
			IXl	.....In loud exalted strains.	300	4
	IV V			..... In the cross of Christ I glory	98	4
			VIII IXs	.....It is not death to die..	99	5
II	V			..... Jehovah, let me now adore Thee	100	8
			VIII IXs	.....Jerusalem, thou city fair	101	8
I	Vd			..... Jesus, Brightness of the Father	102	3
			VIII IXi,s	....Jesus Christ, my sure Defense	103	8
			IXb	.....Jesus Christ, our blessed Savior	236	8
	Vd,e		VII VIII IXs	.....Jesus, I live to Thee..	104	4
	Vf			..... Jesus, I my cross have taken	105	6
			IXh	..... Jesus, I will ponder now	270	6
	Vd,e			..... Jesus, Jesus, Jesus only	106	5
	Vb,c			..... Jesus, Lover of my soul.....	107	5
	Vc			..... Jesus, my truth, my way	108	6
	Vd		IXf,g	....Jesus, name of wond'rous love	109	6
	Vd		VII	..... Jesus, priceless treasure	110	5
	Ve			..... Jesus, Refuge of the weary	111	3
	Vd	VI	IXm,n	...Jesus shall reign where'er the sun 112		5
	Vg			..... Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep	113	5
	Va,b,c			..... Jesus sinners doth receive	114	7
	Vc,g,h		VII	..... Jesus, still lead on....	115	4
	Vd			..... Jesus, the very thought of Thee	116	5
	Vd			..... Jesus, Thou my heart's desire	117	5
	IV Vc			..... Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness	118	7
	Vd	VI	IXc,d	....Joy to the world, the Lord is come	119	4
	Vb,c			..... Just as I am, without one plea	120	6
	Vd,g			..... Lamb of God, we fall before Thee	121	6
		VIa		..... Lamp of our feet, whereby	122	5
Ib II	Ve			..... Let me be Thine forever	123	3

Classification			Alphabetical Index of First Lines		Number Hymn No.	of Stanzas
			IXc	Let the earth now praise the Lord	244	9
			IXd	Let us all with gladsome voice	253	4
			IXc	Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates	245	5
			IXj	Lo, God to heaven ascendeth	286	7
		VIa,d	IXm	Look from Thy sphere of endless day	124	5
Ib				Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	8	3
	III			Lord God, we all to Thee give	125	12
			IXh	Lord Jesus Christ, my Life	271	15
		Vc		Lord Jesus Christ, my Savior blest	126	7
Ia		Vc	VIa	Lord Jesus Christ, to us attend	2	4
			VIe	IXn Lord Jesus Christ, with us abide	127	9
			IXb	Lord Jesus, Thou art truly good	237	8
		Vi	VId	IXo Lord, lead the way my Savior went	128	4
		Vf,i	VId	IXm,o Lord of glory, Thou hast bought us	129	4
Ib		Vg		Lord of my life, whose tender care	130	3
			VIa	Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high	131	5
		Vb,c		Lord, to Thee I make confession	132	4
	IV	V		Lord, we confess our num'rous faults	133	6
			IXp	Lord, who at Cana's wedding feast	301	3
			IXb	May God be praised henceforth	238	3
		V	VII	My faith looks up to Thee	134	4
		Vb,c,e		My God, accept my heart this day	135	5
		Ve		My God, my Father, while I live	136	8
		Vc		My hope is built on nothing less	137	4
			IXq	My inmost heart now raises	306	7
		Vf,h		My soul, be on thy guard	138	4
	III			IXo My soul, now bless thy Maker	139	4

					Hymn No.	Number of Stanzas
	V		VII VIII	.....Nearer, my God, to Thee 140		4
	IV Vc			.....Not all the blood of beasts 141		5
				IXa.....Now Christ, the very Son of God 231		6
Ia	V	VI		IXk.....Now do we pray God the Holy Ghost. 297		4
	IV V			.....Now I have found the sure foundation 142		10
				IXs.....Now lay we calmly in the grave 319		8
	III			IXo.....Now let us come before Him 143		14
				IXd.....Now raise your happy voice 254		4
				IXr.....Now rest beneath life's shadows 309		9
Ib	III			IXo.....Now thank we all our God 144		3
				IXr.....Now the day is over ..310		6
				IXh.....O bleeding head and wounded 272		10
I	II III			.....O bless the Lord, my soul 145		6
	III			.....O bless, Thou heav'nly Potentate 146		4
		VI		IXm.....O Christ, our true and only Light 147		6
				IXh.....O darkest woe 273		8
			VII VIII	.....O'er the distant mountains breaking.....148		4
	Vc			.....O for a faith that will not shrink 149		6
	Vd			IXf,g,m..O for a thousand tongues to sing.....150		7
	Vd,e		VII	.....O Friend of souls, how blest am I 151		6
		VIe		IXn.....O God, from heav'n look down 152		6
	III			.....O God of Jacob by whose hand 153		5
	III			IXf.....O God our Help in ages past 154		8
	II Vh			.....O God, Thou faithful God 155		8
I	V	VI		IXk.....O Holy Spirit, enter in.293		8
			VIII	IXs.....O how blest are ye whose toils 156		6
	Vd			.....O Jesus King most wonderful 157		5
				IXh.....O Lamb of God most holy 274		3

Classification				Alphabetical Index of First Lines	Hymn No.	Number of Stanzas
			IXc	O Lord, how shall I meet Thee	246	10
II	Vd,e	VII		O Lord, I love Thee from my heart	158	3
III			IXo	O Lord, I sing with mouth and heart	159	18
	Vf	VId		O Lord, my best desire fulfill	160	4
	Vf,i			O Lord of heav'n and earth	161	6
			IXl	O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills	299	4
	Vd			O Morning-star, how fair and bright	162	7
IV V				O Mystery of love divine	163	8
		VII VIII	IXs	One sweetly solemn thought	164	6
	Vd,e	VII		One thing's needful	165	10
Ib				On what has now been sown 9		3
		VIII	IXs	O Paradise, O Paradise	166	6
Ia	Vc	VIc	IXl	Open now the gates of beauty 3		5
			IXp	O perfect Love, all human thought	302	3
	Vd			O Savior, precious Savior	167	4
III				O that I had a thousand voices	168	15
	Vf			O that the Lord would guide	169	4
	Vb			O Thou that hear'st when sinners	170	6
	Vc			O Thou who wouldst not have	171	2
	Vb,c			Out of the depths I cry to Thee	172	5
			IXd	Praise God the Lord, ye sons of men	255	8
			IXs	Praise God, this hour of sorrow	320	8
III			IXo	Praise, O praise our God and Father	173	8
III			IXo	Praise to the Lord, the Almighty	174	5
	Va			Return, O wanderer, return	175	4
			IXc,h	Ride on, ride on in majesty	275	5
	Vh,i			Rise, my soul, to watch and pray	176	10
IV V		VII		Rock of ages, cleft for me	177	4

Classification				Alphabetical Index of First Lines	Hymn No.	Number of Stanzas
	IV			.....Salvation unto us has come 178		10
Ib				.....Savior, again to Thy dear name 10		4
				IXr.....Savior, breathe an evening blessing 311		4
	Ve,f			.....Savior, I follow on....179		4
	Ve,f	VId		.....Savior, Thy dying love.180		4
	Vb		VII	.....Savior, when in dust to Thee 181		4
				IXa.....Savior, who Thy flock art feeding 233		4
				IXj.....See, the Conqueror mounts 289		5
				IXh.....See, world, thy Life assailed 276		16
				IXr.....Since now the day has reached 312		10
				IXj,s....Since Christ has gone to heav'n 290		3
	Va			.....Sinners, turn, why will ye die 182		6
III				IXo.....Songs of immortal praise 183		6
III				.....Songs of praise the angels sang 184		6
III				.....Stars of the morning ..185		4
				IXh.....Stricken, smitten and afflicted 277		4
				IXr.....Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear 313		6
	Ve			.....Take my life and let it be 186		6
	Vf		VII	..... Take up thy cross 187		5
		VIe	VII	.....Ten thousand times ten thousand 188		4
				IXc.....The Advent of our God 247		6
		VId		.....The Church's one foundation 189		5
				IXr.....The day is past and gone 314		4
				IXb.....The death of Jesus Christ 239		10
	Vd	VId		.....The head that once was crowned 190		6
III		VI		.....The heavens declare Thy glory 191		5
	Vg			.....The King of love my Shepherd is 192		6
III	V	VI		.....The Lord hath helped me hitherto 193		3
	Vg			.....The Lord my pasture shall prepare 194		4

Classification				Alphabetical Index of First Lines	Hymn No.	Number of Stanzas
	Vg			.....The Lord's my Shepherd 195		5
		VI		IXg,m...The morning light is breaking 196		3
				IXf.....The new-born Child this early morn 260		4
				IXf.....The old year now hath past away 261		5
IV				IXh.....There is a fountain filled 278		5
			VIII	IXs.....There is a land of pure delight 197		6
			VIII	IXs.....There is an hour of peaceful rest 198		5
	Va			.....The Savior calls, let every ear 199		5
	Va			.....The Spirit in our hearts 200		4
				IXp.....The voice that breathed o'er Eden 303		7
	Ve,g		VII	.....Thine forever, God of love 201		5
Ia				.....This day at Thy creating word 4		4
I				.....This is the day the day the Lord hath made. 5		5
			VII VIII	IXs.....Though in the midst of life we be 202		3
				IXr.....Through the day Thy love has spared 315		3
				IXh.....Thy soul, O Jesus, hallow me 279		5
				IXb.....Thy table I approach..240		7
	Vc,g		VII	.....Thy way and all thy sorrows 203		12
	Vg			.....Thy way, not mine, O Lord 204		3
IV				.....Thy works, not mine, O Christ 205		4
II				.....To God be glory, peace on earth 206		6
IV	Vd			.....To our Redeemer's glorious name 207		5
III	Vb			.....To Thee our God we fly 208		5
			VIII	.....Wake, awake, for night is flying 209		3
11				.....We all believe in one .....Father 210		3
11				.....We all believe in one .....Maker 211		3
	Vb,c			.....Weary of earth and laden 212		8
	Vf,i			IXo.....We give Thee but Thine own 213		5

					Hymn No.	Number of Stanzas
				IXq.....We lift our hearts to Thee 307		5
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	Vg		VII	.....What a friend we have in Jesus 215		3
	V			.....Whate'er God will 216		4
III	V			.....Whatever God ordains is good 217		6
	Ve,i			..... What is the world to me 218		8
III				IXo.....When all Thy mercies.219		5
			VII	.....When in the hour of utmost need 220		7
				IXh.....When I survey the wond'rous cross 280		4
			VII VIII	.....When the day of toil is done 221		6
				IXe.....While with ceaseless course the sun 256		3
				IXi.....Who is this that comes from Edom 287		4
			VIII	IXs.....Who knows how near my end 222		12
	V	VIe		.....Why do the heathen rage 223		5
			VII	.....Why, my soul, thus trembling 224		6
		VIe	VII	.....Why those fears? behold 'tis Jesus.....225		4
	Vb			..... With broken heart and contrite sigh 226		5
I				..... With joy we hail the sacred day 6		5
	Vh			.....Ye servants of the Lord 227		4
		VId,e		.....Zion stands with hills surrounded 228		3

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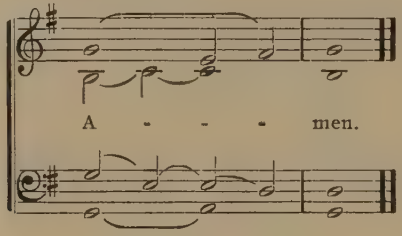
II. ALTAR SERVICE.

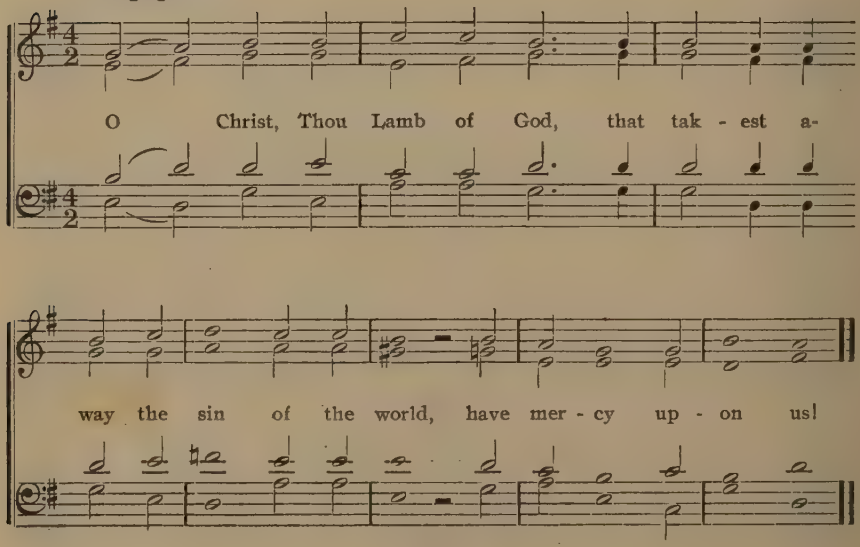
1. Minister: Our help is in the name of the Lord.

Congregation:



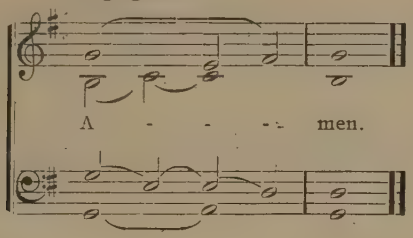
2. Minister: CONFESSION OF SINS.

Congregation:



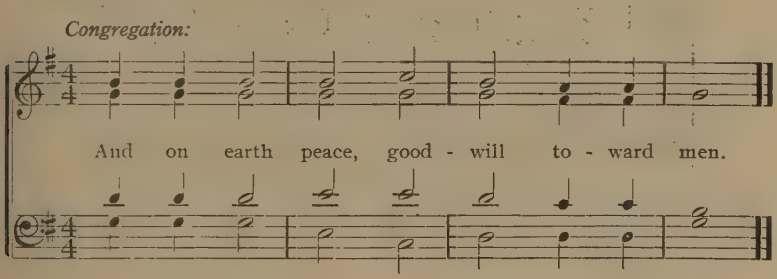
3. Minister: ABSOLUTION.

Congregation:



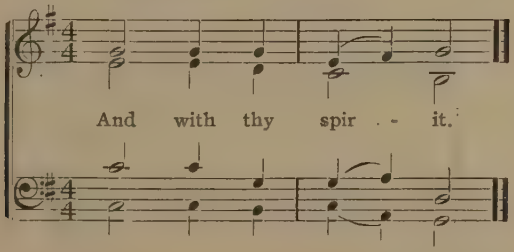
4 Minister: Glory be to God on high.

Congregation:



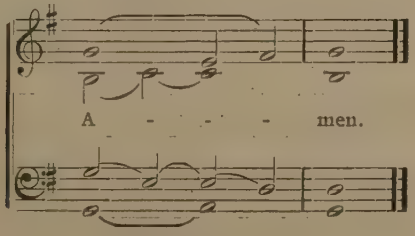
5. Minister: The Lord be with you.

Congregation:



6. Minister: COLLECT.

Congregation:

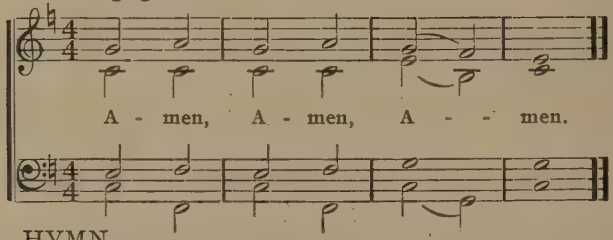


7. *Minister:* SCRIPTURE LESSON.

Congregation:

8. *Minister:* CREED.

Congregation:



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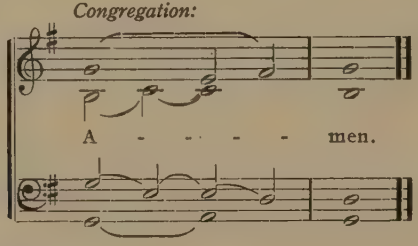
IV. SERMON.

V. HYMN.

VI. ALTAR SERVICE.

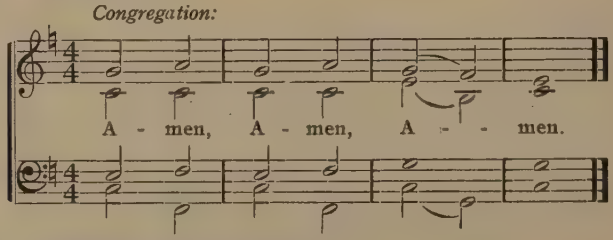
Minister: COLLECT.

Congregation:



Minister: BENEDICTION.

Congregation:



VII. HYMN or DOXOLOGY.

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Order of Morning Service

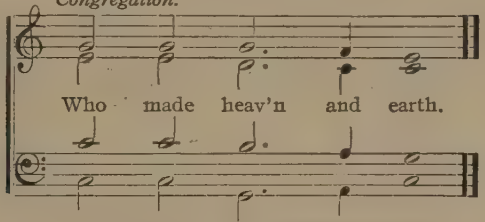
Form II.

I. HYMN.

II. ALTAR SERVICE.

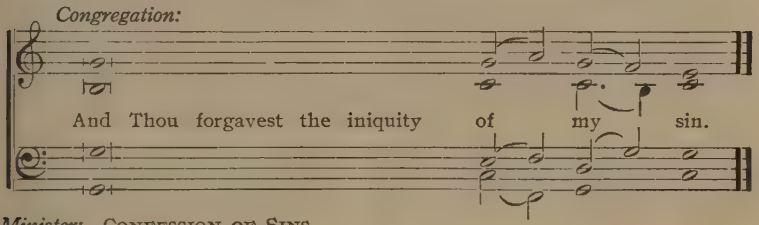
Minister: Our help is in the Name of the Lord.

Congregation:



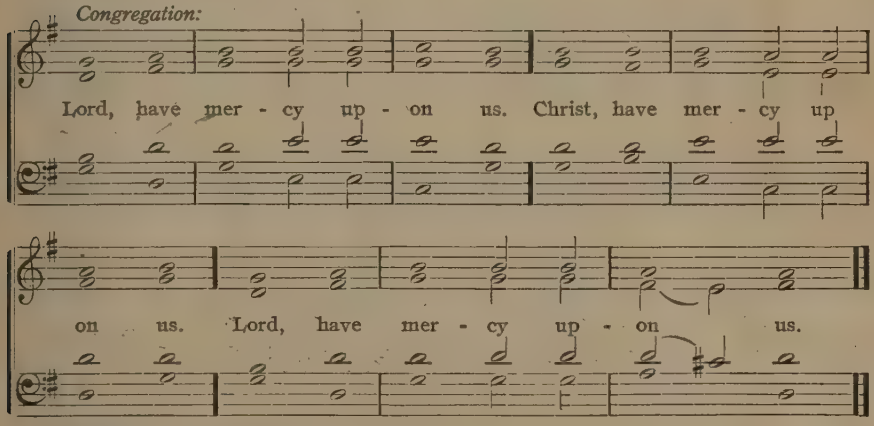
Minister: I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord.

Congregation:



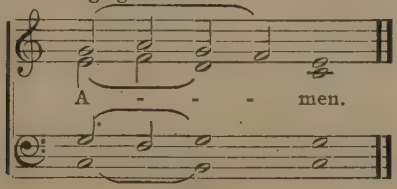
Minister: CONFESSION OF SINS.

Congregation:



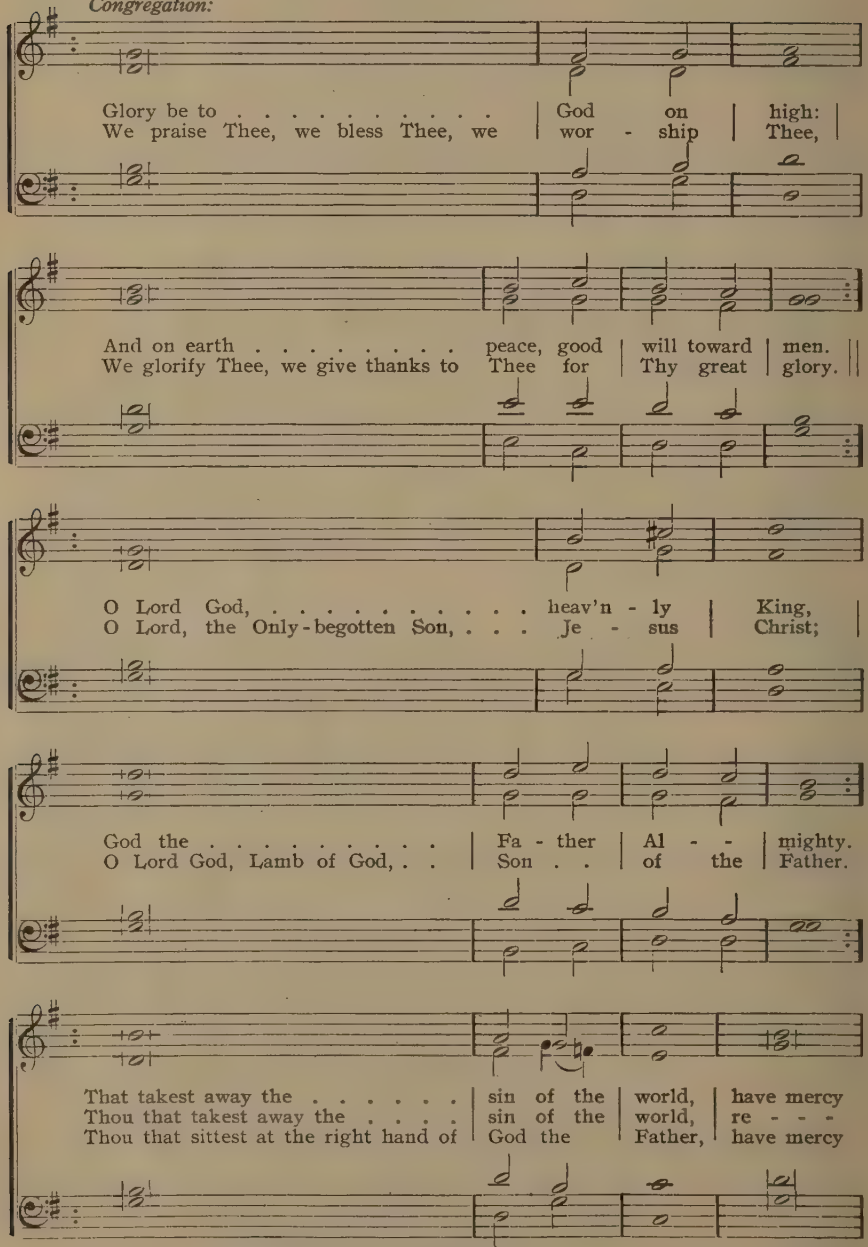
Minister: ABSOLUTION.

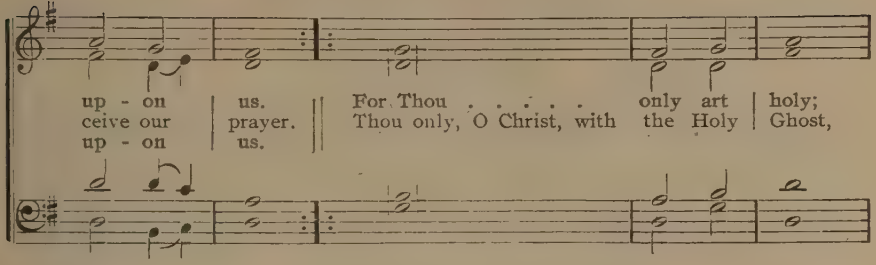
Congregation:

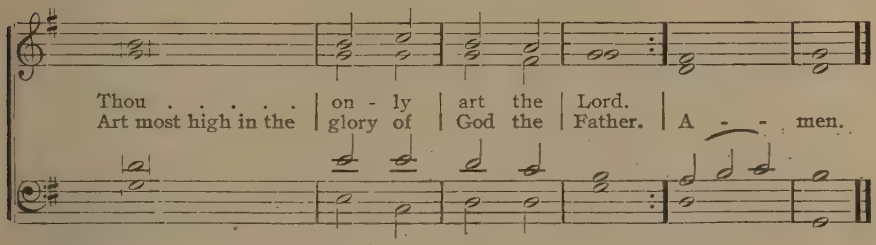


Minister: Glory be to God on high!

Congregation:

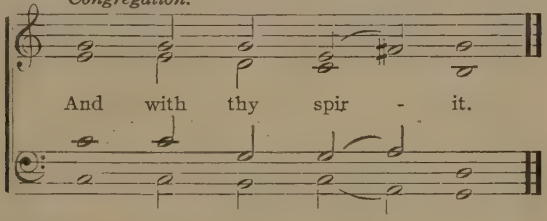

Glory be to . . . . . God on high:
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we wor - ship Thee,
And on earth . . . . . peace, good will toward men.
We glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory.
O Lord God, ... heav'n - ly King,
O Lord, the Only-begotten Son, . . . Je - sus Christ;
God the . . . . . Fa - ther Al - - mighty.
O Lord God, Lamb of God, . . Son . . of the Father.
That takest away the . . . . . sin of the world, have mercy
Thou that takest away the . . . . sin of the world, re - - -
Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy





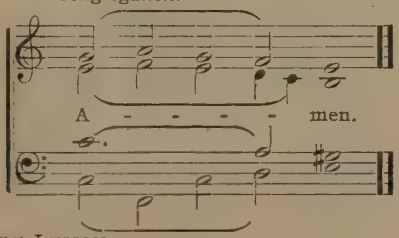
Minister: The Lord be with you.

Congregation:



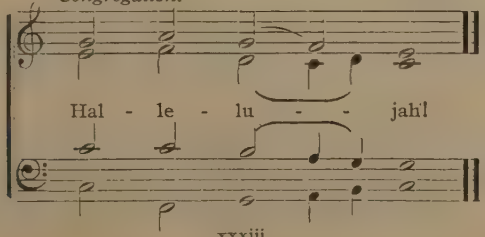
Minister: COLLECT.

Congregation:



Minister: SCRIPTURE LESSON.

Congregation:



Minister and Congregation:

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into Heaven and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The holy Christian Church, the Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

or THE NICENE CREED.

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Only-begotten Son of God, begotten of His Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the Father, By whom all things were made; Who, for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was made man; And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried: and the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures; and ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Father; and He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead; Whose kingdom shall have no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, The Lord and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, who spake by the Prophets. And I believe one holy Christian and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins; And I look for the Resurrection of the dead; And the life of the world to come. Amen.

III. SERMON.

IV. HYMN. *(or Offertory, see p. —), during which the offerings are gathered and brought to the Minister, who places them on the Altar.*

V. ANNOUNCEMENTS and GENERAL PRAYER, *ending with the Lord's Prayer, said by Minister and Congregation:*

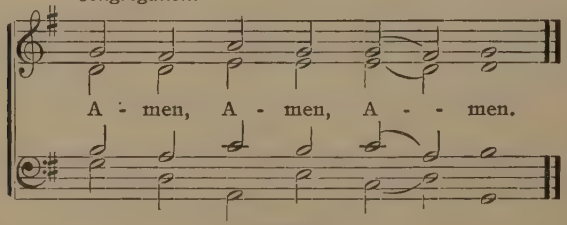
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, who art in heaven; Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

VI. CLOSING HYMN, or DOXOLOGY.

VII. BENEDICTION.

Congregation:



Communion

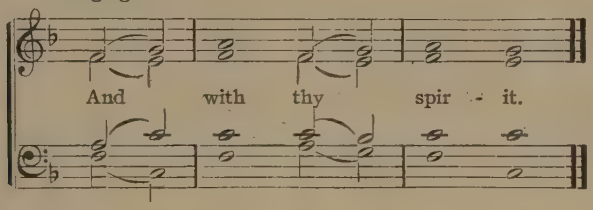
The Communion Service begins when the Minister, after the General Prayer, etc. (Morning Service, Form I, IV, *or Form II,* V), *instead of the Lord's Prayer says a special prayer for the communicants. Then follows:*

I. HYMN.

II. CONSECRATION.

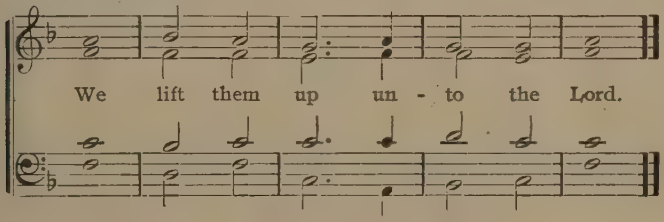
Minister: The Lord be with you.

Congregation:



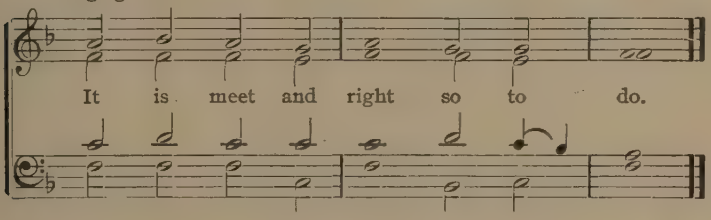
Minister: Lift up your hearts.

Congregation:



Minister: Let us give thanks unto the Lord our God.

Congregation:



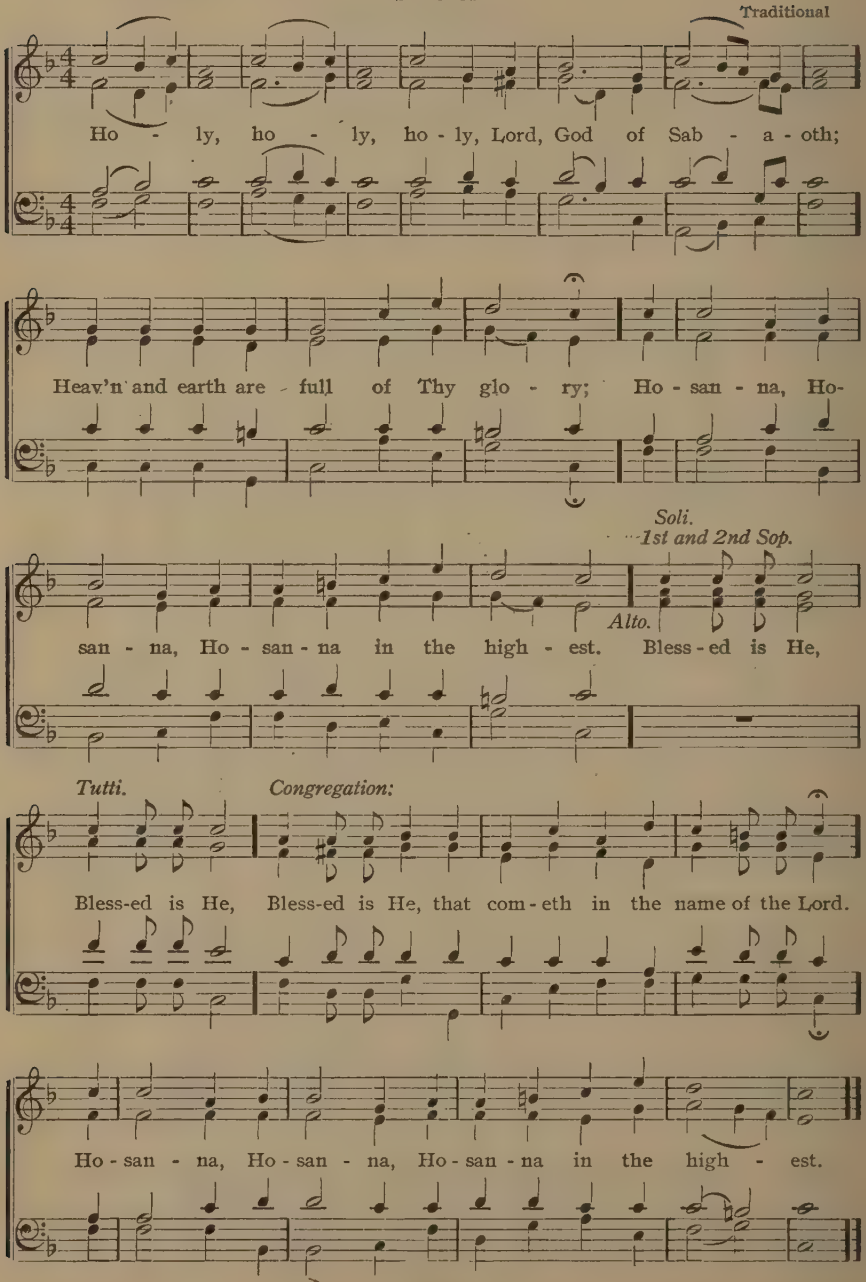
Minister: It is truly meet, right and salutary, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty Everlasting God.

Here shall follow the Proper Preface, *according to the time, if there be any specially appointed, or else immediately shall follow,* Therefore, with angels, etc.

Congregation and Choir:

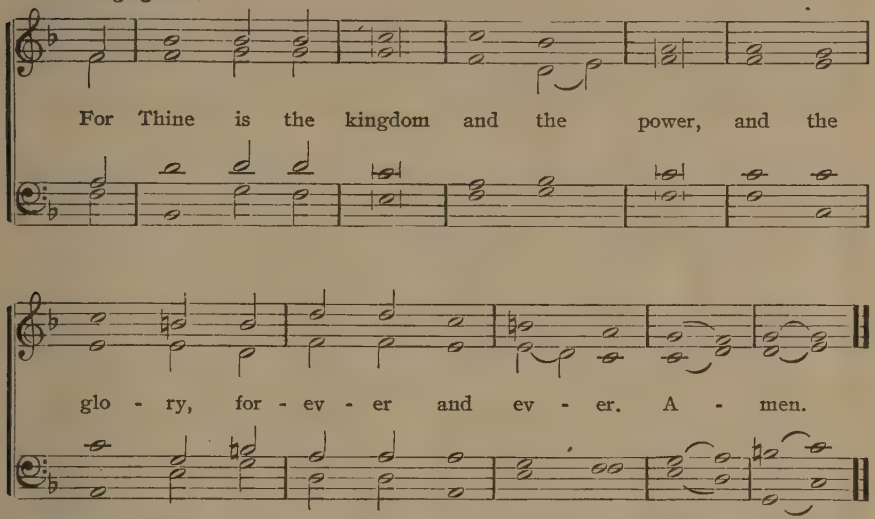
SANCTUS

Traditional


Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of Sab - a - oth;
Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry; Ho - san - na, Ho-
Soli.
1st and 2nd Sop.
Alto.
san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est. Bless - ed is He,
Tutti.
Congregation:
Bless-ed is He, Bless-ed is He, that com - eth in the name of the Lord.
Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est.

Minister: Our Father, who art in heaven; Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil.

Congregation:

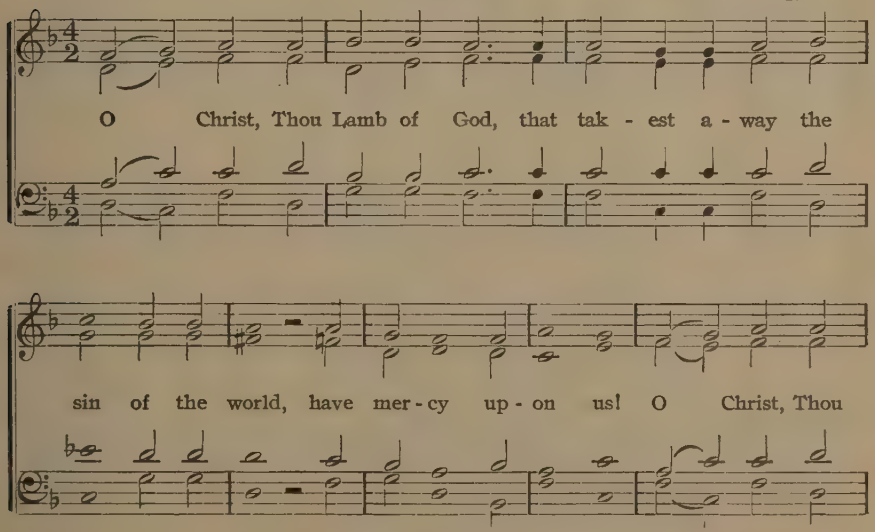


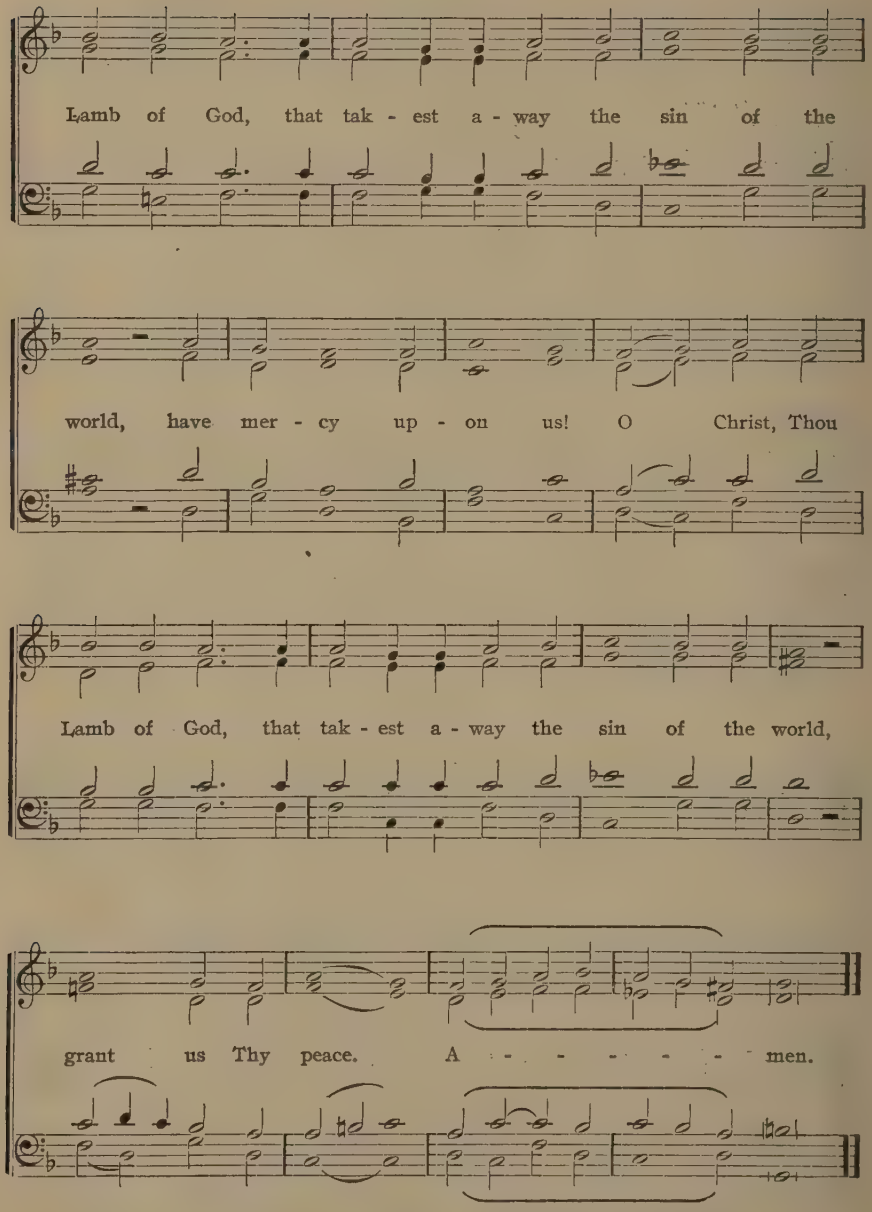
Minister: CONSECRATION.

Congregation:

AGNUS DEI

Braunschweig, 1528




Lamb of God, that tak - est a - way the sin of the
world, have mer - cy up - on us! O Christ, Thou
Lamb of God, that tak - est a - way the sin of the world,
grant us Thy peace. A - - - - - - men.

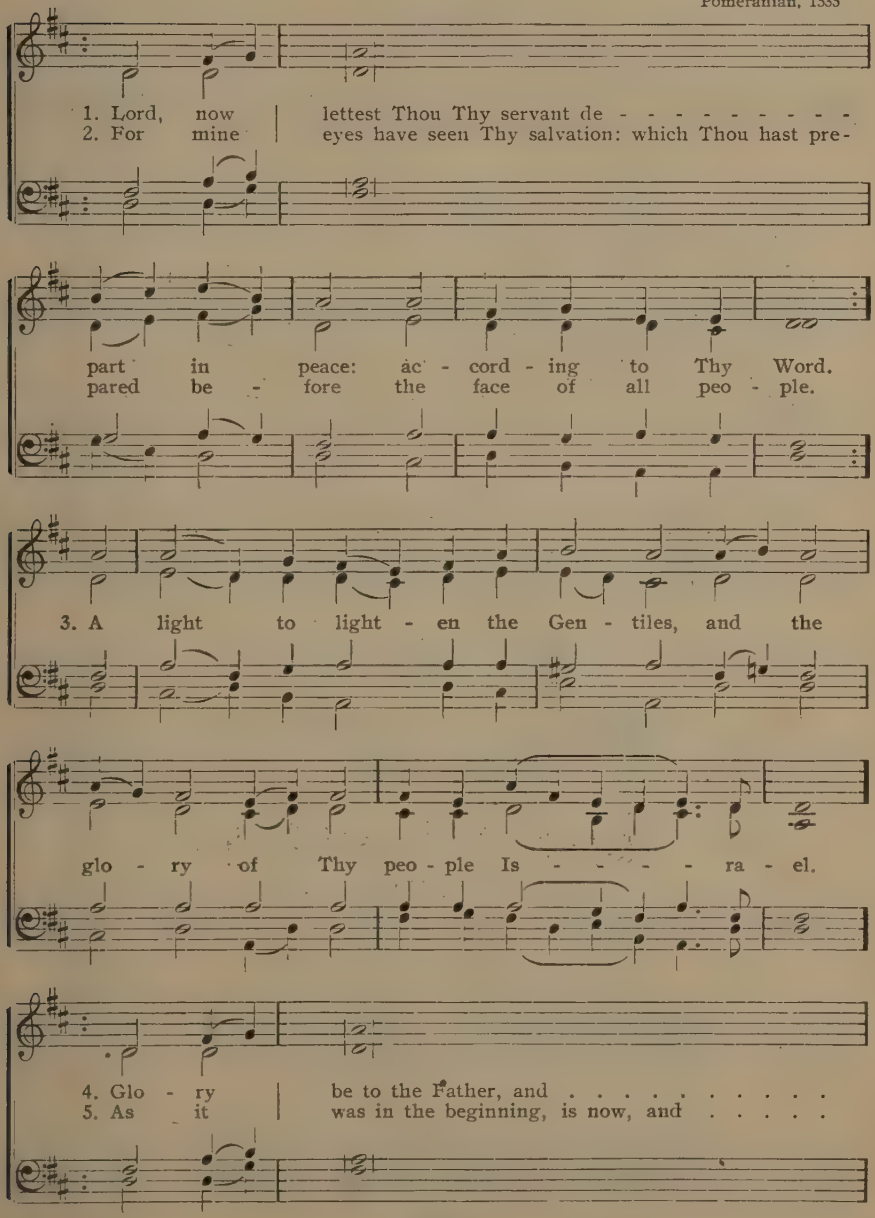
III. DISTRIBUTION and HYMN.

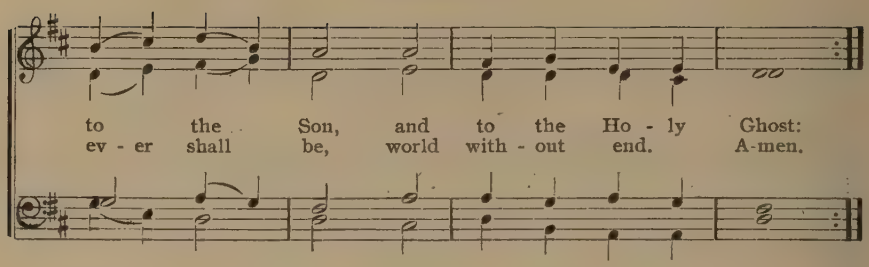
IV. NUNC DIMITTIS and THANKSGIVING.

Congregation and Choir:

NUNC DIMITTIS

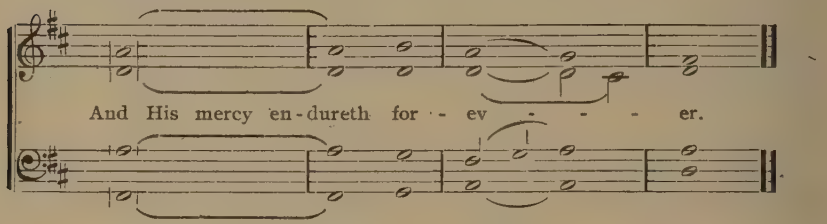
Pomeranian, 1535


1. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant de - - - - - - - - - -
2. For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation: which Thou hast pre-
part in peace: ac - cord - ing to Thy Word.
pared be - fore the face of all peo - ple.
3. A light to light - en the Gen - tiles, and the
glo - ry of Thy peo - ple Is - - - - ra - el.
4. Glo - ry be to the Father, and . . . . . .
5. As it was in the beginning, is now, and . . . . .



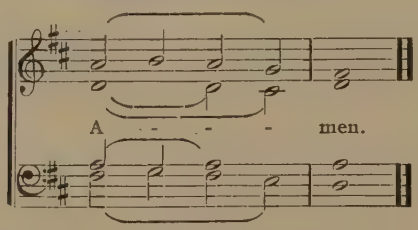
Minister: O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good.

Congregation:



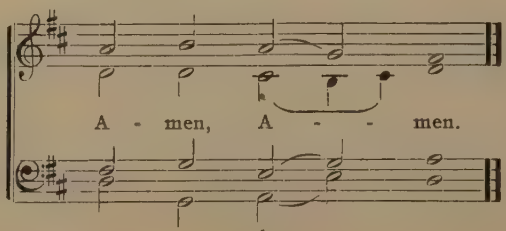
Minister: We give thanks to Thee, Almighty God, that Thou hast refreshed us through this salutary gift; and we beseech Thee, that of Thy mercy Thou wouldst strengthen us through the same in faith towards Thee and in fervent love toward one another, through Jesus Christ, Thy dear Son, our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.

The Congregation shall sing or say:



Minister: BENEDICTION.

The Congregation shall sing or say:



Order of Evening Service

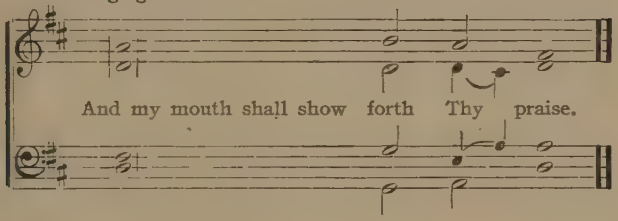
Vesper

I. HYMN.

II. ALTAR SERVICE.

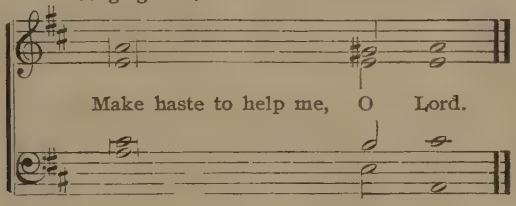
Minister: O Lord, open Thou my lips.

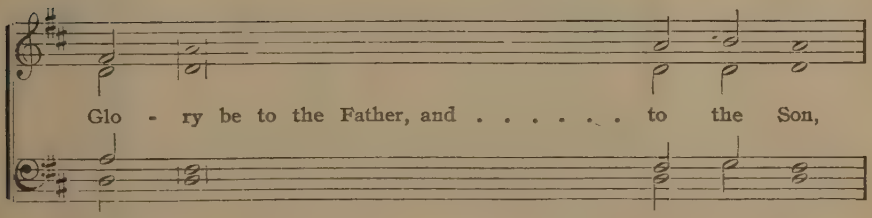
Congregation:

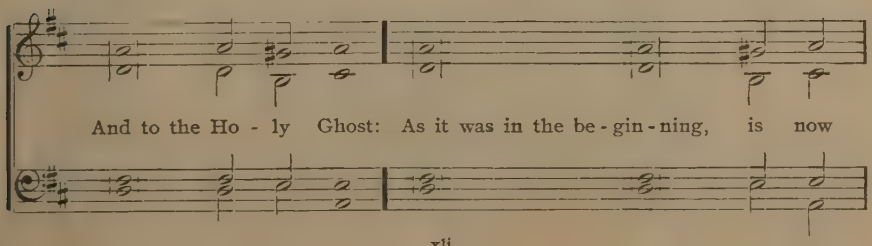


Minister: Make haste, O God, to deliver me.

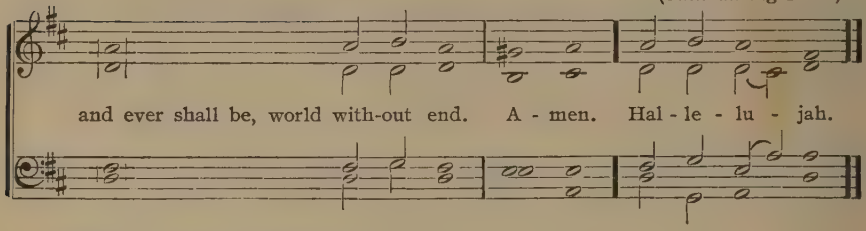
Congregation:







(*Omit during Lent.*)



Minister: SCRIPTURE LESSON.

III. HYMN.

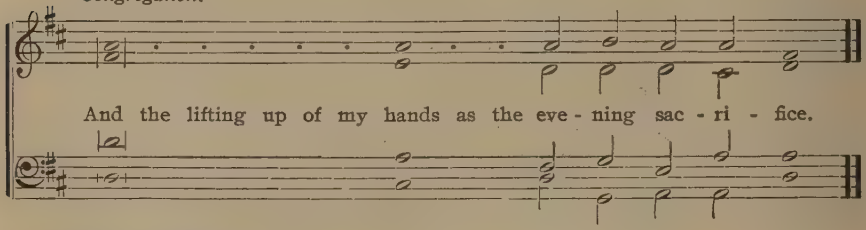
IV. SERMON.

V. HYMN.

VI. ALTAR SERVICE.

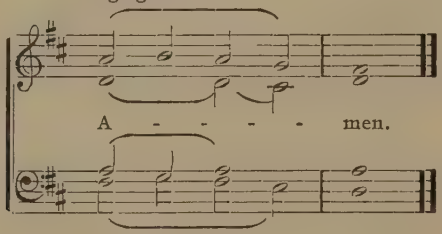
Minister: Let my prayers be set forth before Thee as incense:

Congregation:



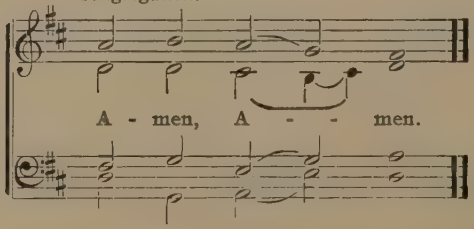
Minister: COLLECT.

Congregation:



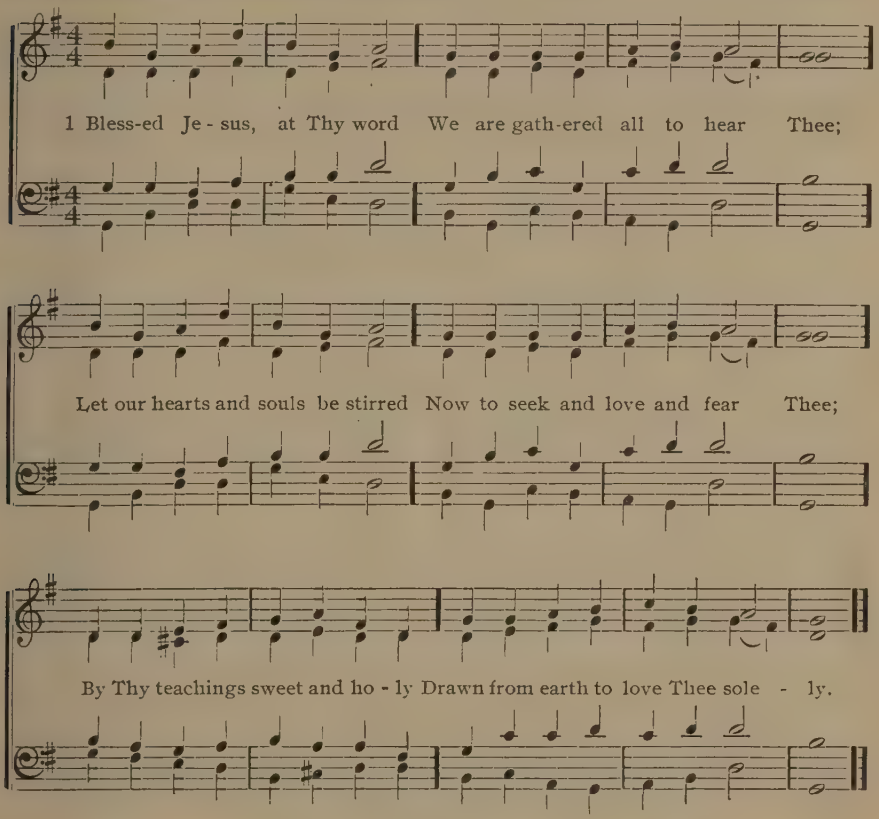
Minister: BENEDICTION.

Congregation:



Sunday—Opening and Closing of Service

1 **Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier** 7,8,7,8,8,8 R. Ahle, 1664


1 Bless-ed Je - sus, at Thy word We are gath-ered all to hear Thee;
Let our hearts and souls be stirred Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
By Thy teachings sweet and ho - ly Drawn from earth to love Thee sole - ly.

2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded;
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

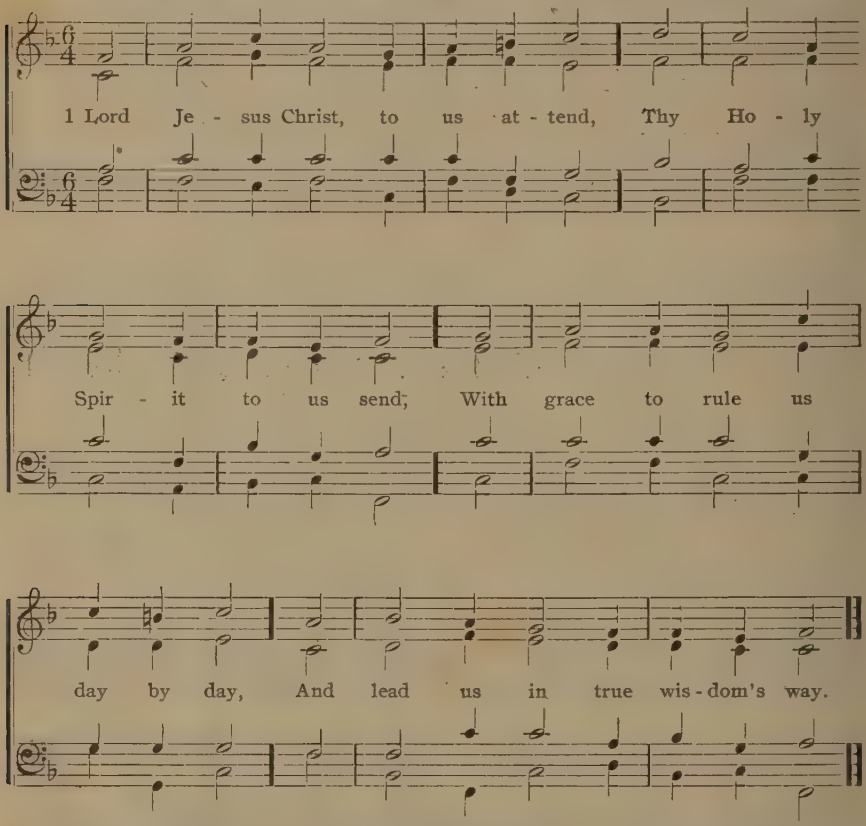
3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
Light of light, from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading,
Hear the cry Thy people raises,
Hear and bless our prayers and praises.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Praise to Thee and adoration!
Grant that we Thy Word may trust,
And obtain true consolation,
While we here below must wander,
Till we sing Thy praises yonder.

T. Clausnitzer, 1671
Miss Winkworth, tr. 1858

2 Herr Jesu Christ, Dich zu uns wend L. M.

Mel. 1648
Harm. Can. Goth. I. 1651



8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 Unseal our lips to sing Thy praise,
Our hearts in true devotion raise,
Our faith increase, and grant us light,
That we may know Thy name aright;

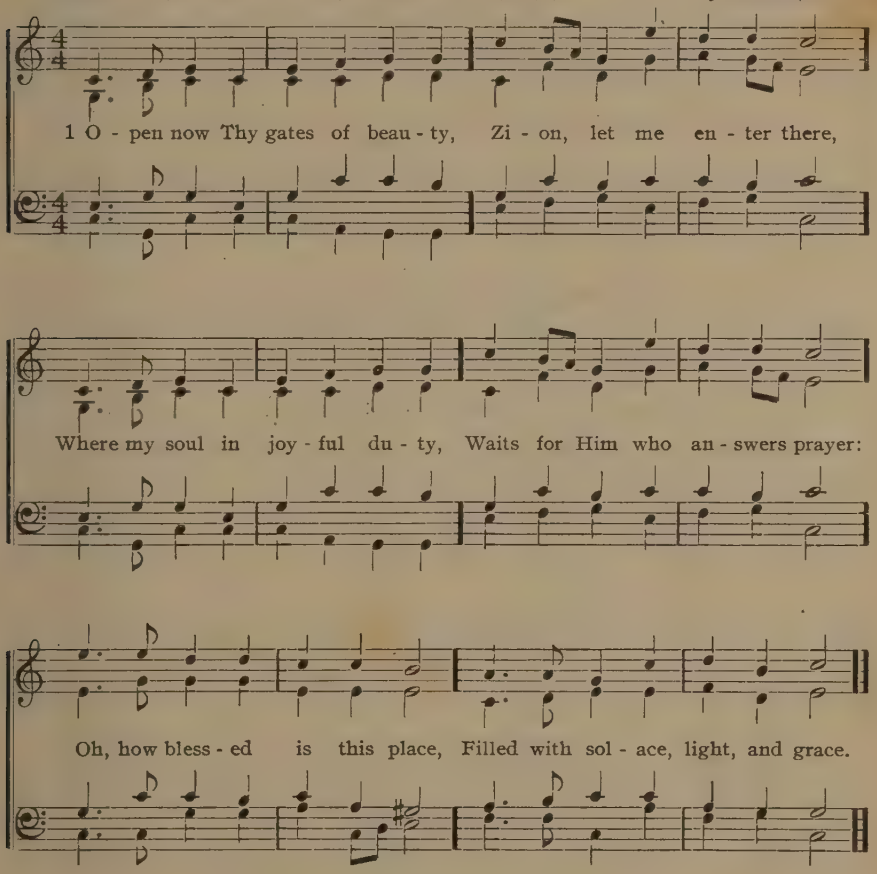
3 Until we join the hosts that cry,
"Holy art Thou, O Lord most high!"
And 'mid the light of that blest place
Shall gaze upon Thee face to face.

4 Glory to God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
To Thee, O Holy Trinity,
Be praise throughout eternity!

Anonymous

3 Neander (Tut mir auf die schöne Pforte) 8,7,8,7,7,7

J. Neander, 1680


1 O - pen now Thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,
Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty, Waits for Him who an - swers prayer:
Oh, how bless - ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace.

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7—3–80–102–106–287–293–305–315

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
To my heart, oh, enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown;
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life for me.

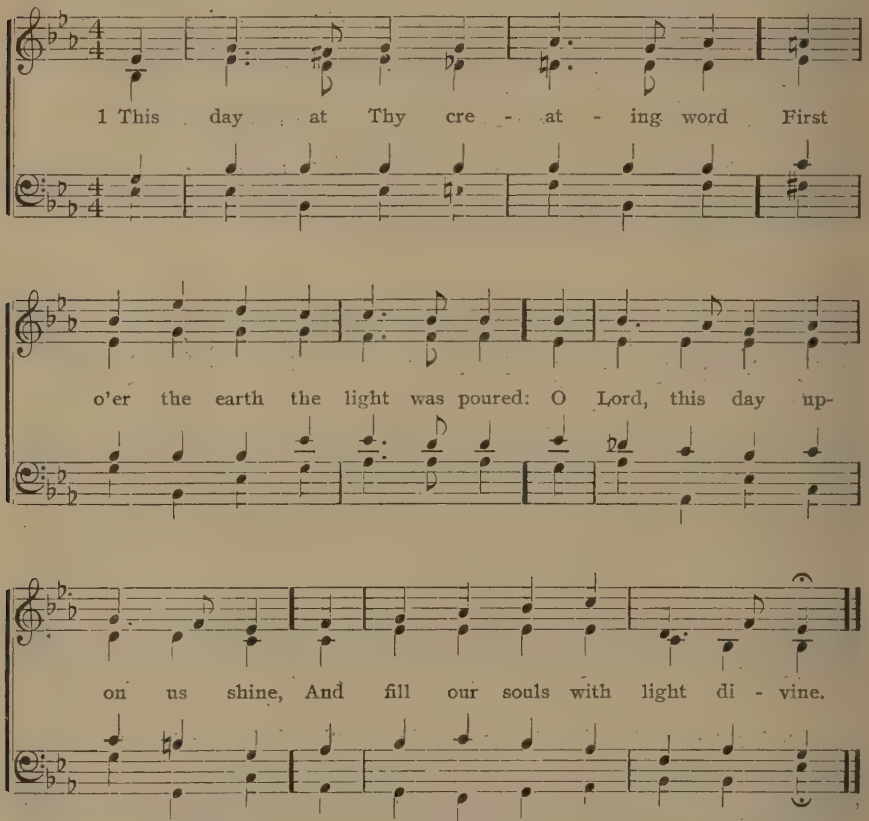
4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep Thy Gift divine,
Howsoe'er temptations thicken;
May Thy Word still o'er me shine,
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.

5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
Whilst Thou dost Thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

B. Schmolck, 1704
C. Winkworth, tr. 1862

4 Waltham L. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872


1 This day at Thy cre - at - ing word First
o'er the earth the light was poured: O Lord, this day up-
on us shine, And fill our souls with light di - vine.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 This day the Lord for sinners slain
In might victorious rose again:
O Jesus, may we raisèd be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

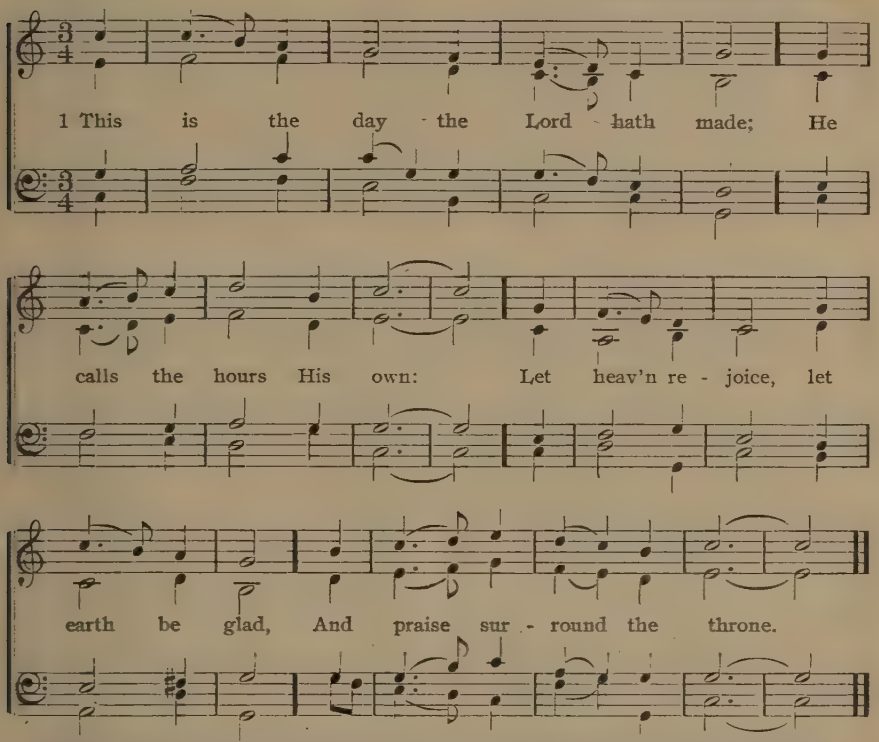
3 This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

4 O day of light, and life, and grace,
From earthly toils sweet resting-place,
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
Give we again to God above!

W. W. How, 1854

5 Colchester C. M.

Aaron William's Coll., C. 1760


1 This is the day the Lord hath made; He
calls the hours His own: Let heav'n re - joice, let
earth be glad, And praise sur - round the throne.

8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To day the saints His triumph spread
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna, to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

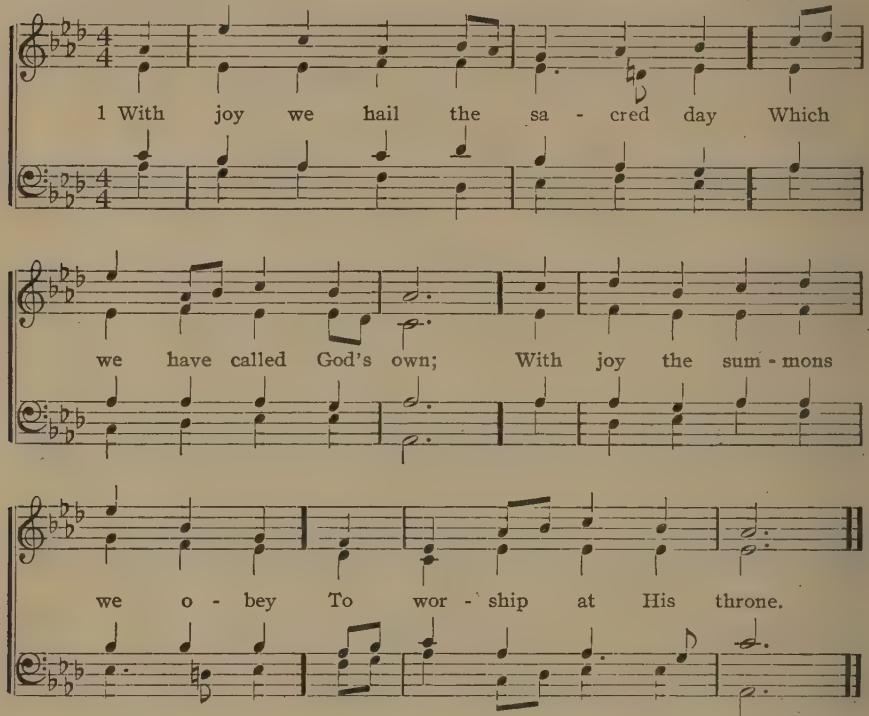
4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719

6 St. Stephen C. M.

W. Jones, 1789



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

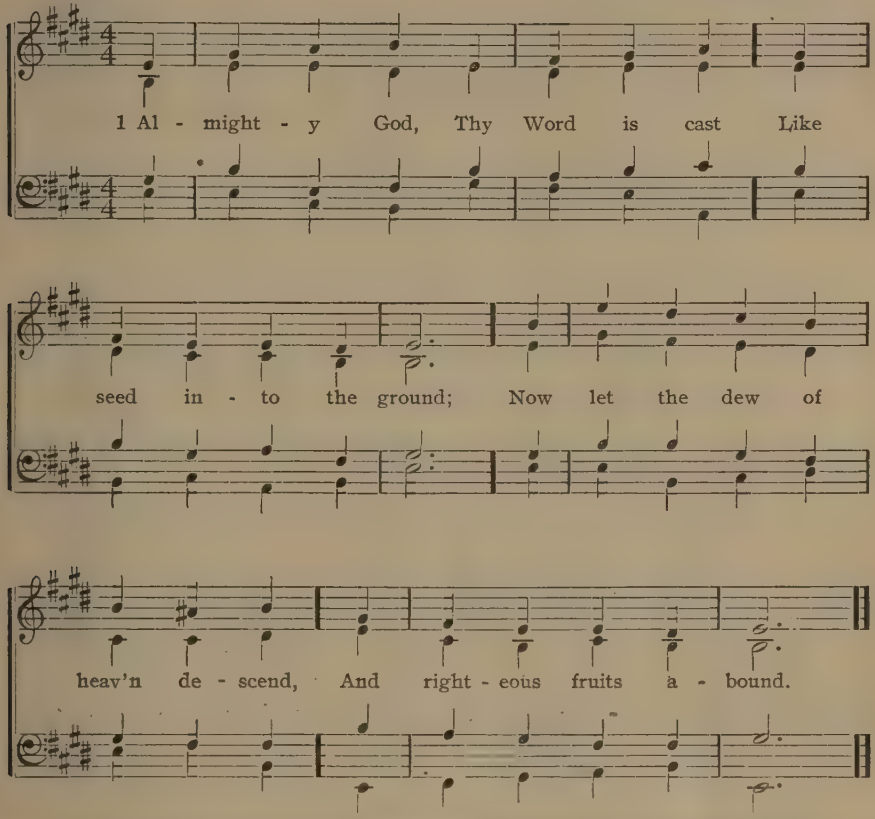
4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which we have called Thine own,
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

H. Auber, 1833 a

7 Dundee C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

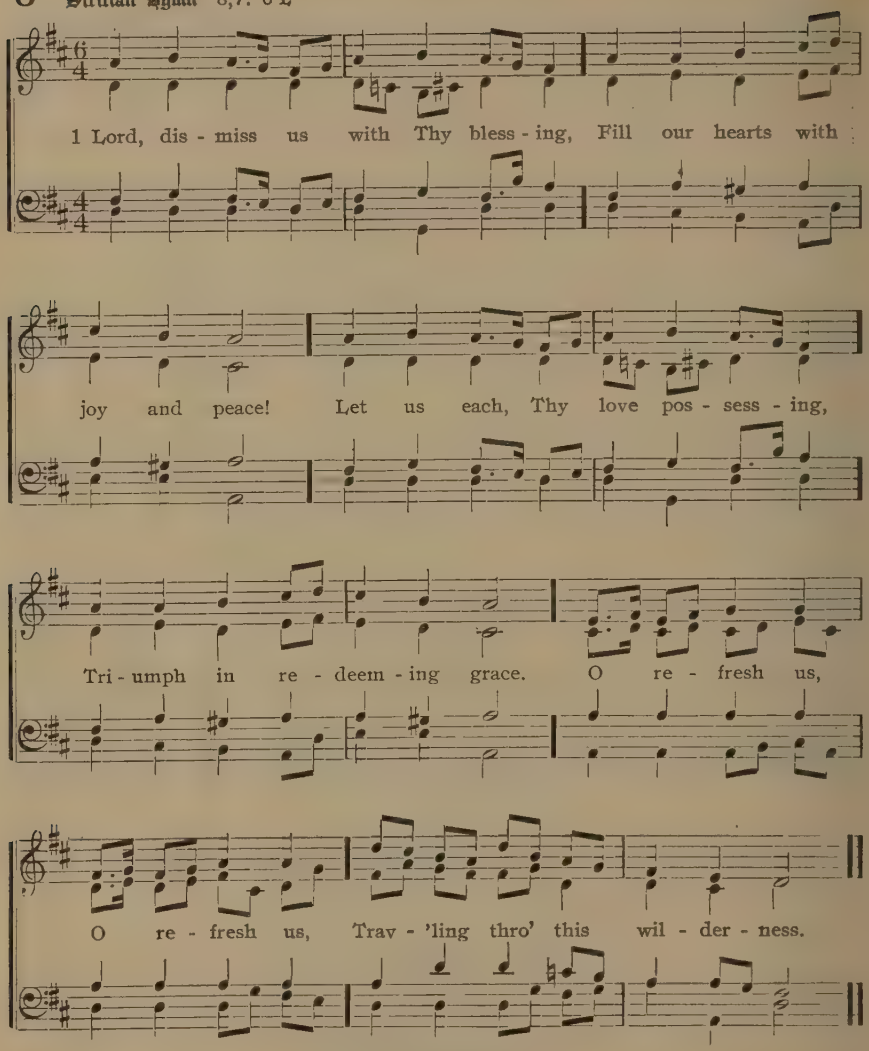
2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundredfold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive
Its saving power may know.

J. Cawood, 1816

8 Sicilian Hymn 8,7. 6 L.


1 Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with
joy and peace! Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing,
Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace. O re - fresh us,
O re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.

8, 7. 6 L—8–50–148–232

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
‖: May Thy presence :‖
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
‖: May we, ready, :‖
Rise and reign in endless day.

J. Fawcett, 1773

9 Zebulon H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8

L. Mason

1 On what has now been sown, Thy bles - sing,
Lord, be - stow; The pow'r is Thine a - lone To
make it spring and grow: Do Thou the gra - cious
har - vest raise, And Thou a - lone shalt have the praise.

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)—9–49–205–208–262–300

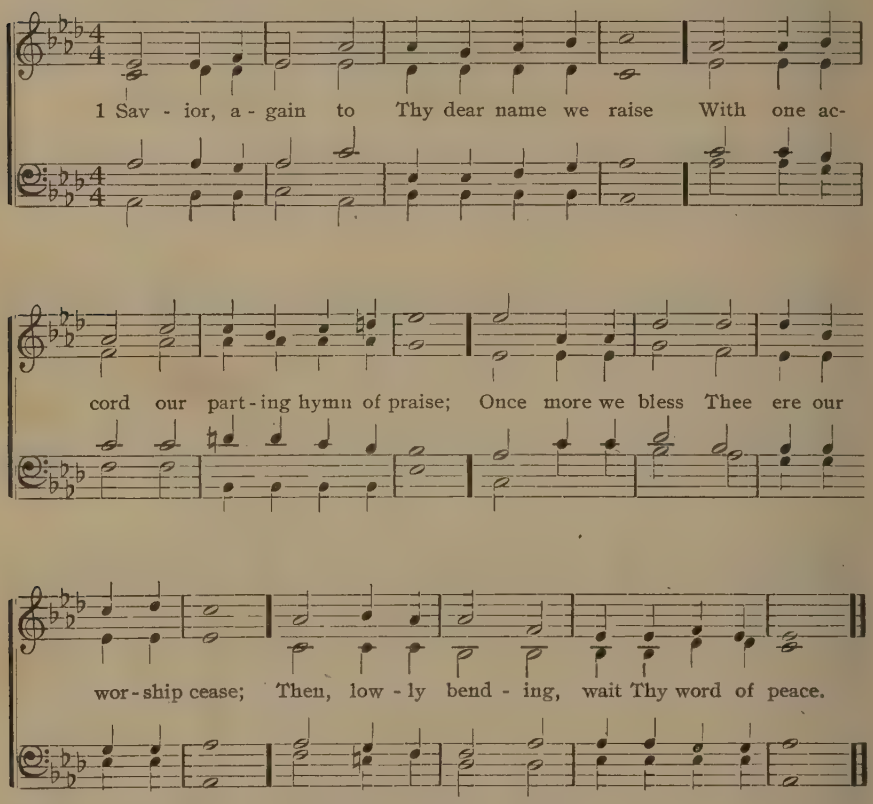
2 To Thee our wants are known,
From Thee are all our powers,
Accept what is Thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to Thy Word a blessing give.

3 O grant that each of us
Who meet before Thee here,
May meet together thus
When Thou and Thine appear,
And follow Thee to heaven our home;
E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come!

John Newton, 1779

10 Ellers (Benediction) 10s

E. J. Hopkins, 1867


1 Sav - ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless Thee ere our
wor - ship cease; Then, low - ly bend - ing, wait Thy word of peace.

10s—10–94–185–212–229–235

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton, 1866

Doxologies

11 L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

12 L. M. 6 L.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

13 C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

14 6,5,6,5

Father, Son, and Spirit,
Endless One in Three,
Now, henceforth, forever,
Glory be to Thee.

15 7,6,7,6

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal One and Three,
As was and is forever,
All praise and glory be.

16 TROCHAIC 7,6,7,6

Glory be to God most high,
Glory to the Savior,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Now, henceforth, forever.

17 7,6. 8 L.

O Mighty God and Holy,
Fount of unchanging grace,
Whose mercy ever shineth—
The brightness of Thy face;
To Thee all praise and glory,
Thou God of love and might!
The Father, Son, and Spirit—
Thou uncreated Light!

18 7s

Thee, Eternal God, Most High,
Thee we laud and magnify;
Glorious o'er the heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

19 TROCHAIC 7s

Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee
Now and evermore shall be.

20 S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

21 6,6,6,6,8,8 (H. M.)

O Blessed, Holy One!
All worship, praise, and love,
To Thee—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—God above!
Let earth and heaven with one accord
Sing Thine eternal glory, Lord.

22 S. M.

Eternal, Holy Lord!
Thy Name we glorify—
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
Jehovah, God Most High.

23 8,7,8,7

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

24 8,7. 6 L.

Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might and one in glory
While eternal ages run.

25 8,7,8,7,4,7

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

26 8,7,8,7,4,7

Great Jehovah, we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

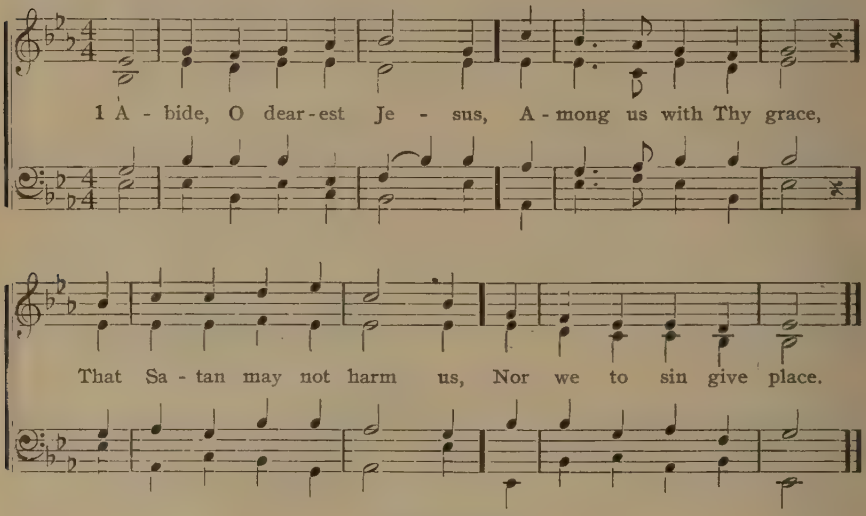
27 8,7,8,7,7,7

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Everlasting Three in One:
Thee let heaven and earth adore,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

Miscellaneous Hymns

28 Christus der ist mein Leben 7,6,7,6

Vulpius, 1609



7, 6, 7, 6—28-303-(318)

2 Abide, O dear Redeemer,
Among us with Thy Word,
And thus now and hereafter
True peace and joy afford.

3 Abide with heavenly brightness
Among us, precious Light;
Thy truth direct, and keep us
From error's gloomy night.

4 Abide with richest blessings
Among us, bounteous Lord;
Let us in grace and wisdom
Grow daily through Thy Word.

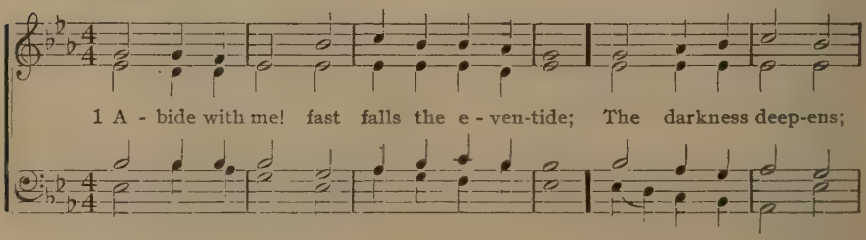
5 Abide with Thy protection
Among us, Lord our strength,
Lest world and Satan fell us,
And overcome at length.

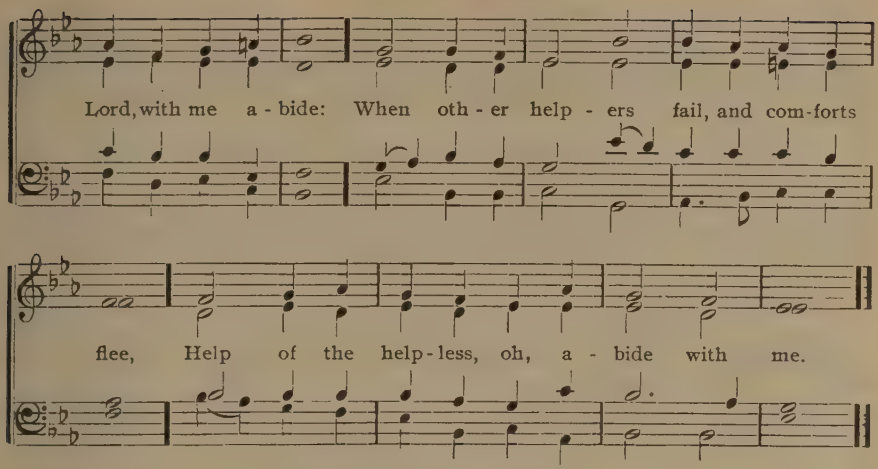
6 Abide, O faithful Savior,
Among us with Thy love;
Grant steadfastness, and help us
To reach our home above.

Dr. J. Stegmann, 1632. A. Crull, tr.

29 Eventide 10s

W. H. Monk, 1861





10s—10-29-94-185-212-229-235

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

4 Come not in terror as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
O Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

6 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

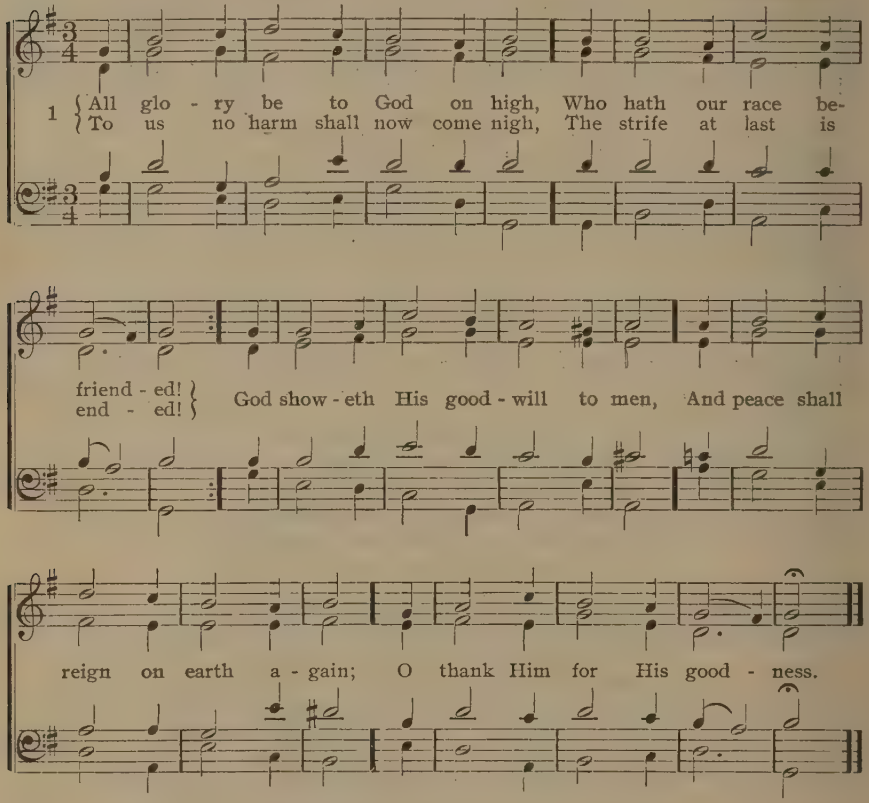
7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

8 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

30 Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr 8,7,8,7,8,8,7

N. Decius, 1539


1 All glo - ry be to God on high, Who hath our race be-
To us no harm shall now come nigh, The strife at last is
friend - ed!
end - ed!
God show - eth His good - will to men, And peace shall
reign on earth a - gain; O thank Him for His good - ness.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7—30–59–75–89–172–178–(193)–237–290

2 We praise, we worship Thee, we trust,
And give Thee thanks forever,
O Father, that Thy rule is just
And wise, and changes never:
Thy boundless power o'er all things reigns,
Done is whate'er Thy will ordains:
Well for us that Thou rulest!

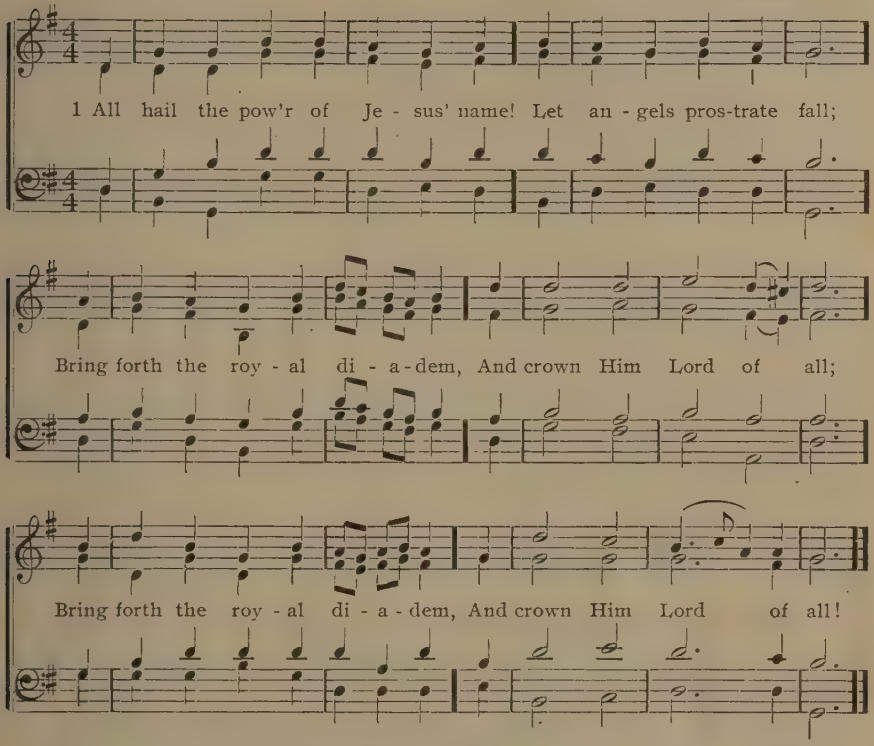
3 O Jesus Christ, Thou only Son
Of God, Thy heavenly Father,
Who didst for all our sins atone
And the lost sheep dost gather;
Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high,
From out our depths, we sinners cry,
Have mercy on us, Jesus!

4 O Holy Ghost, Thou precious gift,
Thou Comforter unfailing,
O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift,
And let Thy power availing
Avert our woes and calm our dread;
For us the Savior's blood was shed,
We trust in Thee to save us!

N. Decius, 1529
C. Winkworth, tr. a

31 Coronation C. M.

O. Holden, 1793


1 All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5-6-7-31-32-34-35-38-45-53-60-65-72-85-86-116-119-122-128-133-135-149
150-153-154-157-159-160-163-169-183-190-195-197-199-206-207-219-255-265-(278)-312

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

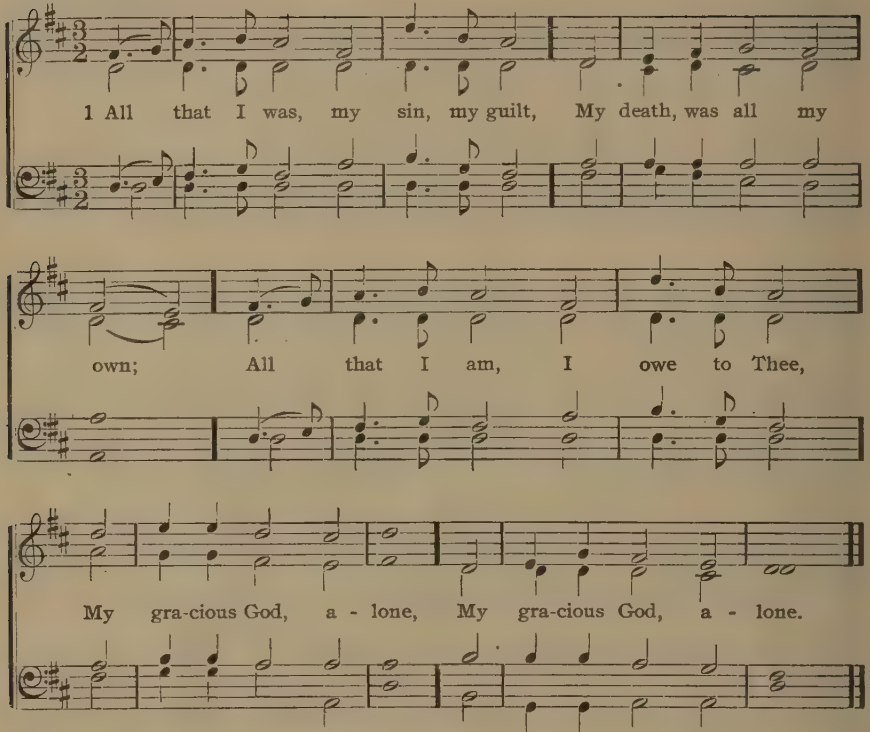
3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine:
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Perronet, 1779–1780

32 Cowper C. M.



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32 34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149 150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.

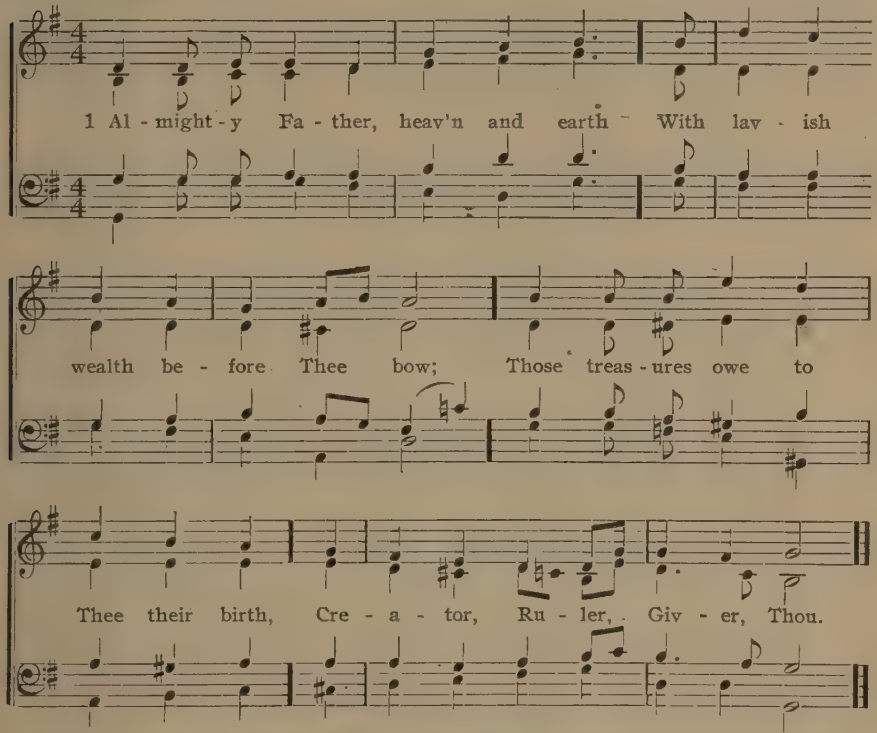
4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live!

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

H. Bonar, 1853

33 Keble L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875


1 Al - might - y Fa - ther, heav'n and earth With lav - ish
wealth be - fore Thee bow; Those treas - ures owe to
Thee their birth, Cre - a - tor, Ru - ler, Giv - er, Thou.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 The wealth of earth, of sky, of sea,
The gold, the silver, sparkling gem,
The waving corn, the bending tree,
Are Thine; to us Thou lendest them.

3 To Thee, as early morning's dew,
Our praises, alms, and prayer shall rise,
As rose, when joyous earth was new,
Faith's patriarchal sacrifice.

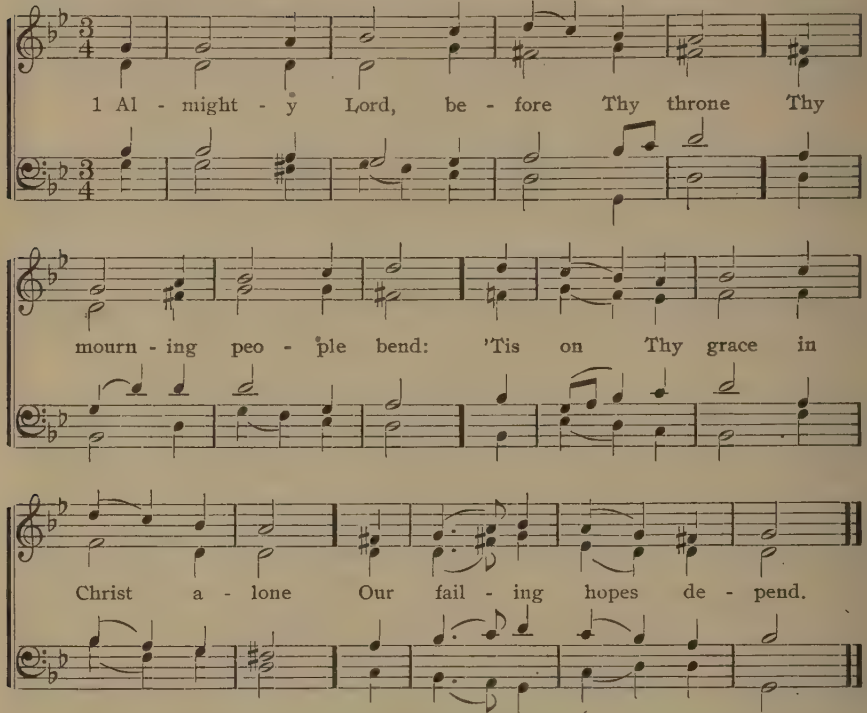
4 We, Lord, would lay, at Thy behest,
The costliest offerings on Thy shrine;
But when we give, and give our best,
We only give Thee that is Thine.

5 O Father, whence all blessings come,
O Son, Dispenser of God's store,
O Spirit, bear our offerings home,
Lord, make them Thine for evermore.

E. A. Dayman, 1868

34 Burford C. M.

Att. to Henry Purcell



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2 Dark judgments, from Thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

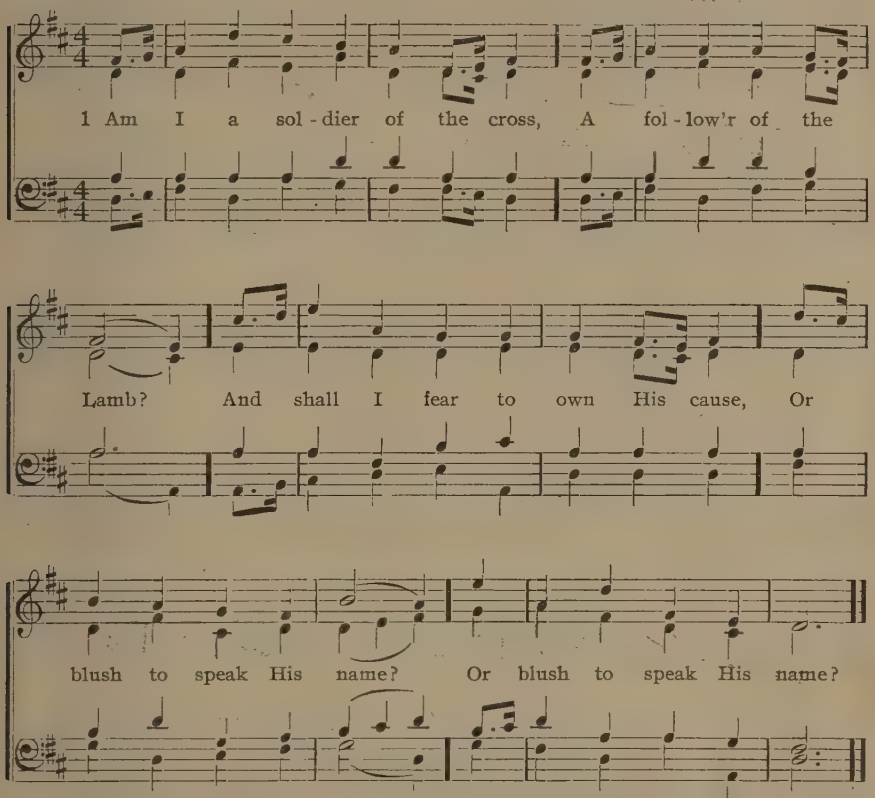
4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord!
Convert us by Thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey Thy Word,
And see again Thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not yield to fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When God in Christ is near.

Anne Steele, a

35 Christmas C. M.

Arr. from G. F. Händel, 1728


1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the
Lamb? And shall I fear to own His cause, Or
blush to speak His name? Or blush to speak His name?

8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5-6-7-31-32-34-35-38-45-53-60-65-72-85-86-116-119-122-128-133-135-149 150-153-154-157-159-160-163-169-183-190-195-197-199-206-207-219-255-265-(278)-312

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

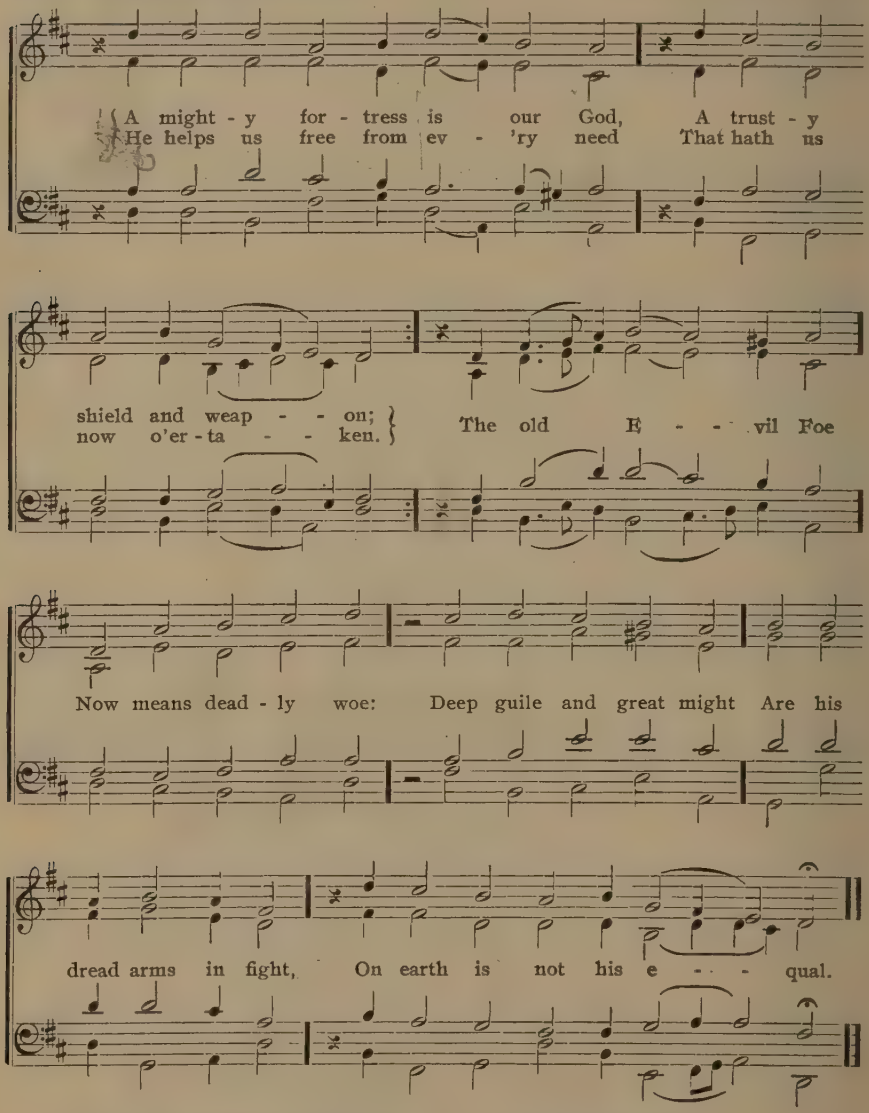
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts, 1709 a

36 Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott 8,7,8,7,5,5,5,6,7

Dr. Martin Luther, 1529


A might - y for - tress is our God, A trust - y
He helps us free from ev - 'ry need That hath us
shield and weap - - on;
now o'er - ta - - ken.
The old E - - - vil Foe
Now means dead - ly woe: Deep guile and great might Are his
dread arms in fight, On earth is not his e - - qual.

2 With might of ours can naught be done,
Soon were our loss effected;
But for us fights the Valiant One,
Whom God Himself elected.

Ask ye, Who is this?
Jesus Christ, it is,
Of Sabaoth Lord,
And there's none other God,—
He holds the field forever.

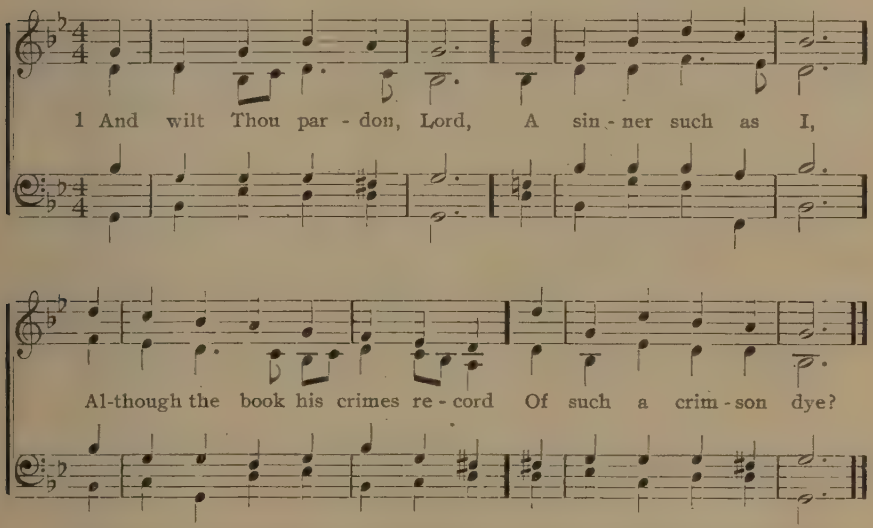
3 Though devils all the world should fill,
All eager to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They shall not overpower us.
This world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will,
He can harm us none,
He's judged; the deed is done;
One little word can fell him.

4 The Word they still shall let remain,
And not a thank have for it;
He's by our side upon the plain
With His good gifts and Spirit.
And take they our life,
Goods, fame, child, and wife:
Let these all be gone,
They yet have nothing won;
The kingdom ours remaineth.

Dr. Martin Luther, 1529

37 St. Bride S. M.

Samuel Howard, † 1782



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–61–67–74–76–99–104–108–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 So deep are they engraved,
So terrible their fear:
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall I appear?

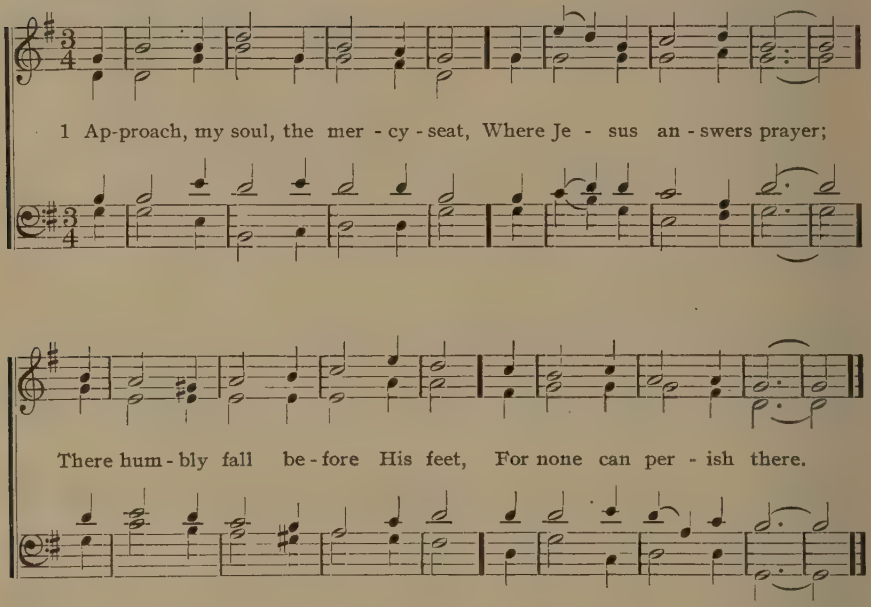
3 O Thou Physician blest,
Make clean my guilty soul!
And me, by many a sin oppressed,
Restore, and keep me whole.

4 I know not how to praise
Thy mercy and Thy love;
But deign Thy servant to upraise,
And I shall learn above.

Joseph of the Studium c. 860
J. M. Neale, tr. 1862

38 Spohr C. M.

Arr. from L. Spohr, 1784–1859



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149 150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

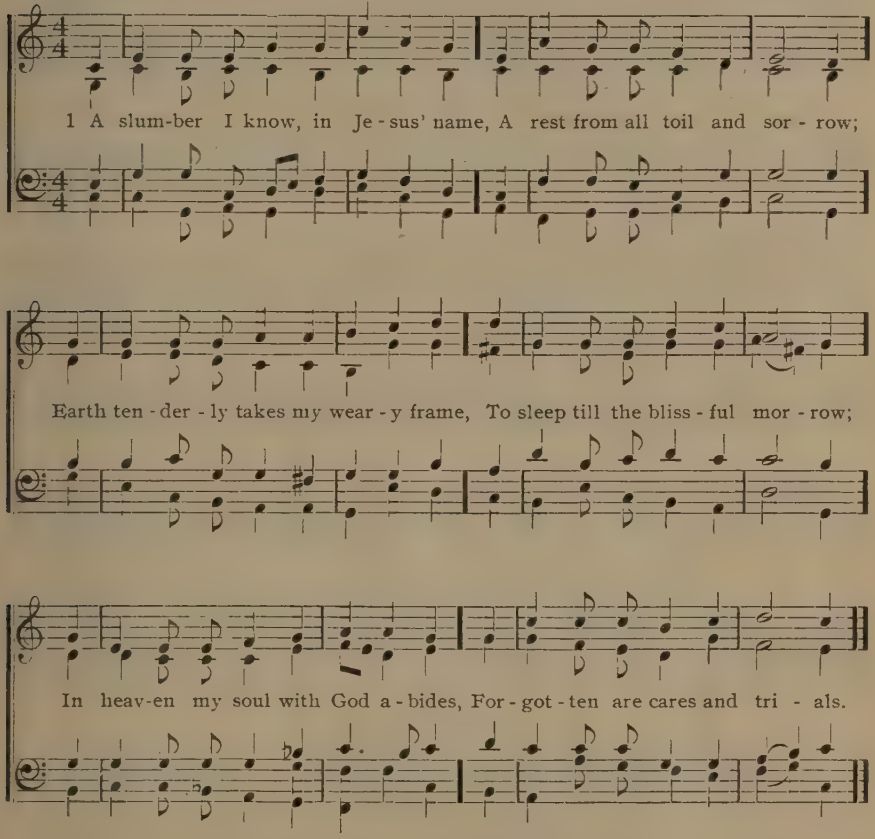
4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce Accuser face
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous Love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead Thy gracious name!

John Newton, 1779

39 Den signede Dag, som vi nu se 9,8. 6 L.

C. E. F. Weyse, 1826


1 A slum-ber I know, in Je - sus' name, A rest from all toil and sor - row;
Earth ten - der - ly takes my wear - y frame, To sleep till the bliss - ful mor - row;
In heav-en my soul with God a - bides, For - got - ten are cares and tri - als.

2 An even I know, serene and blest,
And oft is my spirit longing,
When, weary and worn, it finds no rest,
While woes on the way are thronging,—
Oft longing to see the journey's end,
And rest in a blissful slumber.

3 A morning I know, so bright and fair,
When tidings of joy shall wake us,
When anthems from high shall fill the air,
And God to His glory take us,
When Jesus shall bid us rise from sleep—
How joyous that hour of awakening!

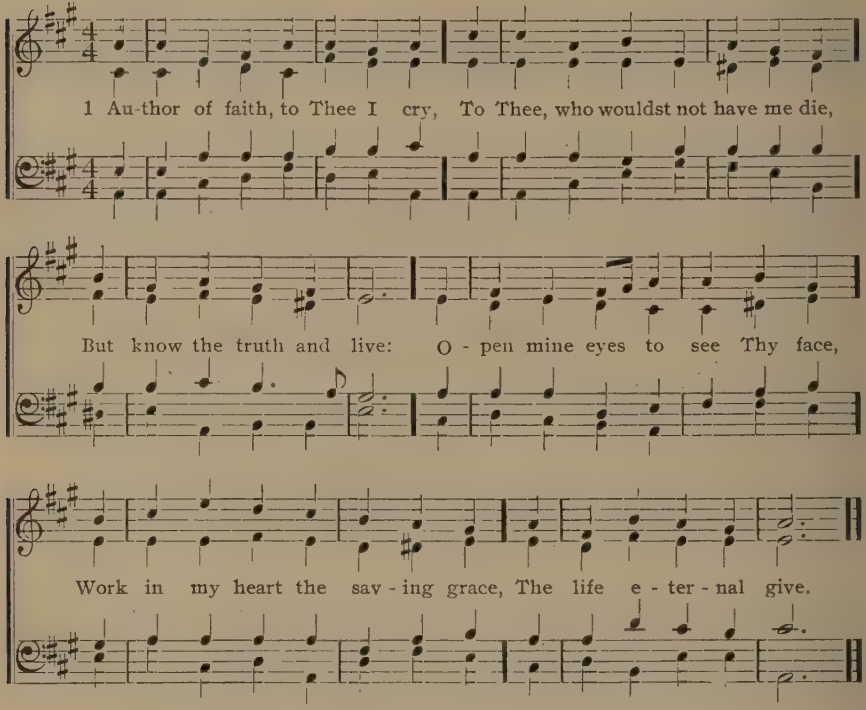
4 Oh, dear is that morning fair to me!
And oft, o'er the mountains beaming,
In spirit its heavenly light I see,
As golden the peaks are gleaming—
For joy I must sing, as birds at dawn
Their carols in lofty lindens.

5 The Savior then comes unto our graves;
His mighty command is given:
Then break from the deep the ocean waves,
Each tomb and restraint is riven.
All earth hears the cry: Ye dead, come forth!
In glory we go to meet Him.

M. B. Landstad, † 1880

40 Purleigh 8,8,6,8,8,6.

A. H. Brown, b. 1830


1 Au-thor of faith, to Thee I cry, To Thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live: O - pen mine eyes to see Thy face,
Work in my heart the sav - ing grace, The life e - ter - nal give.

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6—40-88

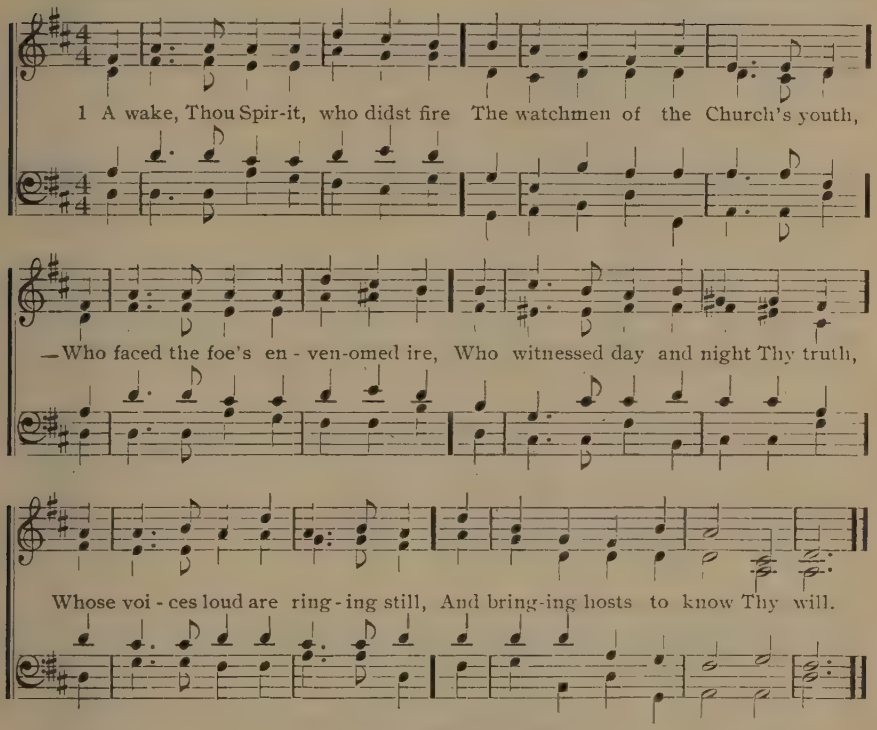
2 I know the work is only Thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But if on Thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That Thou hast died for all.

3 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto Thee and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find;
Thou bidd'st us ask Thy grace, and have;
Thou canst, Thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

4 Be it according to Thy word!
Now let me find my pardoning Lord,
Let what I ask be given;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven.

C. Wesley, 1745

41 **Saints of God** L. M. 6 L. A. S. Sullivan


1 A wake, Thou Spir-it, who didst fire The watchmen of the Church's youth,
—Who faced the foe's en - ven-omed ire, Who witnessed day and night Thy truth,
Whose voi - ces loud are ring - ing still, And bring-ing hosts to know Thy will.

L. M. 6 L—41–95–137–194–222

2 Lord, let our earnest prayer be heard,
The prayer Thy Son hath bid us pray,
For lo, Thy children's hearts are stirred
In every land in this our day,
To cry with fervent soul to Thee,
O help us, Lord! so let it be!

3 O haste to help, ere we are lost!
Send preachers forth, in spirit strong,
Armed with Thy Word, a dauntless host,
Bold to attack the rule of wrong;
Let them the earth for Thee reclaim,
Thy heritage, to know Thy name.

4 Would there were help within our walls!
O let Thy Spirit come again,
Before whom every barrier falls,
And now once more shine forth as then!
O rend the heavens and make us free!
Come, Lord, and bring us back to Thee!

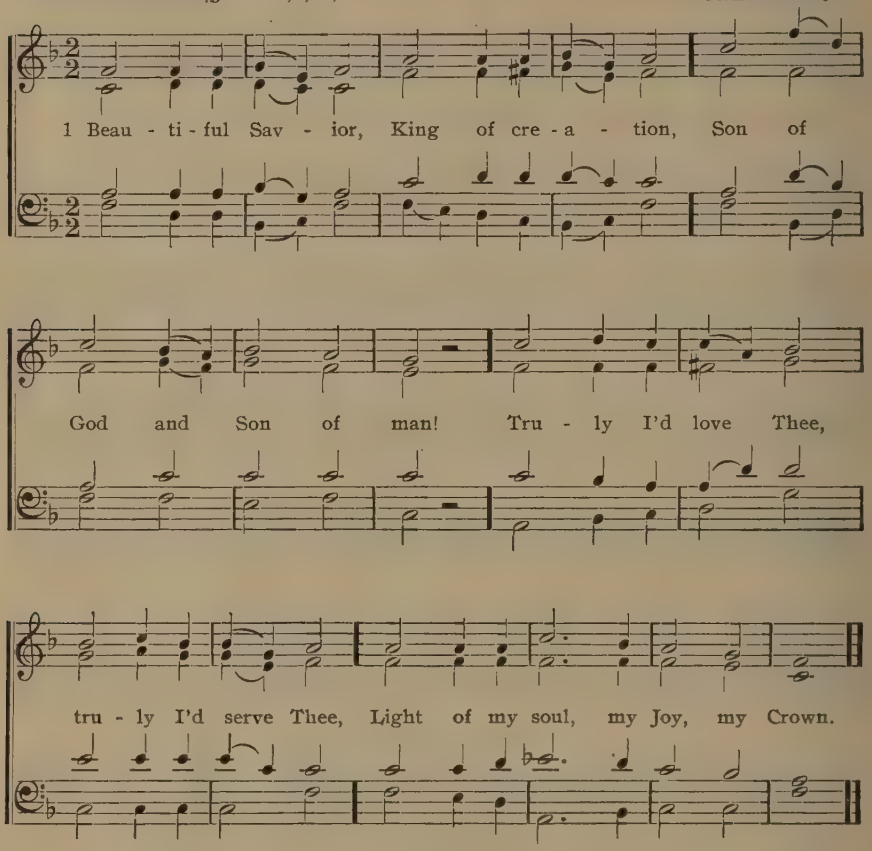
5 And let Thy Word have speedy course,
Through every land be glorified,
Till all the heathen know its force,
And fill Thy churches far and wide;
Wake Israel from his sleep, O Lord,
And spread the conquest of Thy Word!

6 The Church's desert paths restore;
Let stumbling-blocks that in them lie
Hinder Thy Word henceforth no more:
Error destroy, and heresy,
And let Thy Church, from hirelings free,
Bloom as a garden fair to Thee!

Charles Henry Bogatzky, 1750
C. Winkworth, tr. 1855

42 Crusaders' Hymn 10,7,10,8

German Melody


1 Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, King of cre - a - tion, Son of
God and Son of man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee,
tru - ly I'd serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.

2 Fair are the meadows, fair are the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
He makes our sorrowing spirit sing.

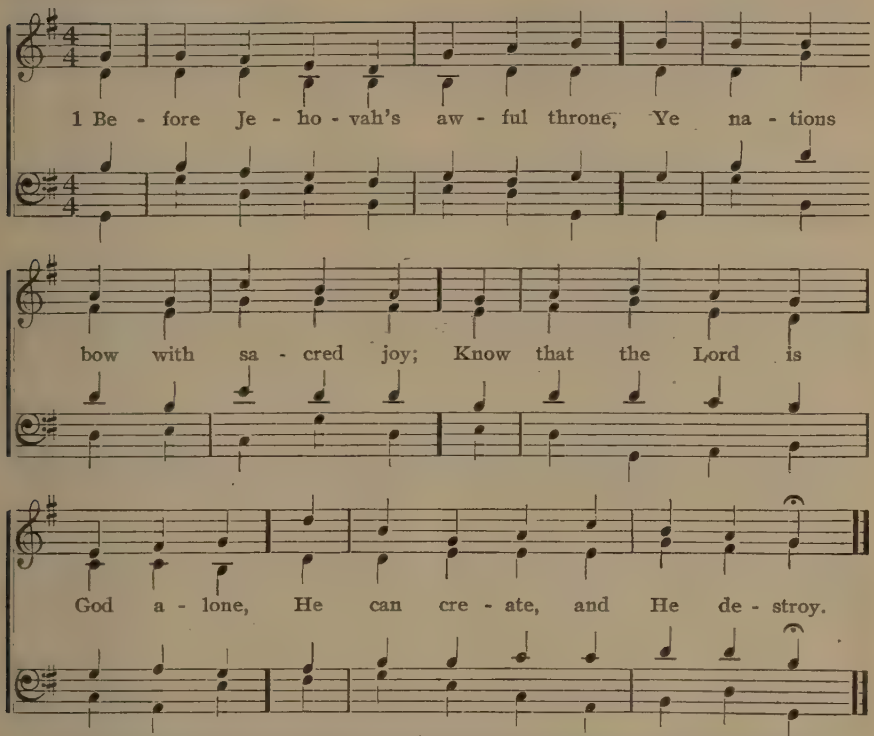
3 Fair is the sunshine, fair is the moonlight,
Bright the sparkling stars on high;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels in the sky.

4 Beautiful Savior, Lord of the nations!
Son of God and Son of man!
Glory and honor, praise, adoration,
Now and forevermore be Thine!

Hymn of XII Century
Tr. J. A. Seiss, 1873

43 Old Hundredth L. M.

Geneva Psalter, 1551



8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

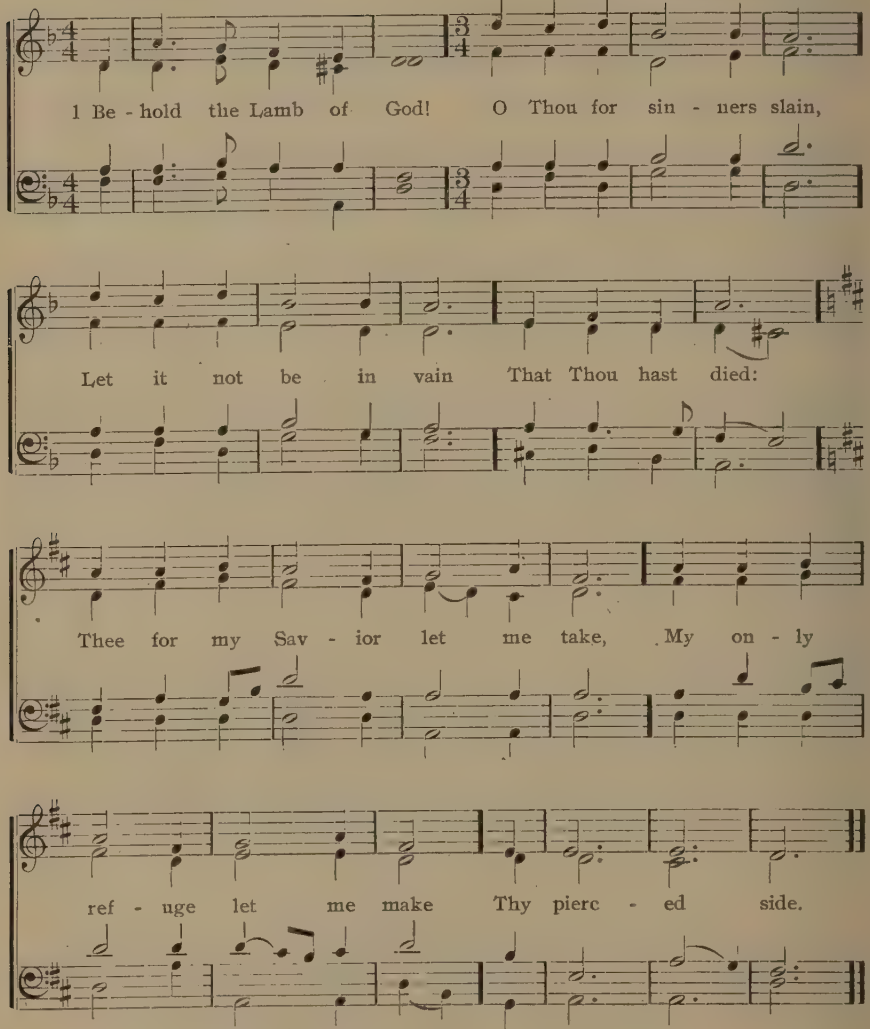
4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise:
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719 a

44 St. John 6,6,6,4,8,8,4

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876


1 Be - hold the Lamb of God! O Thou for sin - ners slain,
Let it not be in vain That Thou hast died:
Thee for my Sav - ior let me take, My on - ly
ref - uge let me make Thy pierc - ed side.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast;
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

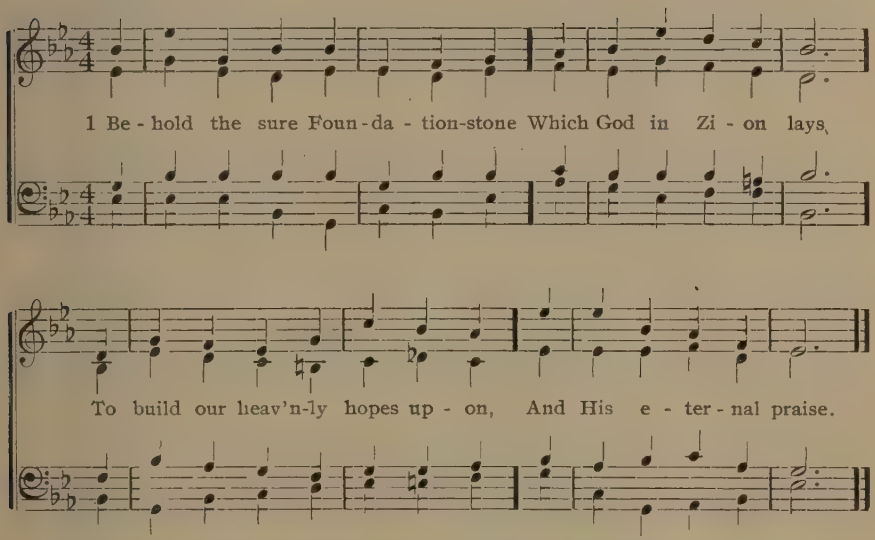
3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Savior most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us, with all Thy blessed saints,
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All light and love.

M. Bridges, 1848

45 Bradfield C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

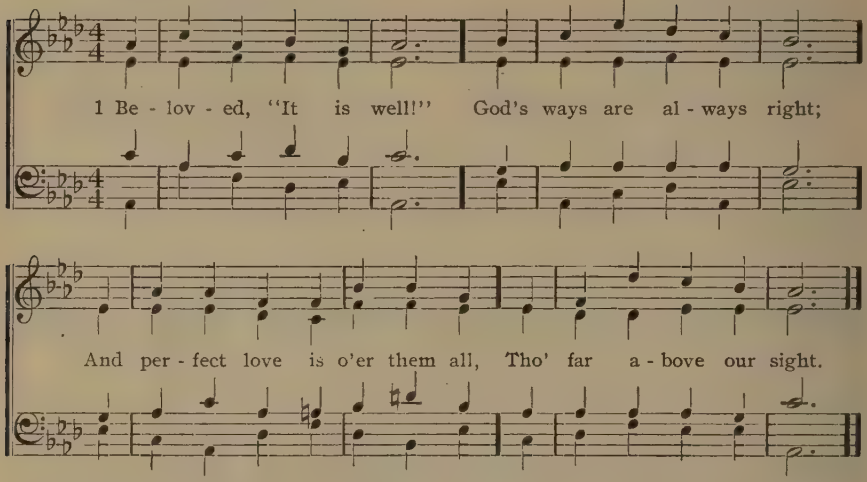
3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis Thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts, 1719

46 Cambridge S. M.

R. Harrison, 1784



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 Beloved, "It is well!"
Though deep and sore the smart,
The hand that wounds knows how to bind
And heal the broken heart.

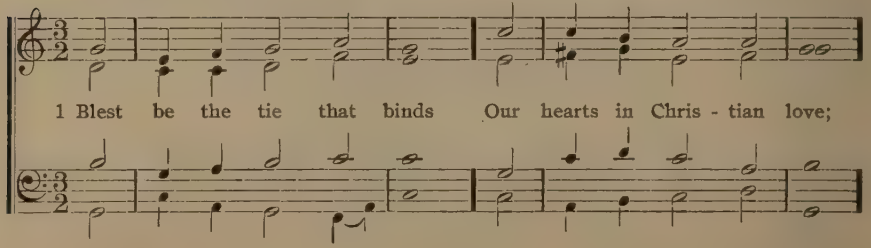
3 Beloved, "It is well!"
Though sorrow clouds our way,
'T will only make the joy more dear
That ushers in the day.

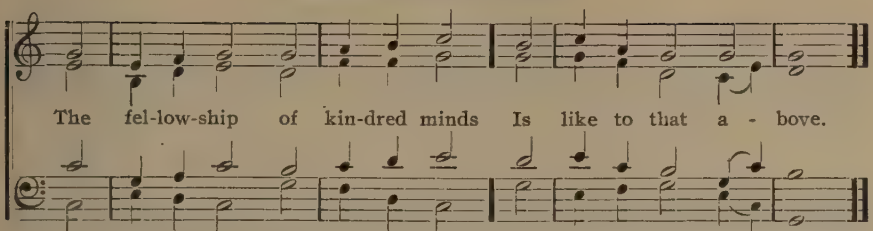
4 Beloved, "It is well!"
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and straight and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.

George W. Doane, 1833

47 Boylston (Mixolydian) S. M.

L. Mason, 1832





6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

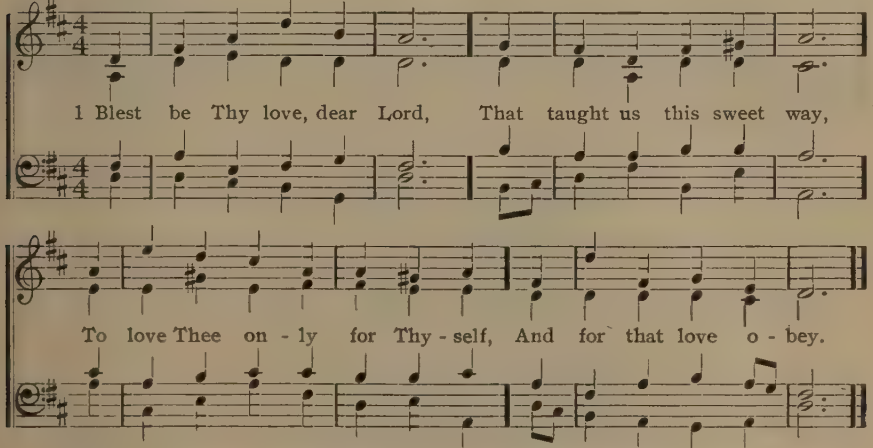
5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free.
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

J. Fawcett, 1772

48 Moravia S. M.

L. R. West



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

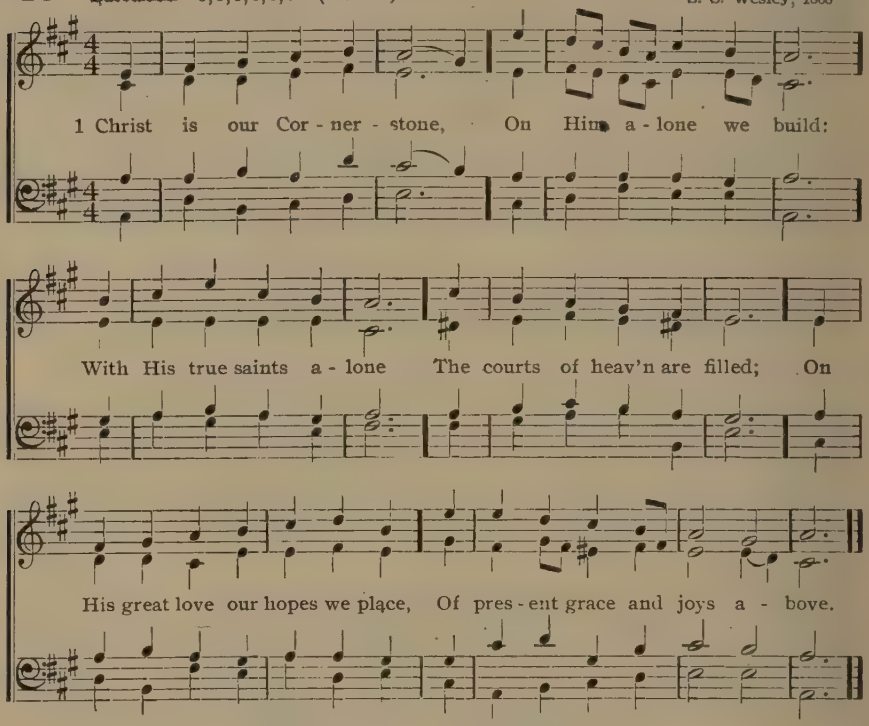
2 O Thou, our soul's chief hope,
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
The darkest night is as the day,
If Thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

John Austin, 1668

49 **Harewood** 6,6,6,6,8,8 (H. M.) S. S. Wesley, 1868


1 Christ is our Cor - ner - stone, On Him a - lone we build:
With His true saints a - lone The courts of heav'n are filled; On
His great love our hopes we place, Of pres - ent grace and joys a - bove.

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)—9–49–205–208–262–300

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song
Both loud and long, that glorious name.

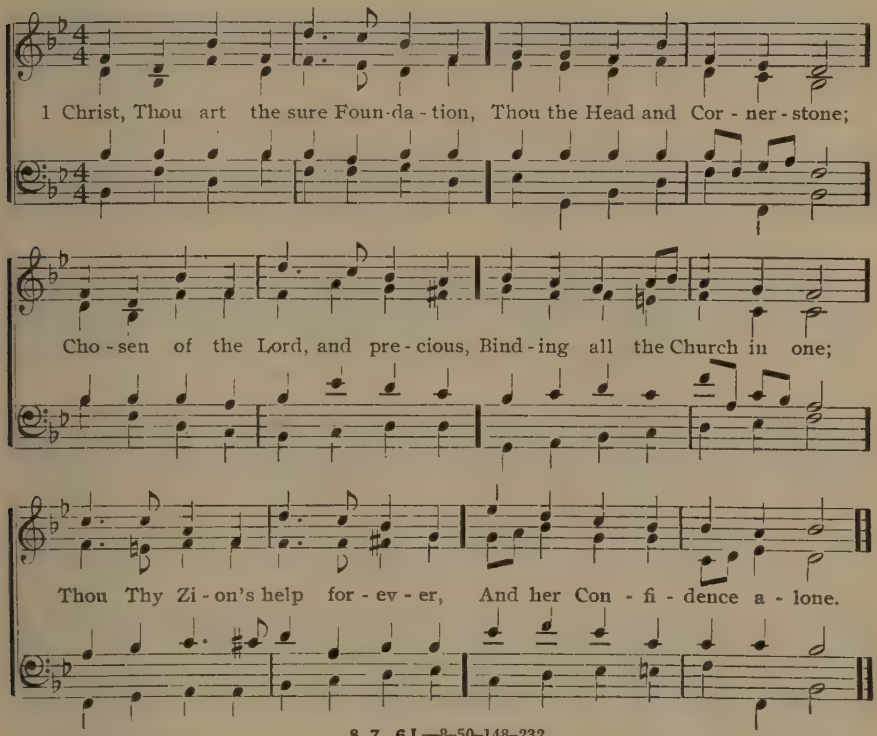
3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
Forevermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day, Thy blessing pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Century)
J. Chandler, tr. 1837

50 Regent Square 8,7 6 L

H. Smart, 1867


1 Christ, Thou art the sure Foun-da-tion, Thou the Head and Cor-ner-stone;
Cho-sen of the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind-ing all the Church in one;
Thou Thy Zi-on's help for-ev-er, And her Con-fi-dence a-lone.

8, 7. 6 L—8–50–148–232

2 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day!
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within these walls alway.

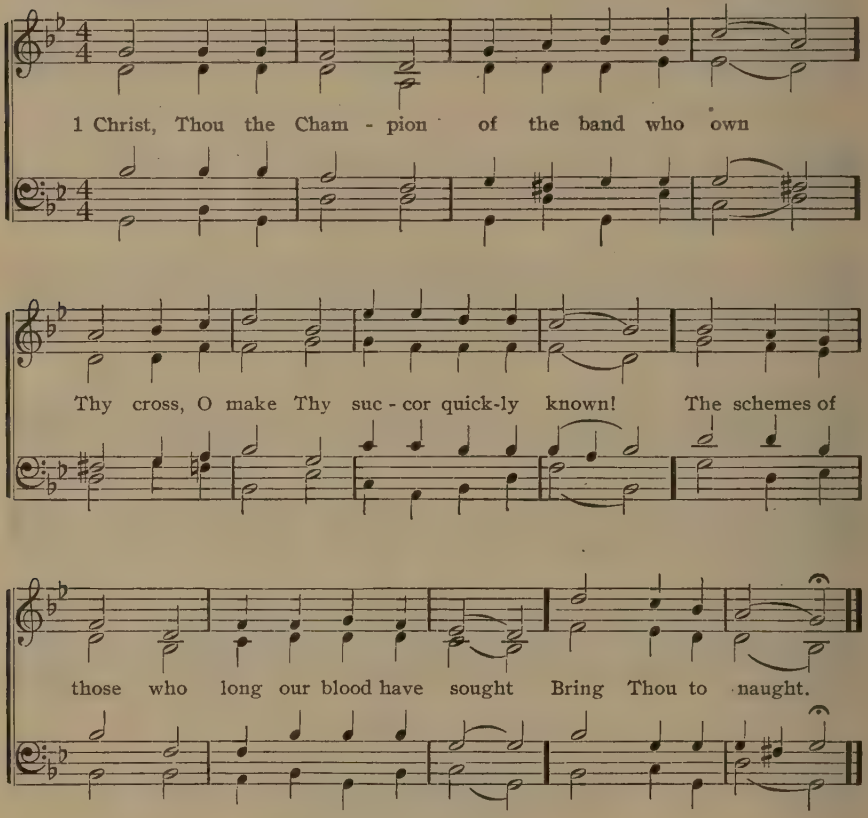
3 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might, and one in glory,
While eternal ages run.

From the Latin
John Mason Neale, 1851 a

51 Herzliebster Jesu 11,11,11,5

J. Crüger, 1640


1 Christ, Thou the Cham - pion of the band who own
Thy cross, O make Thy suc - cor quick-ly known! The schemes of
those who long our blood have sought Bring Thou to naught.

2 Do Thou Thyself for us Thy children fight,
Withstand the Devil, quell his rage and might,
Whate'er assails Thy members left below,
Do Thou o'erthrow.

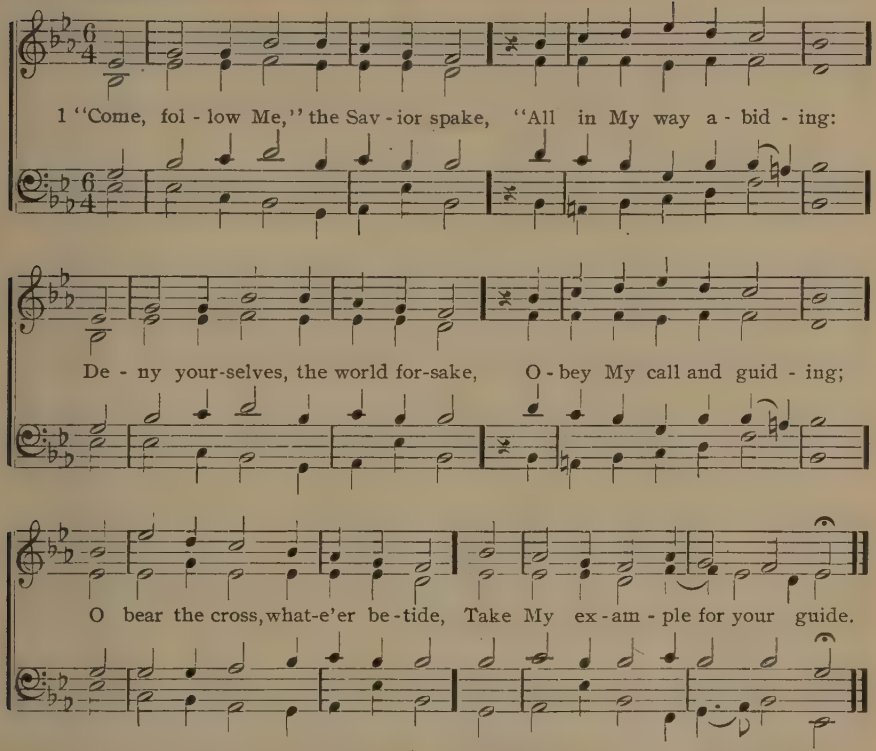
3 And give us Thy peace: peace in Church and school,
Peace to the powers who o'er our country rule,
Peace to the conscience, peace within the heart
Do Thou impart.

4 So shall Thy goodness here be still adored,
Thou Guardian of Thy little flock, dear Lord;
And heaven and earth through all eternity
Shall worship Thee.

Matth. Apelles v. Löwenstern, 1644
C. Winkworth, tr. ab

52 Mach's mit mir, Gott, nach deiner Güt 8,7,8,7,8,8 Iambic

J. H. Schein, 1628


1 "Come, fol - low Me," the Sav - ior spake, "All in My way a - bid - ing:
De - ny your-selves, the world for-sake, O - bey My call and guid - ing;
O bear the cross, what-e'er be-tide, Take My ex - am - ple for your guide.

2 "I am the Light, I light the Way,
A virtuous life displaying;
Who comes to Me and follows, aye,
I lead from his dark straying.
I am the Way, and well I show
How men should sojourn here below.

3 "My heart in lowliness abounds,
My soul with love is glowing,
And from My mouth are words and sounds
Of meekness overflowing.
My heart, My mind, My strength, My all
To God I yield, on Him I call.

4 "I teach you to avoid and flee
What harms your soul's salvation,
Your heart to purify and free
From sin's abomination.
Your Rock and Fortress e'er am I,
And lead you to the life on high

5 "But if too hot you find the fray,
I, at your side, stand ready;
I fight Myself, I lead the way,
At all times firm and steady.
A coward he who will not heed
When the chief Captain takes the lead.

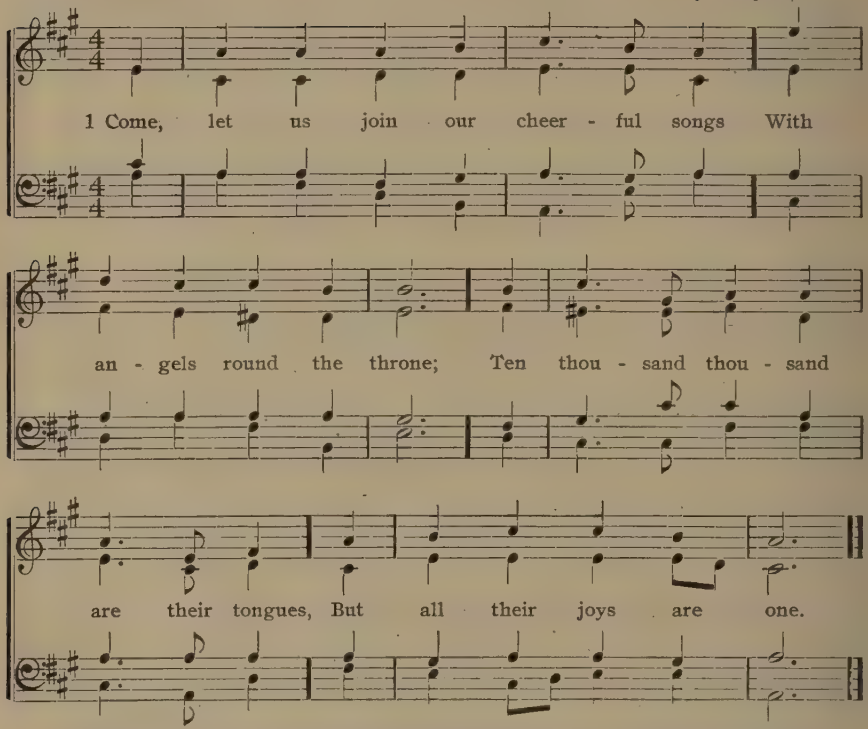
6 "Who seeks to find his soul's welfare
Without Me, he shall lose it;
But who to lose it may appear,
In God shall introduce it.
Who bears no cross, nor follows hard,
Deserves not Me, nor My reward."

7 Then let us follow our dear Lord,
Bearing the cross appointed,
And bravely cleaving to His Word,
In suffering be undaunted,
Who has not stood the battle's strain
The crown of life shall ne'er obtain.

Johann Scheffler (Angelus), 1668
C. W. Schaeffer, tr. a

53 Laud C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1862


1 Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With
an - gels round the throne; Ten thou - sand thou - sand
are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5-6-7-31-32-34-35-38-45-53-60-65-72-85-86-116-119-122-128-133-135-149 150-153-154-157-159-160-163-169-183-190-195-197-199-206-207-219-235-265-(278)-312

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

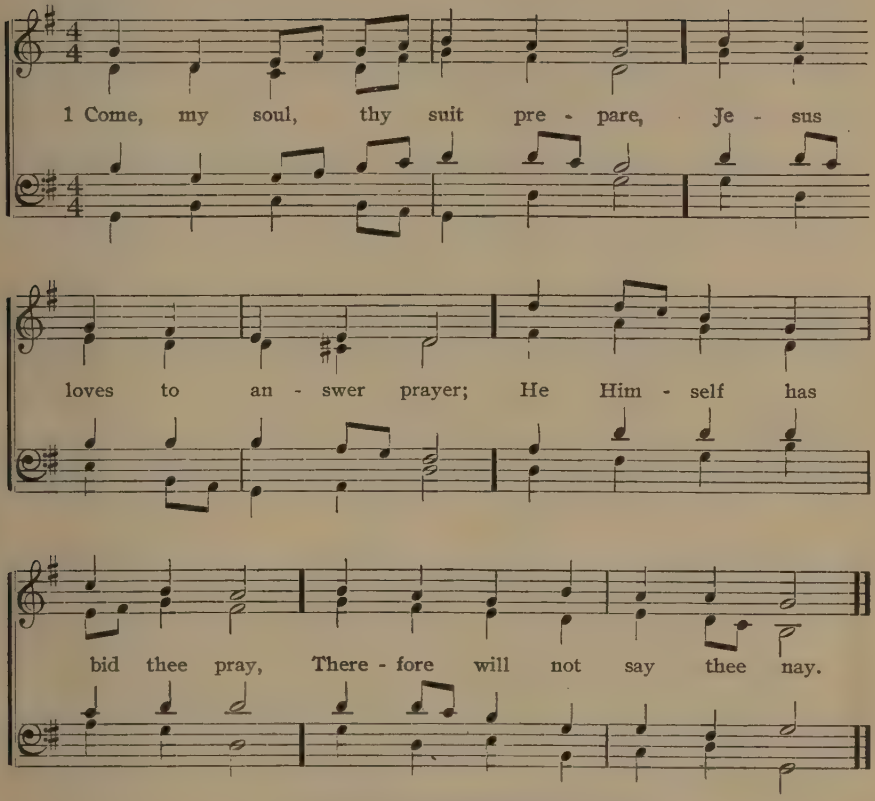
4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise!

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1707

54 Trusted 7s

P. Weimer



7s—54-79-109-173-182-184-186-201-244-282-283-294-295

2 Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

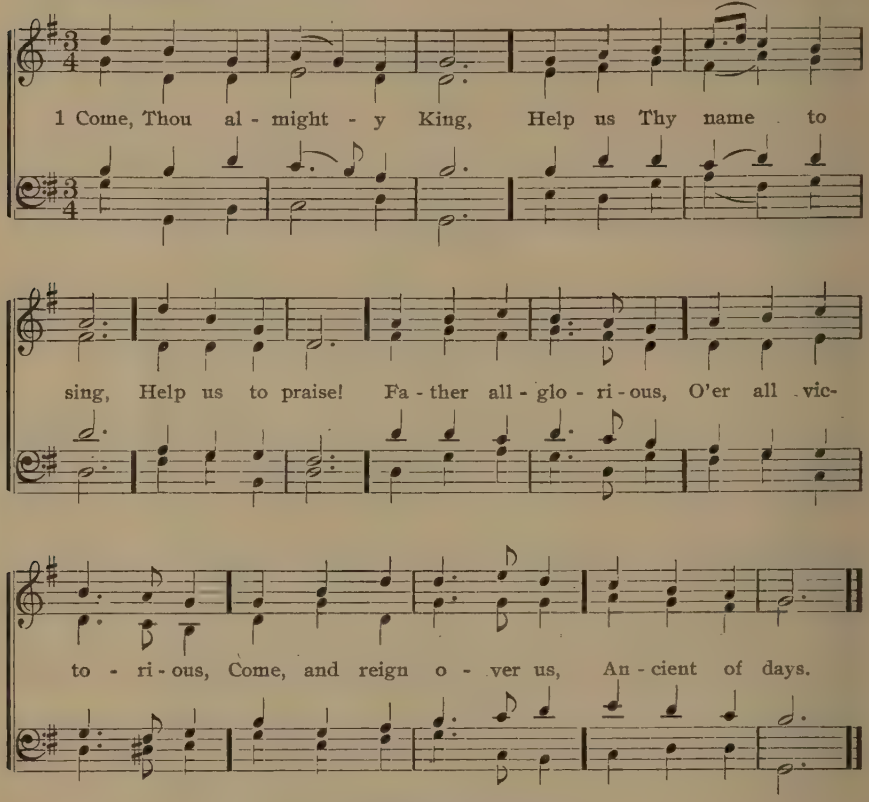
5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton, 1779

55 Italian Hymn 6,6,4,6,6,6,4

Felice de Giardina, 1769


1 Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to
sing, Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4—55–71–134

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise;
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made;
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy Word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

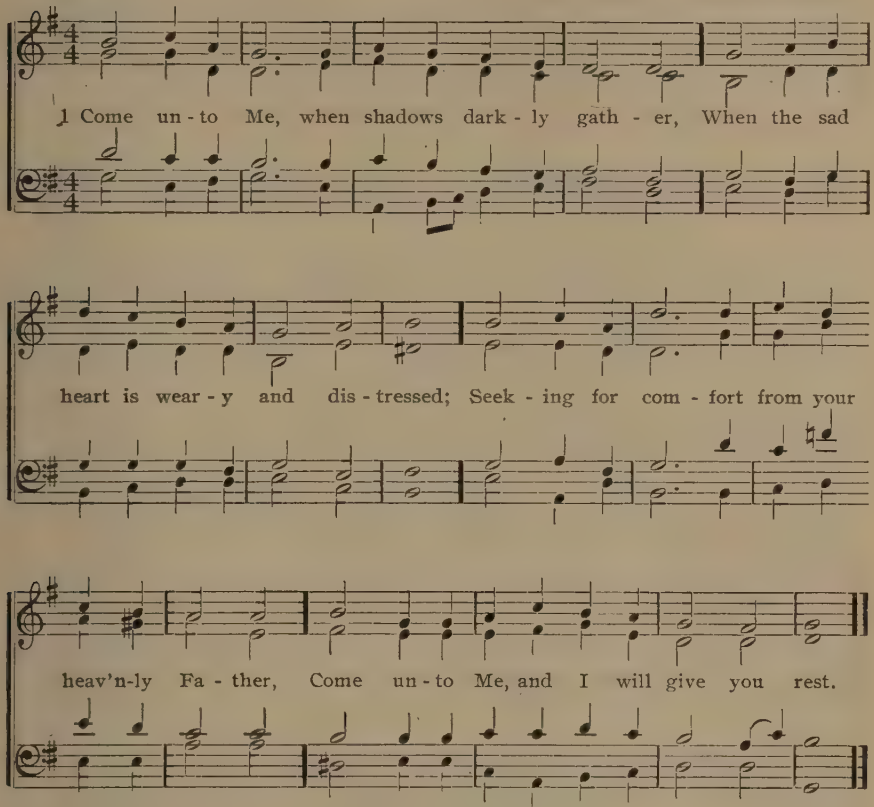
4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

5 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

Charles Wesley, 1757

56 Eirene 11,10,11,10

F. R. Havergal, 1871


1 Come un - to Me, when shadows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad
heart is wear - y and dis - tressed; Seek - ing for com - fort from your
heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest.

11, 10, 11, 10—56–57–214–263–302

2 Ye who have mourned when tender flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
When their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

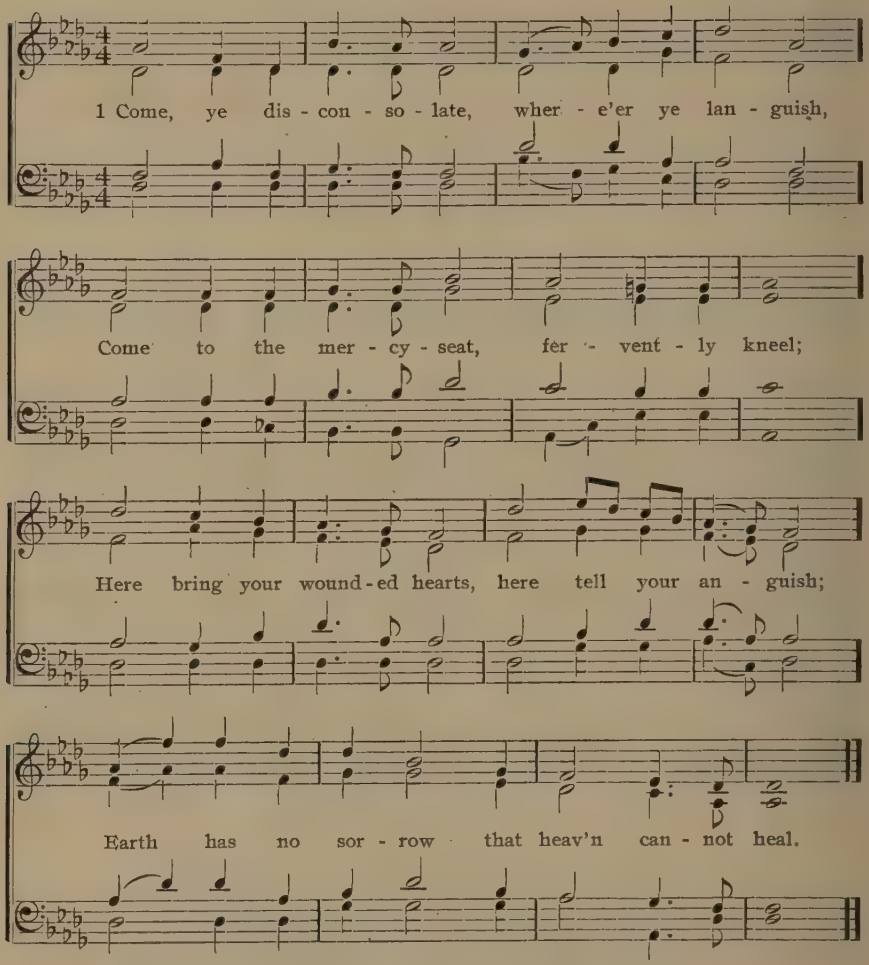
3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

Catherine H. Esling, 1839

57 Consolator (Alma) 11,10,11,10

S. Webbe, 1792


1 Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish,
Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
Here bring your wound-ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.

11, 10, 11, 10—56–57–214–263–302

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of life, see water flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

T. Moore, 1816 a
V. 3 Hastings, 1832

58 Diademata S. M. 8 L

G. J. Elvey, 1816–1893

1 Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own;
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

S. M. 8 L—58–257

2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn;
Fruit of the mystic rose,
As of that rose the stem;
The root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

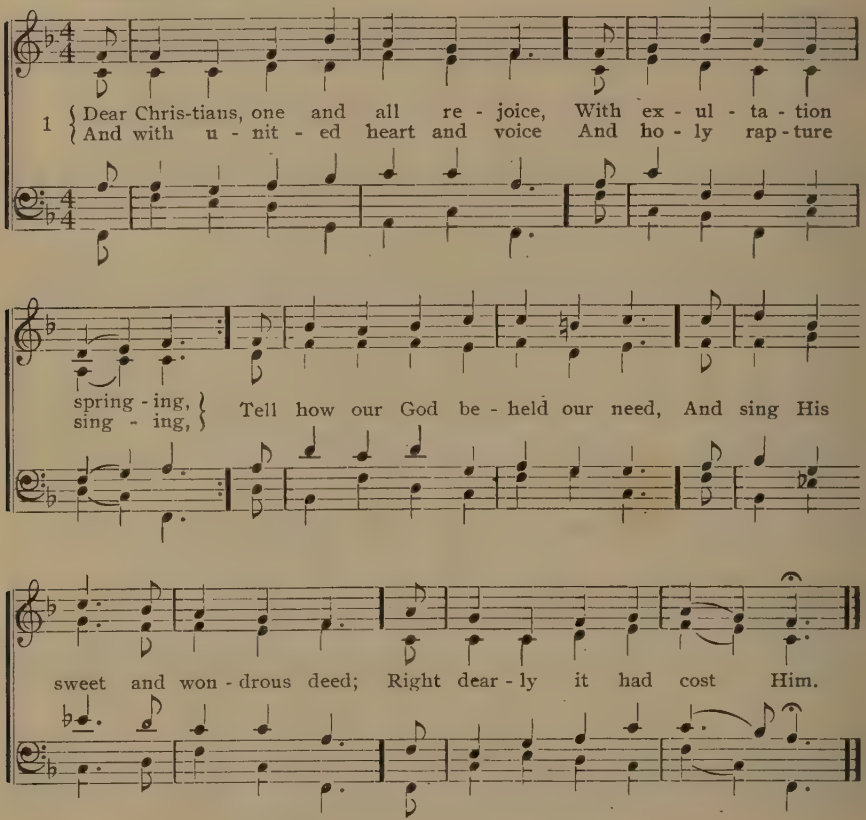
4 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercéd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

M. Bridges, 1848

59 Nun freut euch, lieben Christen 8,7,8,7,8,8,7

Wittenberg H. B. 1524


1 Dear Chris-tians, one and all re - joice, With ex - ul - ta - tion
And with u - nit - ed heart and voice And ho - ly rap - ture
spring - ing,
sing - ing,
Tell how our God be - held our need, And sing His
sweet and won - drous deed; Right dear - ly it had cost Him.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7—30–59–75–89–172–178–(193)–237–290

2 Fast bound in Satan's chains I lay,
Death brooded darkly o'er me,
My sin oppressed me night and day,
Therein my mother bore me;
Deeper and deeper still I fell,
Life had become a living hell,
So firmly sin possessed me.

3 My good works could avail me naught,
For they with sin were stainéd,
Free-will against God's judgment fought,
And dead to good remainéd;
Grief drove me to despair, and I
Had nothing left me but to die,
To hell I fast was sinking.

4 Then God beheld my wretched state
With deep commiseration;
He thought upon His mercy great,
And willed my soul's salvation;
He turned to me a Father's heart—
Not small the cost!—to heal my smart,
He gave His best and dearest.

5 He spake to His beloved Son:
"'Tis time to take compassion;
Then go, my heart's most precious crown,
And bring to man salvation;
From sin and sorrow set him free,
Slay bitter death for him, that he
May live with Thee forever."

6 The Son His Father did obey,
And, born of virgin-mother,
He came awhile on earth to stay,
That He might be my brother.
His mighty power He hidden bore,
A servant's form like mine, He wore,
To lead the Devil captive.

7 He spake to me: "Hold fast by Me,
I am thy rock and castle;
I wholly give Myself for thee,
For thee I strive and wrestle;
For I am thine, and thou art Mine,
Henceforth My place is also thine;
The foe shall never part us.

8 "The foe shall shed My precious blood,
Me of My life bereaving;
All this I suffer for thy good;
Be steadfast and believing.
Life shall from death the victory win,
Mine innocence shall bear thy sin,
So art thou blest forever.

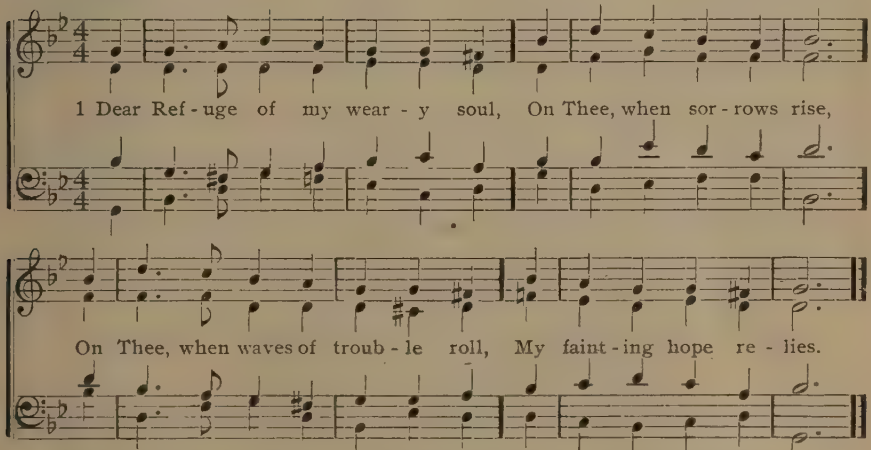
9 "Now to My Father I depart,
From earth to heaven ascending,
Thence heavenly wisdom to impart,
The Holy Spirit sending;
He shall in trouble comfort thee,
Teach thee to know and follow Me,
Into all truth shall guide thee.

10 "What I have done and taught, do thou
To do and teach endeavor;
So shall My kingdom flourish now,
And God be praised forever;
Take heed lest men with base alloy
The heavenly treasure should destroy;
This counsel I bequeath thee."

Dr. Martin Luther, 1523

60 Windsor C. M.

G. Kirbye, 1592



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

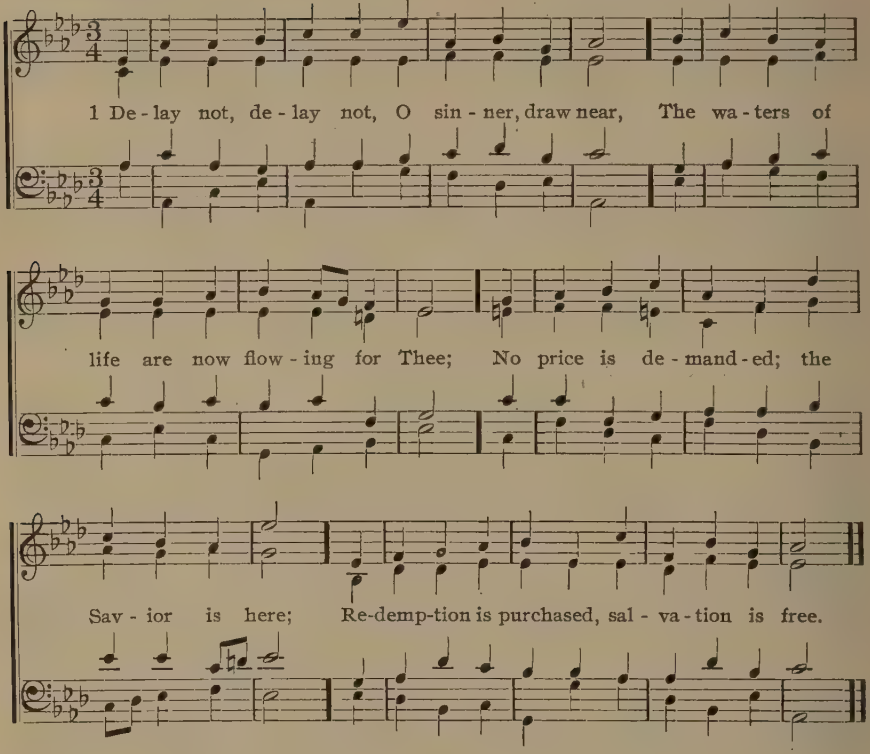
3 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

4 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

Anne Steele, 1760

61 Delay Not 11s

Wm. Croft (?), 1708. Händel (?)


1 De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near, The wa - ters of
life are now flow - ing for Thee; No price is de - mand - ed; the
Sav - ior is here; Re-demp-tion is purchased, sal - va - tion is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

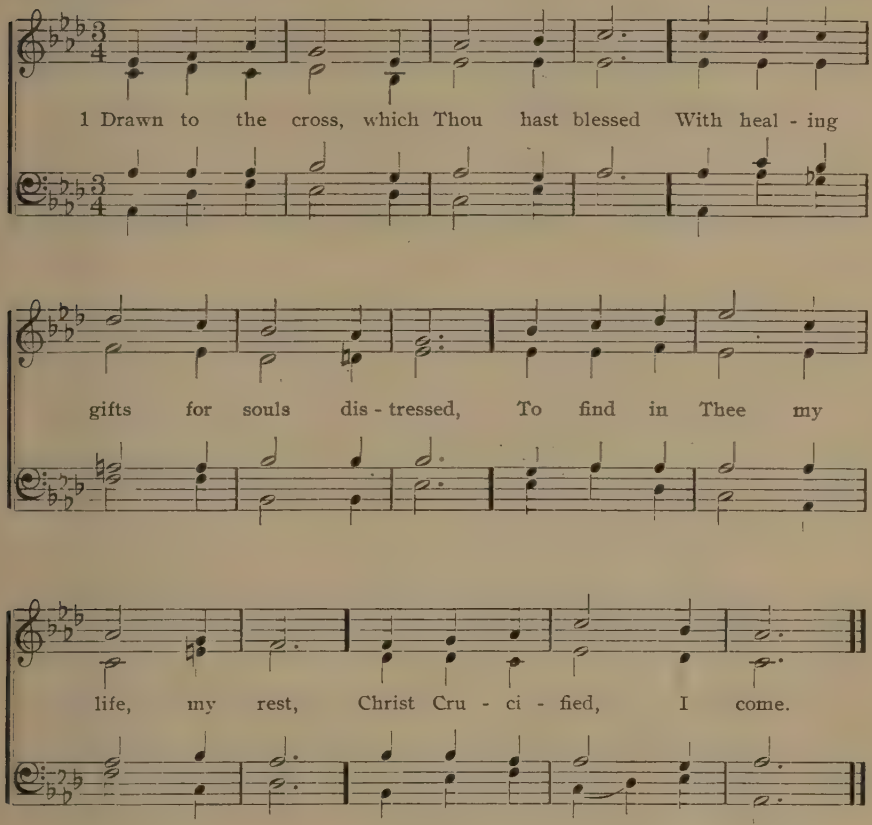
4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

Thomas Hastings, 1831

62 Dunstan 8,8,8,6

J. Barnby, 1883


1 Drawn to the cross, which Thou hast blessed With heal - ing
gifts for souls dis - tressed, To find in Thee my
life, my rest, Christ Cru - ci - fied, I come.

2 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,
Thy grace abused, my misspent years;
Yet now to Thee, with contrite tears,
Christ Crucified, I come.

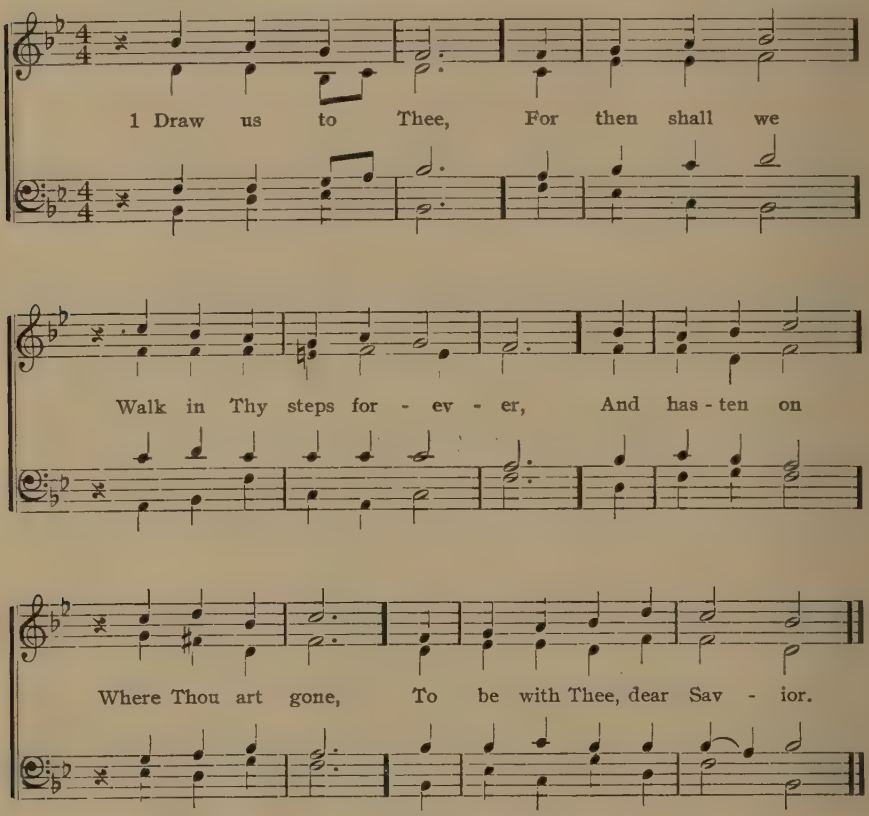
3 Wash me, and take away each stain;
Let nothing of my sin remain;
For cleansing, though it be through pain,
Christ Crucified, I come.

4 And then for work to do for Thee,
Which shall so sweet a service be
That angels well might envy me,
Christ Crucified, I come.

Miss G. M. Irons, 1880

63 Ach Gott und Herr 4,4,7,4,4,7

C. Peter, 1655



4, 4, 7, 4, 4, 7—63–126

2 Draw us to Thee,
Lord, lovingly;
Let us depart with gladness,
That we may be
Forever free
From sorrow, grief, and sadness.

3 Draw us to Thee,
O grant that we
May find the road to heaven;
Direct our way,
Lest we should stray,
And from Thy paths be driven.

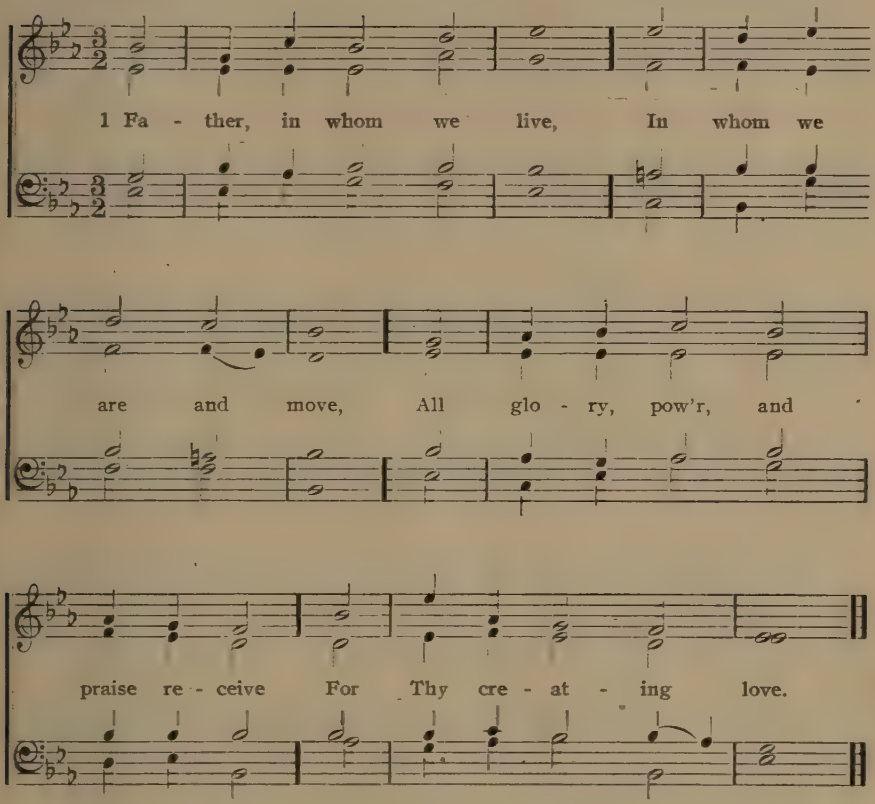
4 Draw us to Thee,
That also we
Thy heavenly bliss inherit,
And ever dwell
Where sin and hell
No more can vex our spirit.

5 Draw us to Thee
Unceasingly,
Into Thy kingdom take us;
Let us fore'er
Thy glory share,
Thy saints and joint-heirs make us.

F. Fabricius, 1668
A. Crull, tr.

64 Dover S. M.

English. Harm. by Goss



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 O Thou incarnate Word,
Let all Thy ransomed race
Unite in thanks, with one accord,
For Thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

4 Eternal, triune Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record
And dwell upon Thy love.

Charles Wesley, 1746

65 Bedford C. M.

W. Wheall, 1729

8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5-6-7-31-32-34-35-38-45-53-60-65-72-85-86-116-119-122-128-133-135-149
150-153-154-157-159-160-163-169-183-190-195-197-199-206-207-219-255-265-(278)-312

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

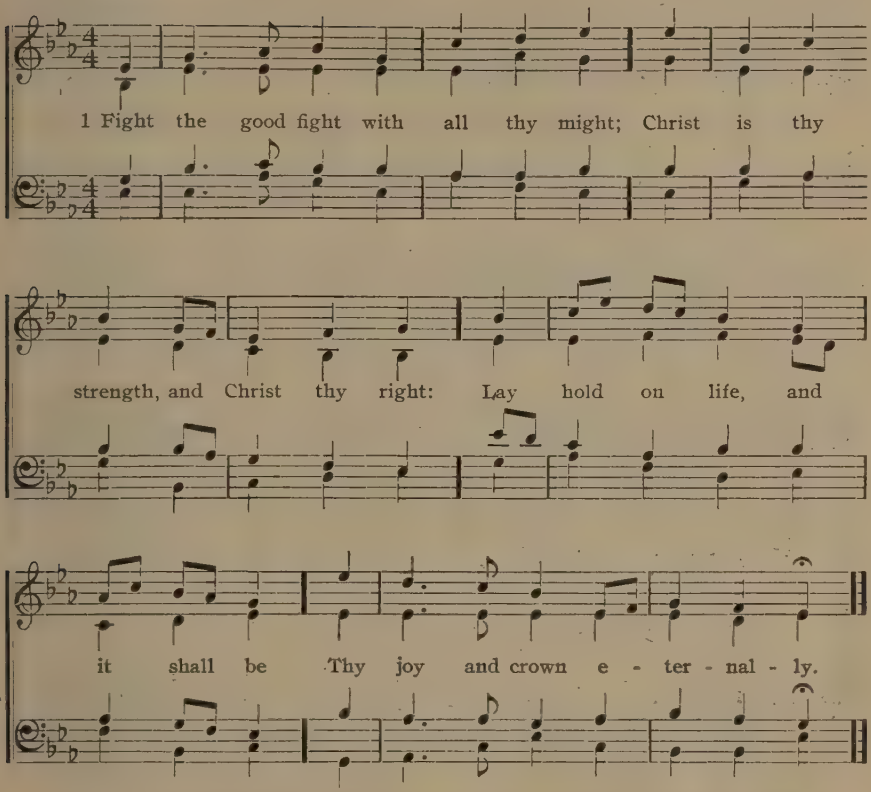
3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Savior there.

Anne Steele, 1760

66 Samson L. M.

Arr. from G. F. Händel, 1742


1 Fight the good fight with all thy might; Christ is thy
strength, and Christ thy right: Lay hold on life, and
it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside; upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863

67 Schumann S. M.

[Arr. from R. Schumann, 1810–1856

6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

5 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

6 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

7 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat, before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

J. Montgomery, 1835

68 Missionary Hymn 7,6. 8 L.

L. Mason, 1823

1 From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

7, 6. 8 L—68–92–123–167–189–196–203–242–246–(272)–317

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

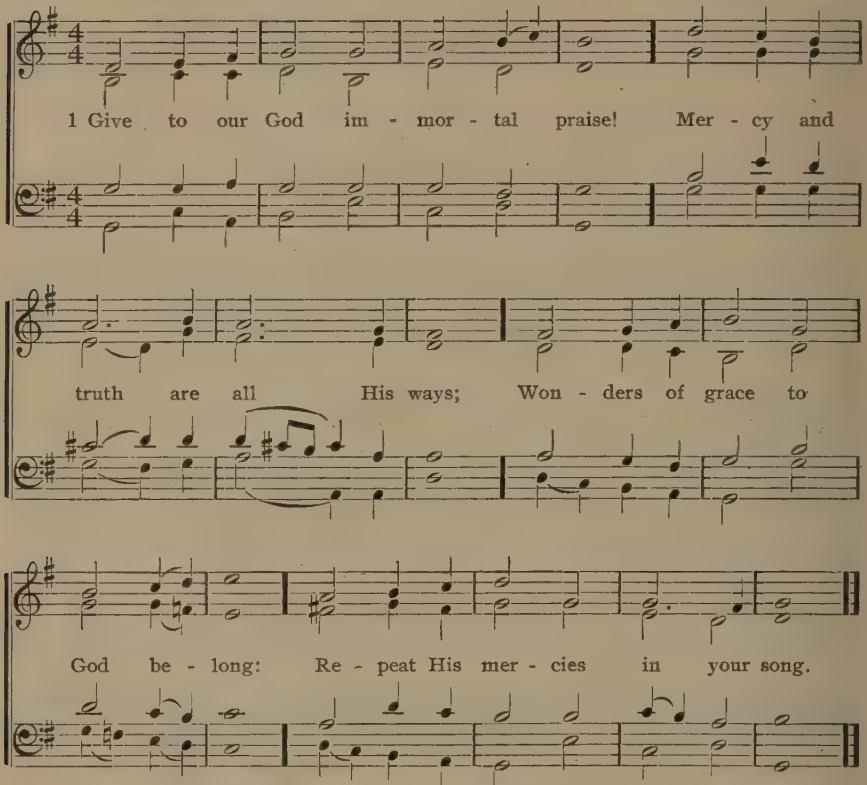
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

R. Heber, 1819

69 Lasus (Norwich) L. M.

A. H. Mann, 1850


1 Give to our God im - mor - tal praise! Mer - cy and
truth are all His ways; Won - ders of grace to
God be - long: Re - peat His mer - cies in your song.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

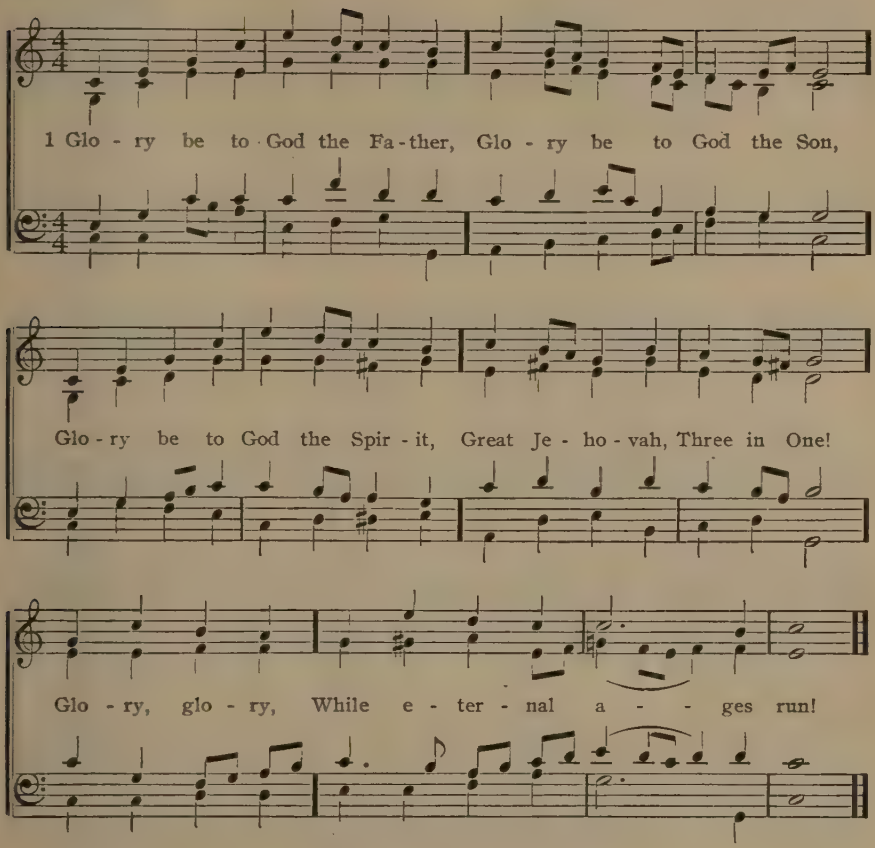
5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts

70 Worcester 8,7,8,7,4,7

W. G. Whinfield


1 Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,
Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it, Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One!
Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - - - ges run!

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7—70–77–225–228

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

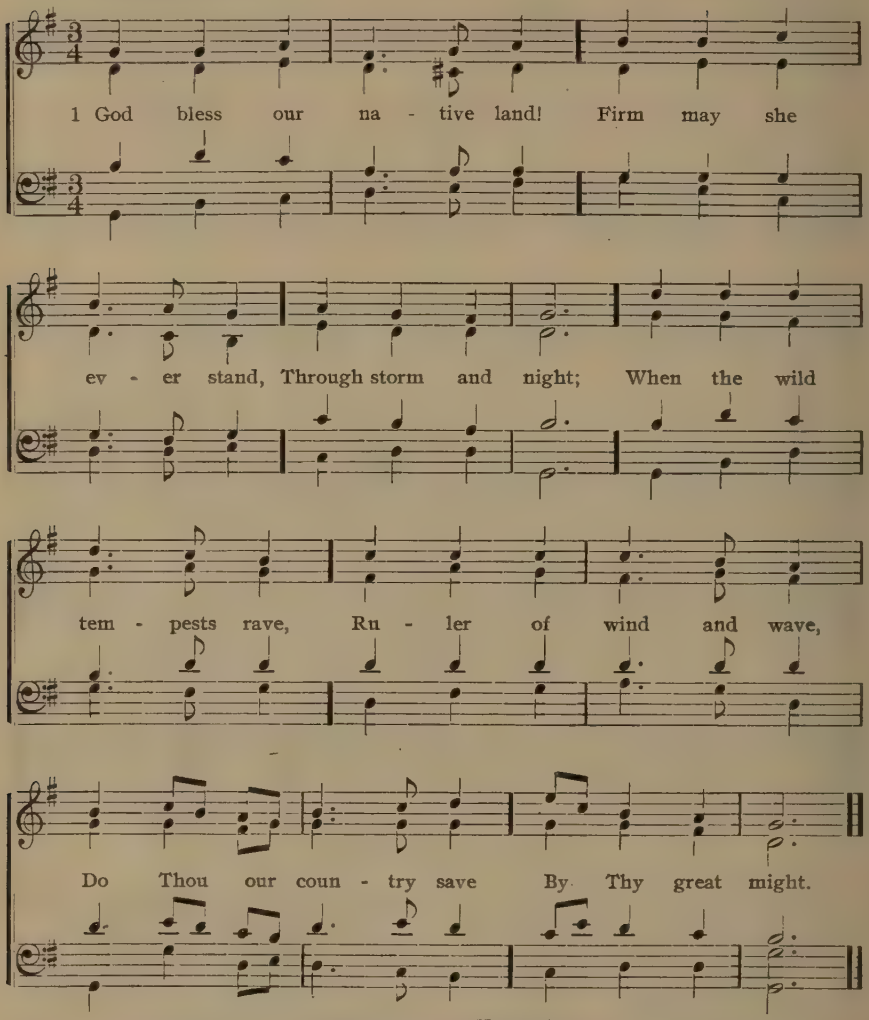
3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth, your praises bring!
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

H. Bonar, 1866

71 America 6,6,4,6,6,6,4

H. Carey, 1743


1 God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she
ev - er stand, Through storm and night; When the wild
tem - pests rave, Ru - ler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.

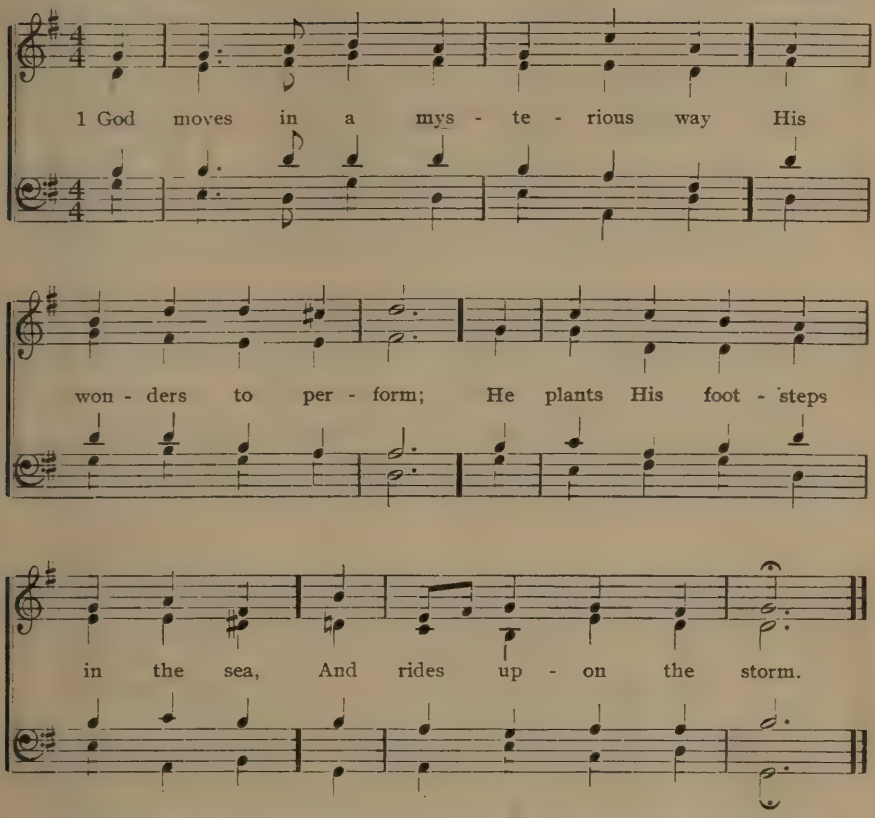
6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4—55-71-134

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

C. T. Brooks, ca. 1833
J. S. Dwight, 1844

72 Farrant C. M.

R. Farrant, 1530–1580



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper, 1772

73 Larghetto (Bonn) L. M.

Beethoven

1 God of my life, whose gra - cious pow'r Thro' va - rious
deaths my soul hath led; Or turned a - side the
fa - tal hour, Or lift - ed up my sink - ing head:

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see:
O help me still my course to run,
And still direct my path to Thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Savior's breast?
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest!

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But Thou, O Christ, my Wisdom art!
I ever into ruin run;
But Thou art greater than my heart.

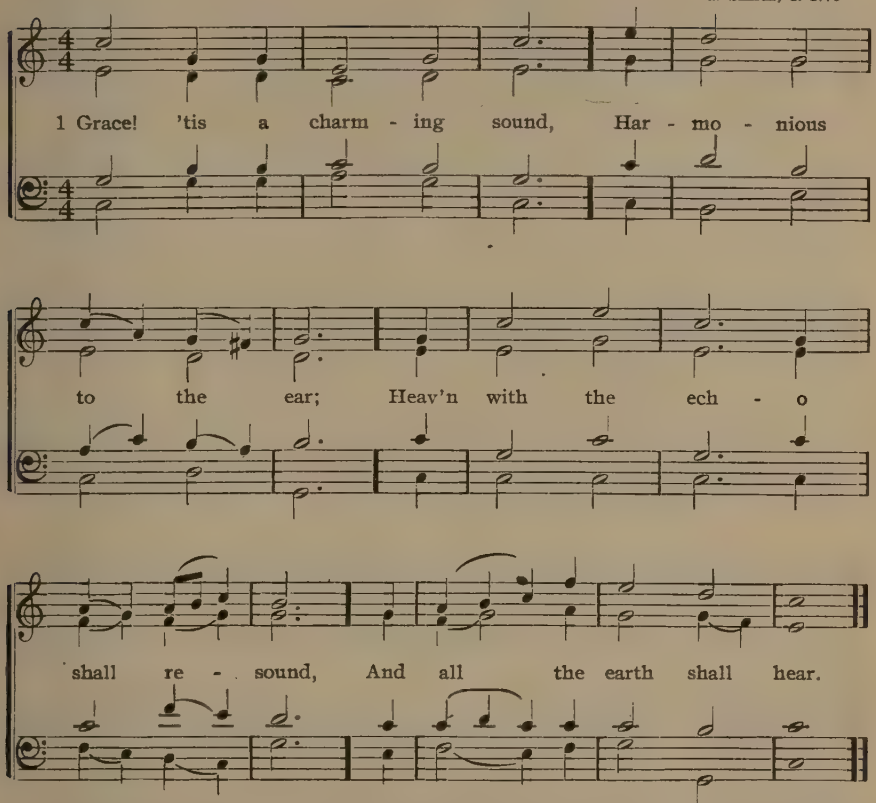
5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

6 Enlarge my heart to make Thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay:
The crooked then shall straight become;
The darkness shall be lost in day.

Charles Wesley, 1740

74 Silver Street S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

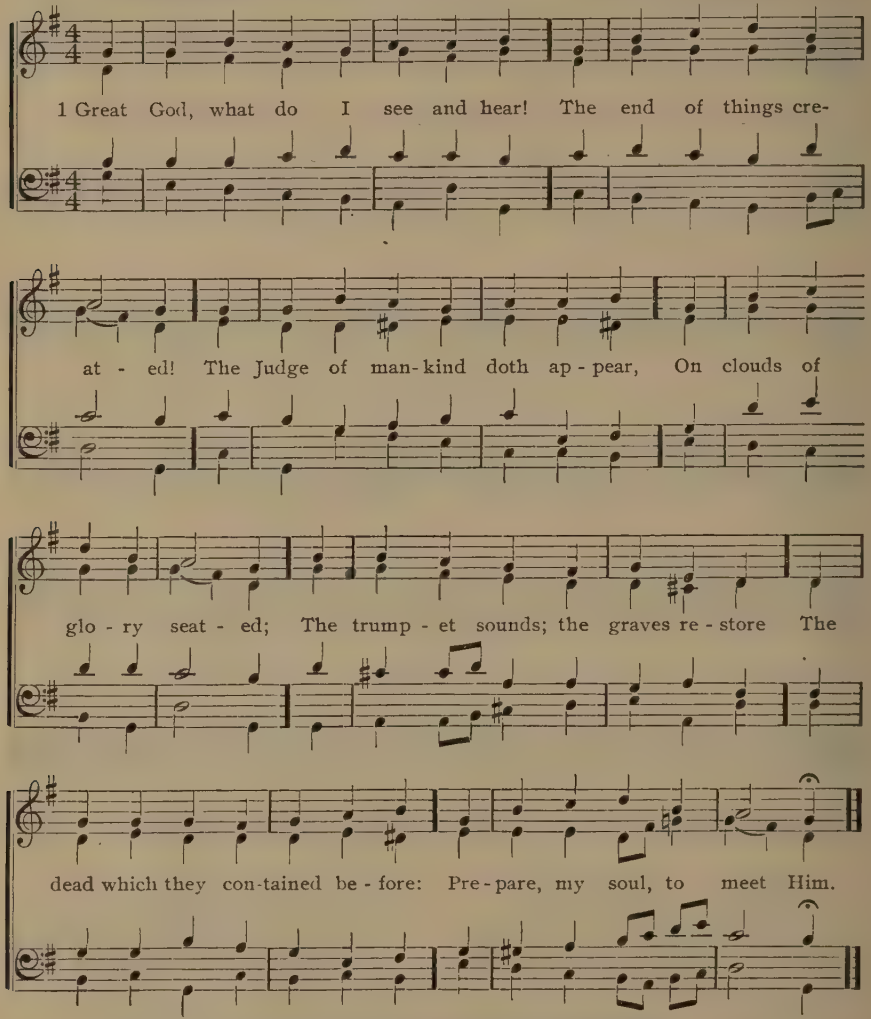
5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

75 Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit 8,7,8,7,8,8,7

Joseph Klug, Wittenberg, 1535


1 Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre-
at - ed! The Judge of man-kind doth ap - pear, On clouds of
glo - ry seat - ed; The trump - et sounds; the graves re - store The
dead which they con-tained be - fore: Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7—30–59–75–89–172–178–(193)–237–290

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
They trembling stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 O Christ, who diedst and yet dost live,
To me impart Thy merit:
My pardon seal, my sins forgive,
And cleanse me by Thy Spirit.
Beneath Thy cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

V. I. Anon., 1802. W. B. Collier, 1812
Alt. by T. Cotteril, and others

76 **State Street** S. M.

J. C. Woodman, 1844

6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces.

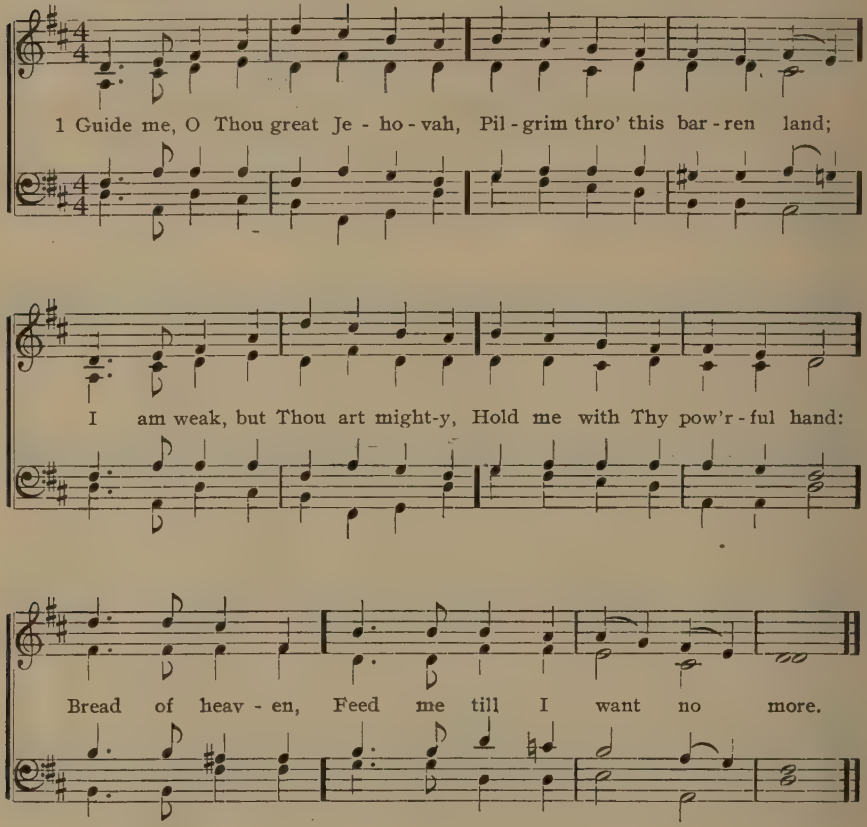
3 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where His own sheep have been.

4 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts, 1719 ab

77 Guide Me 8,7,8,7,4,7

G. W. Warren, 1884


1 Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand:
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

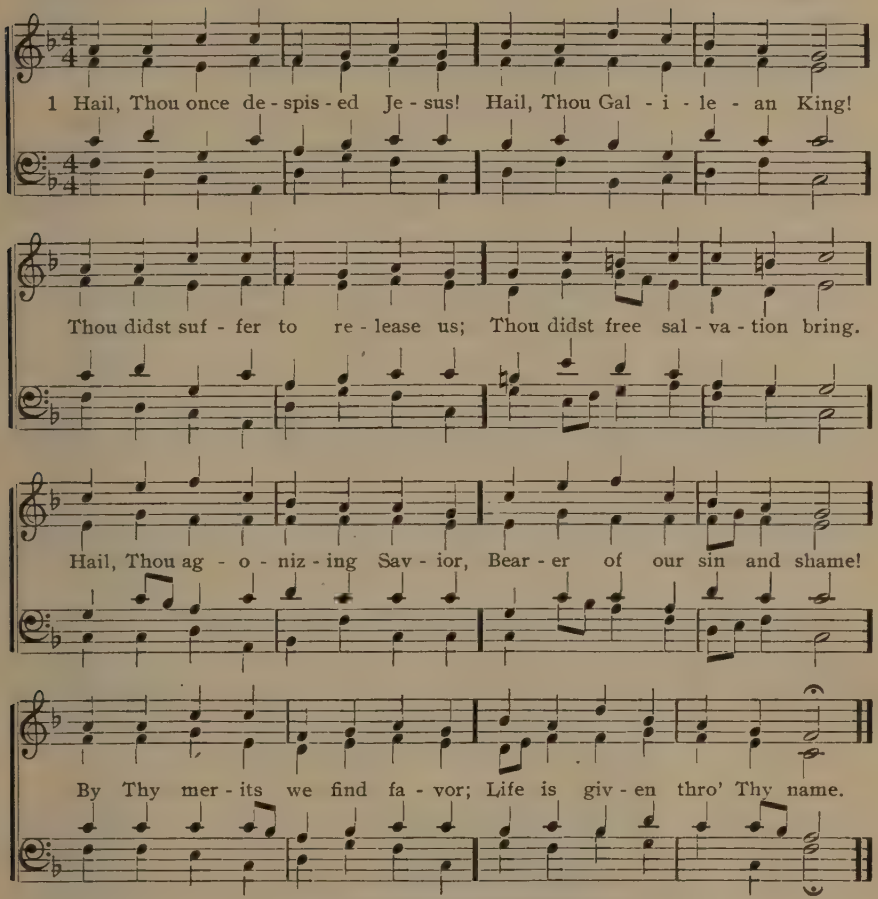
8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7—70–77–225–228

2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Song of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Wm. Williams, 1745
Peter Williams, tr. 1771

78 St. Hilary 8,7. 8 L. Ganther


1 Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an King!
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - ior, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.

8, 7. 8 L—78–82–83–105–111–(129)–215–277–289

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Open is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

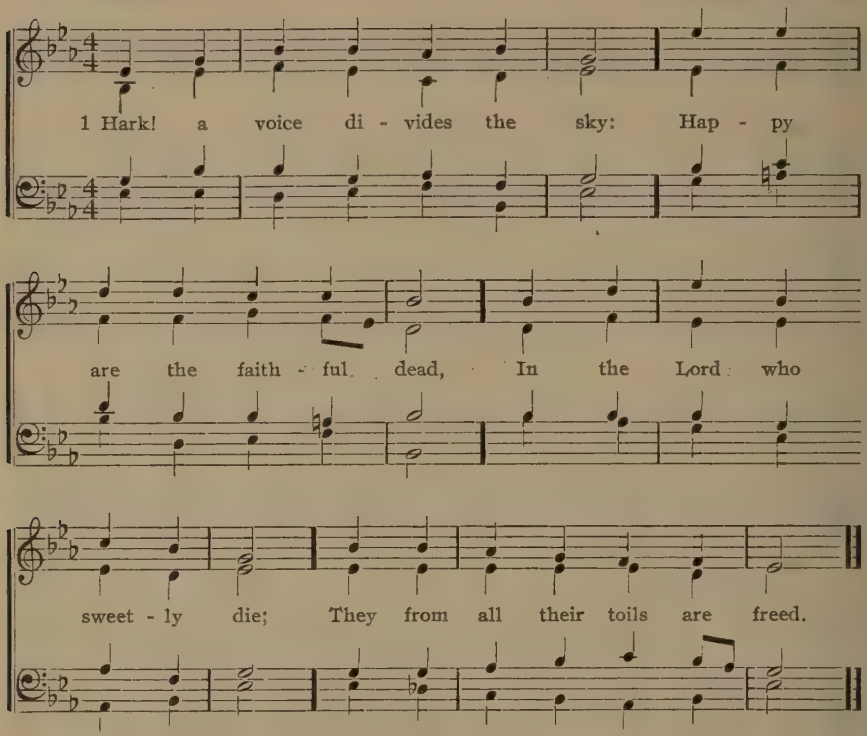
3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Savior's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell, 1760
V. 3 a by M. Toplady, 1776

79 Culbach 7s

George W. Doane, 1826



7s—54–79–109–173–182–184–186–201–244–282–283–294–295

2 Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is their endless Rest.

3 Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head had gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath opened mercy's door.

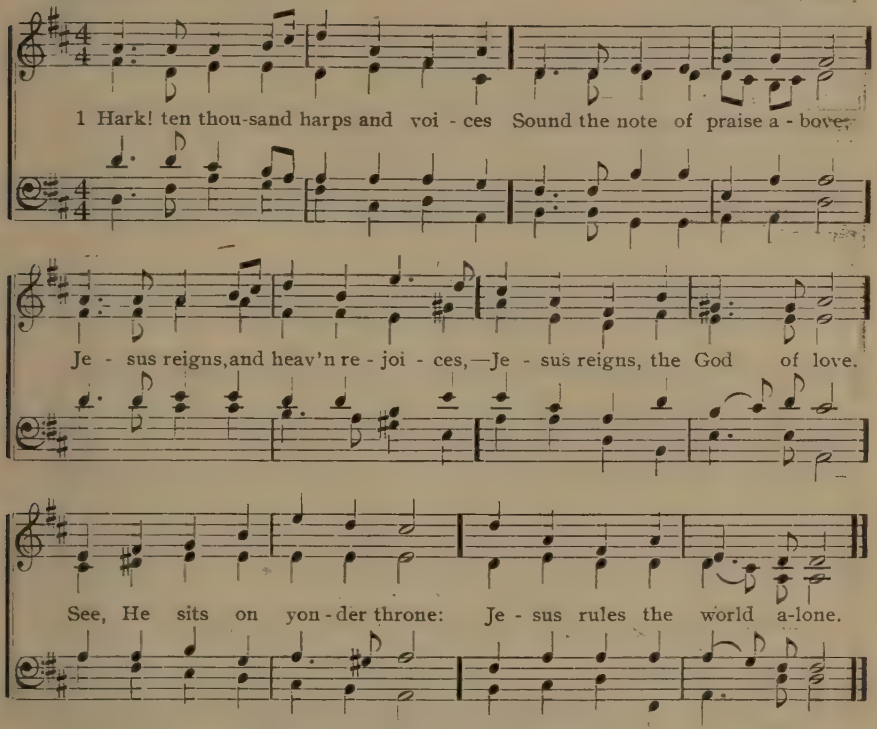
4 Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

5 When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry: "A man is dead!"
Angels sing: "A child is born!"

Charles Wesley, 1742

80 Prescott 8,7,8,7,7,7

R. P. Stewart, 1868


1 Hark! ten thou-sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joi - ces,—Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
See, He sits on yon - der throne: Je - sus rules the world a-lone.

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7—3–80–102–106–287–293–305–315

2 Christians, come, unite your praises
With the angels round His throne;
Soon, we hope, our God will raise us
To the place where He is gone.
Meet it is that we should sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

3 Sing how Jesus came from heaven,
How He bore the cross below,
How all power to Him is given,
How He reigns in glory now;
'Tis a great and endless theme,
O 'tis sweet to sing of Him.

4 Jesus hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and makes it fair:
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy people here.
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

5 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

6 Savior, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Thomas Kelly, 1804 a

81 Mahyn 8,7,8,7

A. H. Brown, 1830–

1 Hark! the Church pro - claims her hon - or,
And her strength is on - ly this: God hath laid His
choice up - on her, And the work she doth is His.

8, 7, 8, 7—81–98–121–192–233–243–252–311

2 He His Church has firmly founded,
He will guard what He began;
We by sin and foes surrounded,
Build her bulwarks as we can.

3 Frail and fleeting are our powers,
Short our days, our foresight dim,
And we own the choice not ours,
We were chosen first by Him.

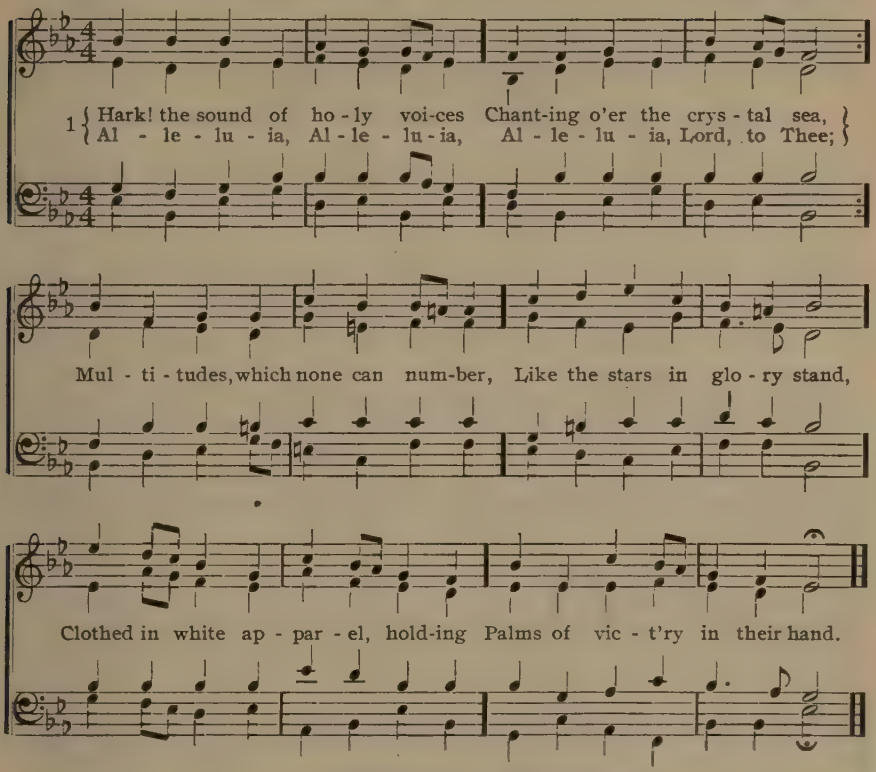
4 Onward, then! for naught despairing,
Calm we follow at His Word,
Thus through joy and sorrow bearing
Faithful witness to our Lord.

5 Though we here must strive in weakness,
Though in tears we often bend,
What His might began in meekness
Shall achieve a glorious end.

Paul Flemming
C. Winkworth, tr.

82 Mittler, schau auf sie hernieder 8,7. 8 L.

J. G. Schicht, 1819


1 Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi-ces Chant-ing o'er the crys - tal sea,
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee;
Mul - ti - tudes, which none can num-ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stand,
Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hand.

8, 7. 8 L—78–82–83–105–111–(129)–215–277–289

2 Patriarch, and Holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr and Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, Godly Matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

4 Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Savior and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Blessed Trinity.

C. Wordsworth, 1862

83 Beerhurst 8,7. 8 L

James Langran, 1835

1 Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
Fields are white, and har-vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee:
Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I; send me, send me?"

8, 7. 8 L—78–82–83–105–111–(129)–215–277–289

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

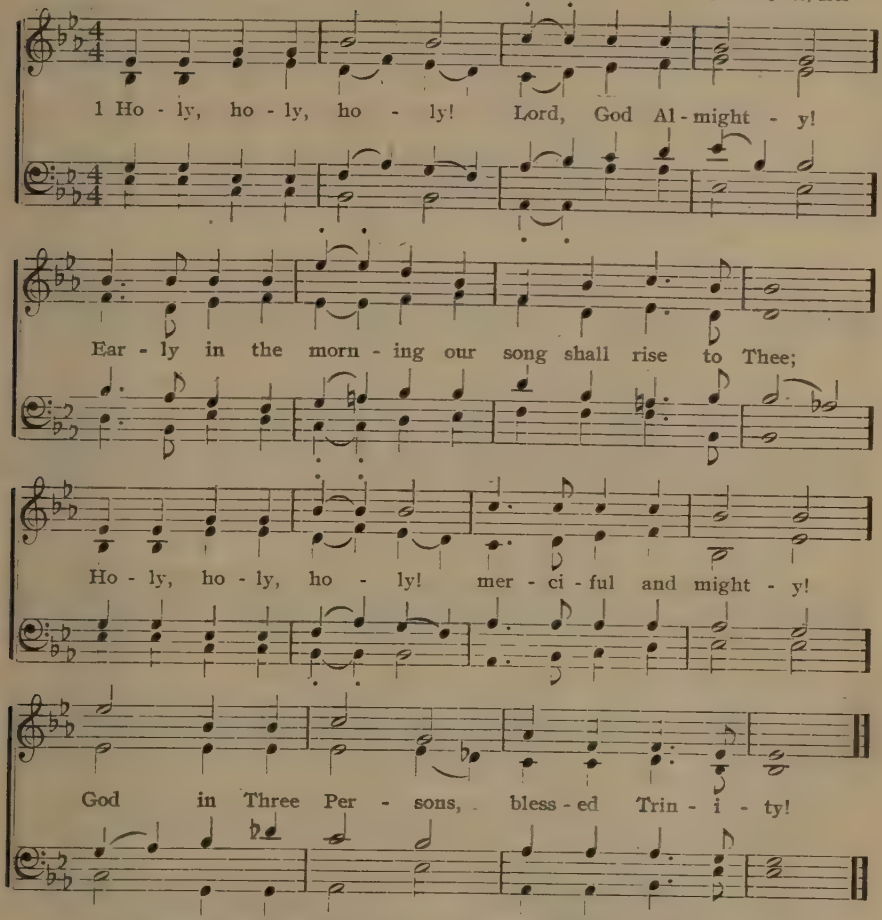
3 If you cannot be a watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth—
"Here am I; send me, send me."

D. March, 1868

84 Nicaea 11,12,12,10

J. B. Dykes, 1861


1 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord, God Al - might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

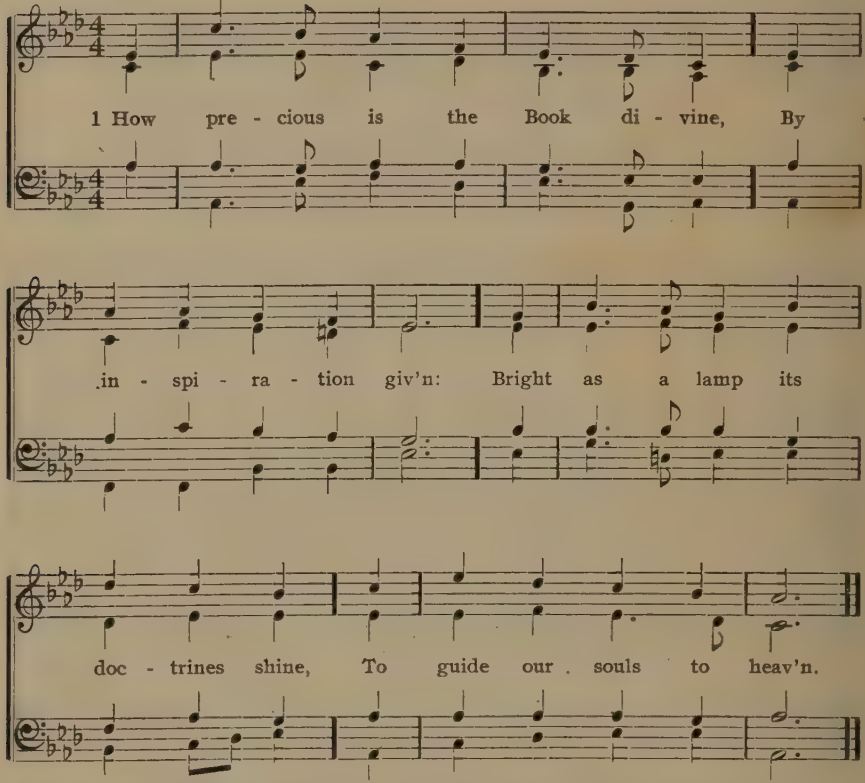
3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

R. Heber, 1827

85 Wolder C. M.

J. J. Wolder, 1788



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5-6-7-31-32-34-35-38-45-53-60-65-72-85-86-116-119-122-128-133-135-149 150-153-154-157-159-160-163-169-183-190-195-197-199-206-207-219-255-265-(278)-312

2 Its light, descending from above,
Illumes this world so drear,
Displays a Savior's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

4 O'er all the straight and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

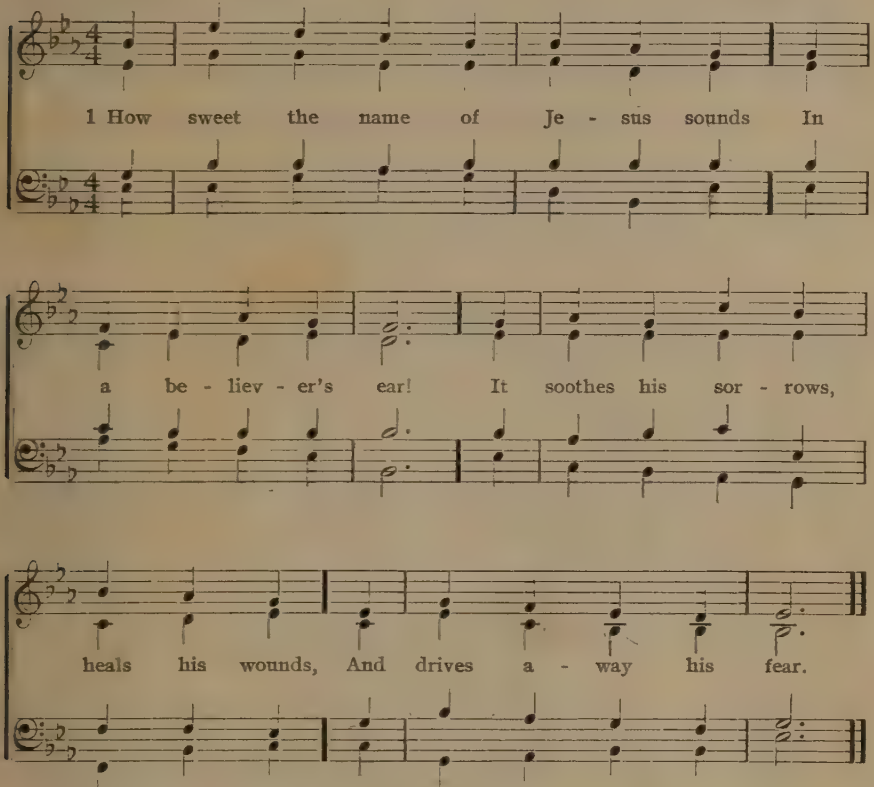
5 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

6 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett, 1782 ab

86 St. Peter's, Oxford C. M.

Alex. R. Reinagle, 1826



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149 150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled:
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

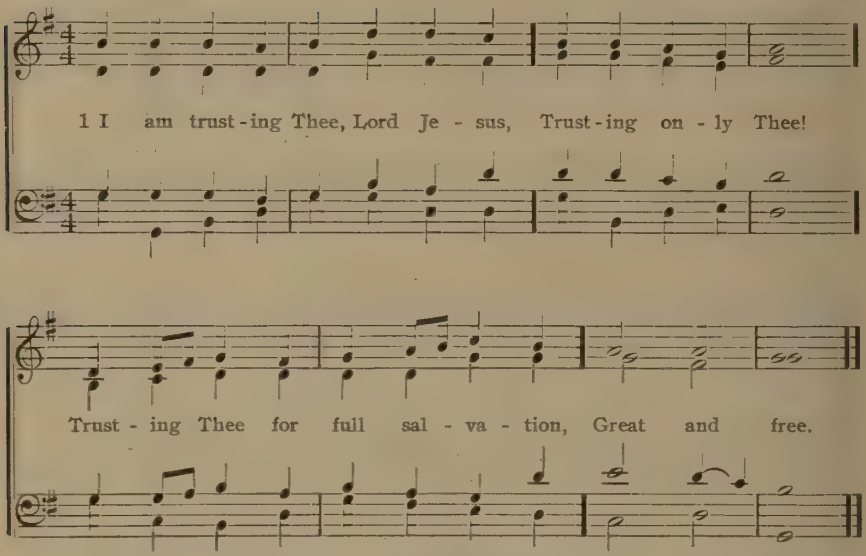
6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779

87 **Stephanos** 8,5,8,3

H. W. Baker, 1861



2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

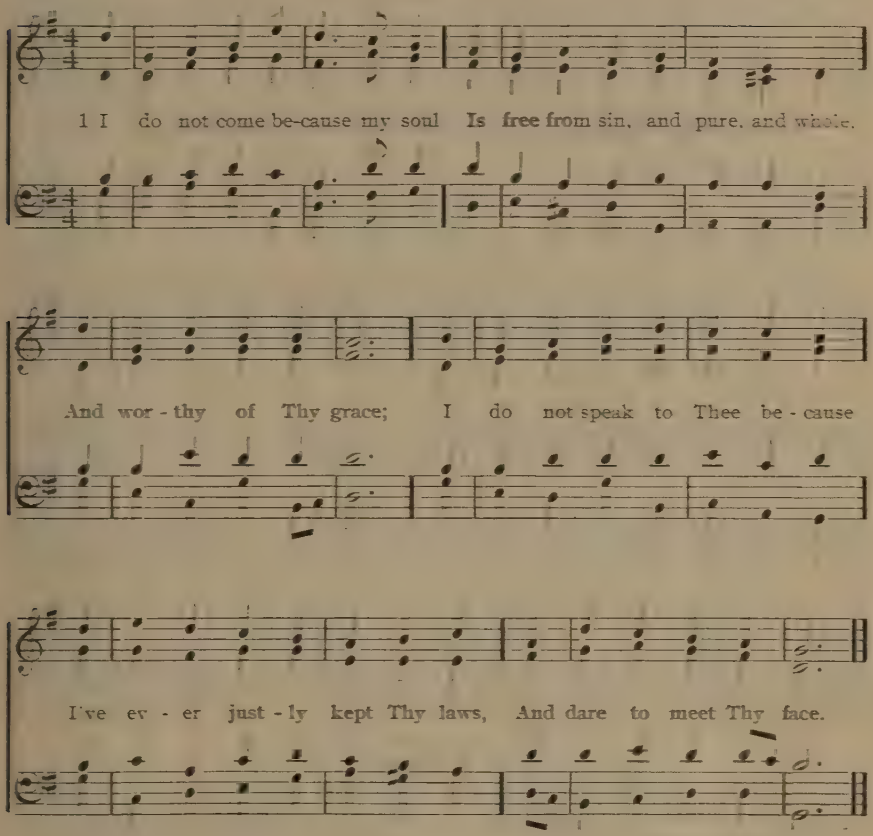
4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee forever,
And for all.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

88 **Wittenberg** 8,8,6,8,8,6 (C. P. M.) H. Else, 1911


1 I do not come be-cause my soul Is free from sin, and pure, and whole,
And wor - thy of Thy grace; I do not speak to Thee be - cause
I've ev - er just - ly kept Thy laws, And dare to meet Thy face.

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6—40–83

2 I know that sin and guilt combine
To reign o'er every thought of mine,
And turn from good to ill;
I know that when I try to be
Upright, and just, and true to Thee,
I am a sinner still!

3 I know that often when I strive
To keep a spark of love alive
For Thee, the powers within
Leap up in unsubmissive might,
And oft benumb my sense of right,
And pull me back to sin.

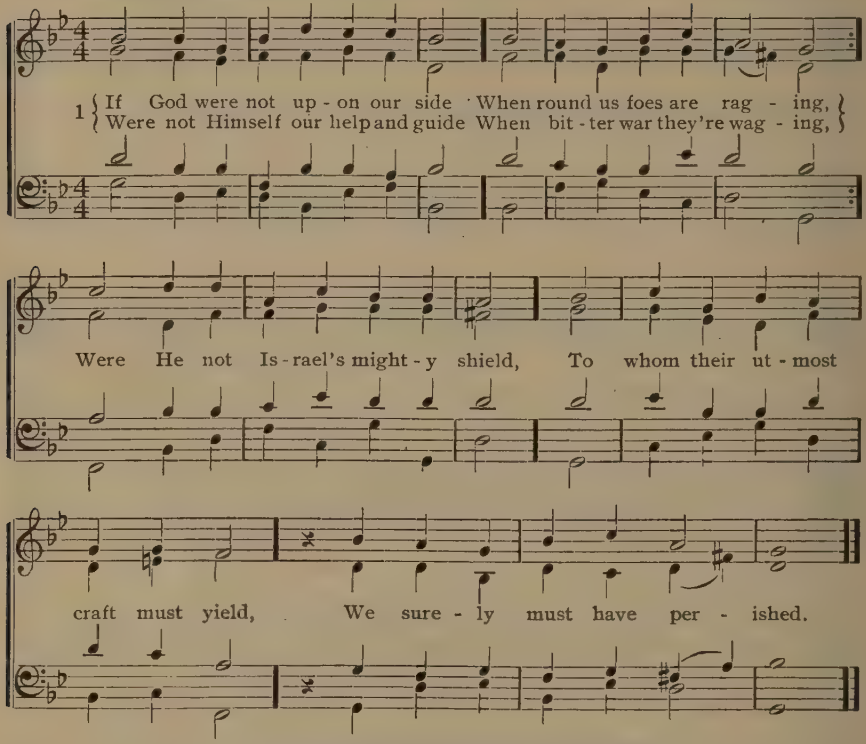
4 I know that, though in doing good
I spend my life, I never could
Atone for all I've done:
But though my sins are black as night,
I dare to come before Thy sight,
Because I trust Thy Son.

5 In Him alone my trust I place—
Come boldly to Thy throne of grace,
And there commune with Thee.
Salvation sure, O Lord, is mine,
And, all-unworthy, I am Thine,
For Jesus died for me!

F. B. St. John

89 Wo Gott der Herr nicht bei uns hält 8,7,8,7,8,8,7

Kluge, 1535


1 If God were not up - on our side When round us foes are rag - ing,
Were not Himself our help and guide When bit - ter war they're wag - ing,
Were He not Is - rael's might - y shield, To whom their ut - most
craft must yield, We sure - ly must have per - ished.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7—30–59–75–89–172–178–(193)–237–290

2 But now no human wit or might
His chosen people frighteth,
God sitteth in the highest height,
And He their counsels blighteth;
When craftiest snares and nets they lay,
God doth His work another way,
And makes a path before us.

3 Against our souls they rage and mock,
Exciting great commotion:
As billows meet with angry shock
Out on the stormy ocean,
So they our lives with fury seek;
But God hath pity on the weak,
And Him they have forgotten.

4 They call us heretics, and aye
Their Christian name are flaunting;
They seek to spill our blood, while they
Their fear of God are vaunting.
Ah, God! that precious name of Thine
O'er many a wicked deed must shine,
But Thou wilt once avenge it.

5 They open wide their ravenous jaws,
And threaten to devour us,
But thanks to God, who rules our cause,
They shall not overpower us;
Their snares He yet will bring to naught,
And overthrow what they have taught:
God is too mighty for them.

6 How richly He consoleth those
Whom no one else befriendeth!
The door of grace doth never close;
Sense cannot comprehend it,
How this may be, and deems all lost,
When through this very cross a host
Of champions God is raising.

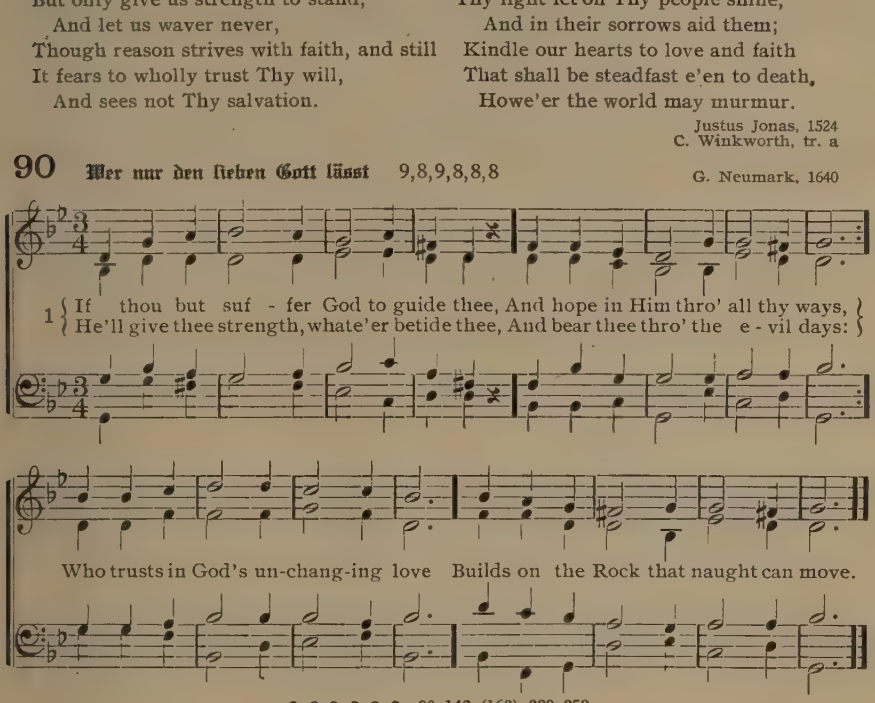
7 Our foes, O God, are in Thy hand,
Thou knowest their endeavor;
But only give us strength to stand,
And let us waver never,
Though reason strives with faith, and still
It fears to wholly trust Thy will,
And sees not Thy salvation.

8 But heaven and earth, O Lord, are Thine,
For Thou alone hast made them;
Thy light let on Thy people shine,
And in their sorrows aid them;
Kindle our hearts to love and faith
That shall be steadfast e'en to death,
Howe'er the world may murmur.

Justus Jonas, 1524
C. Winkworth, tr. a

90 Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt 9,8,9,8,8,8

G. Neumark, 1640


1 If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee, And hope in Him thro' all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee, And bear thee thro' the e - vil days:
Who trusts in God's un-chang-ing love Builds on the Rock that naught can move.

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8—90–142–(168)–229–259

2 What can these anxious cares avail thee,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help, if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3 Only be still and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And His discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

4 He knows the time for joy, and, truly,
Will send it when He sees it meet;
When He has tried and purged thee duly
And finds thee free from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

5 Nor think amid the heat of trial
That God hath cast thee off unheard;
That he whose hopes meet no denial
Must surely be of God preferred;
Time passes and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

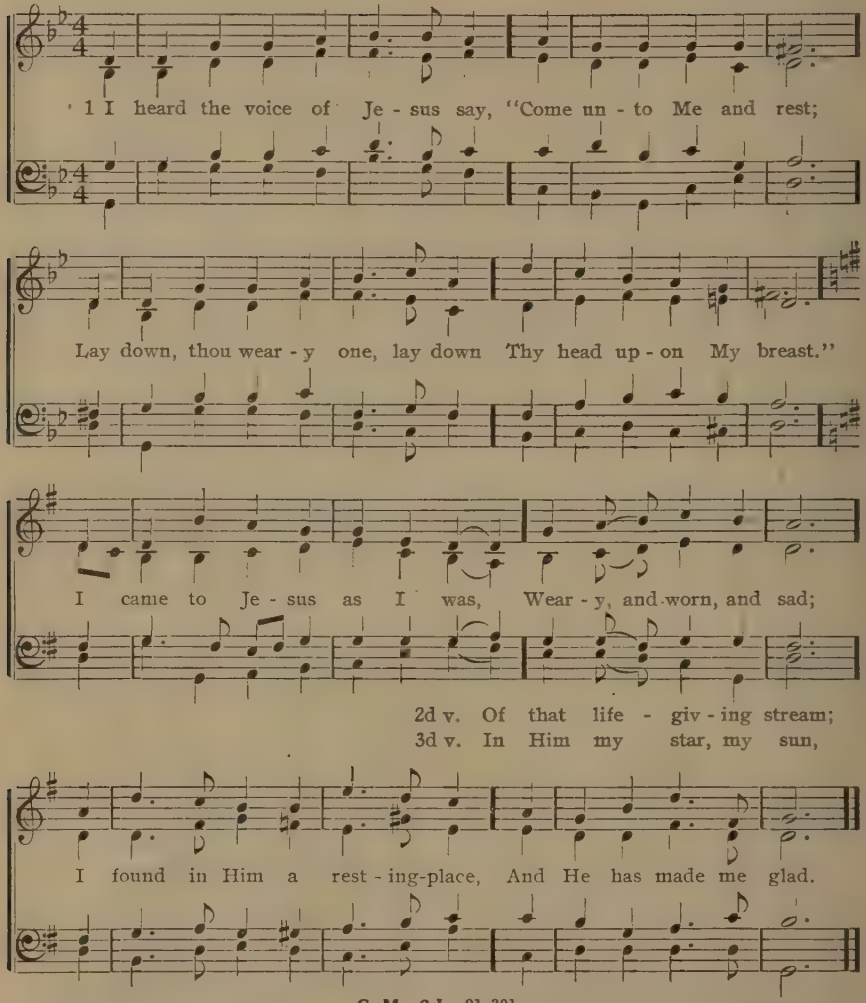
6 All are alike before the Highest;
'Tis easy to our God, we know,
To raise thee up, though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by Him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

7 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving;
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His Word; though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never will forsake in need
The soul that trusts in Him indeed.

Georg Neumark, 1657
C. Winkworth, tr. a

91 Vox Dilecti C. M. 8 L

Mel. J. B. Dykes


1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
Lay down, thou wear - y one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y, and worn, and sad;
2d v. Of that life - giv - ing stream;
3d v. In Him my star, my sun,
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.

C. M. 8 L—91–301

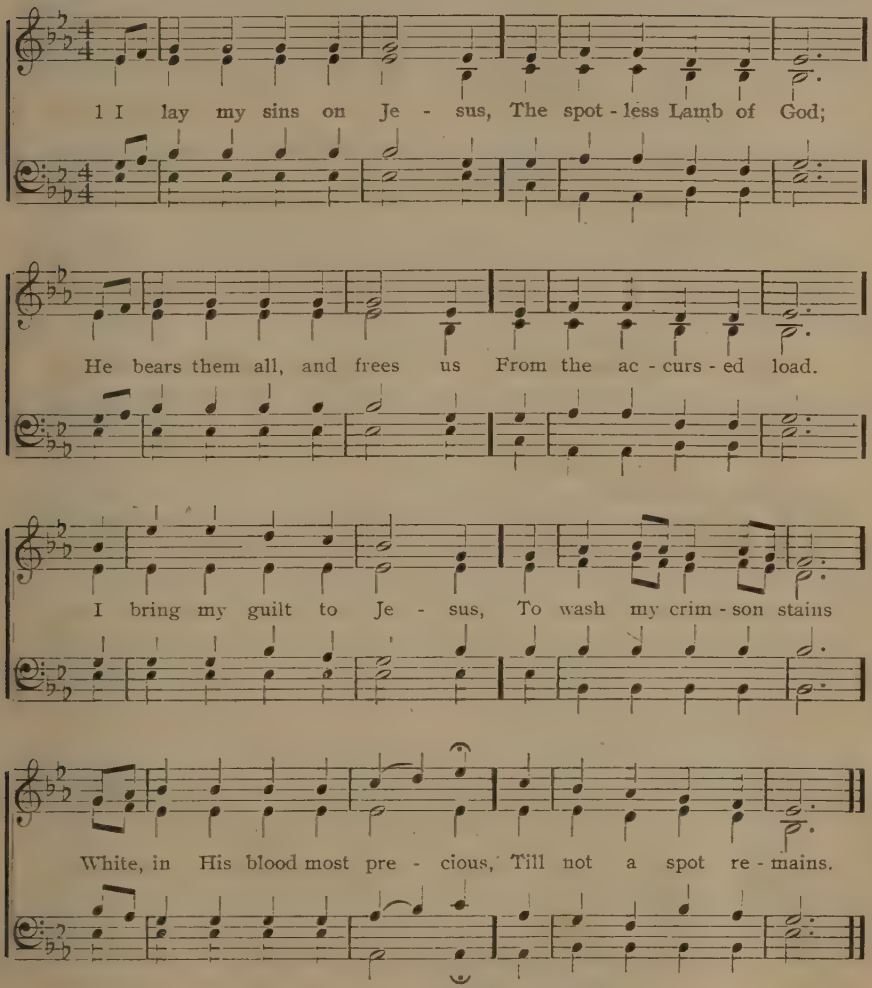
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

H. Bonar, 1846

92 Crucifix 7,6,7,6. D.

Greek Melody


1 I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
White, in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.

7,6. 8 L—68–92–123–167–189–196–203–242–246–(272)–317

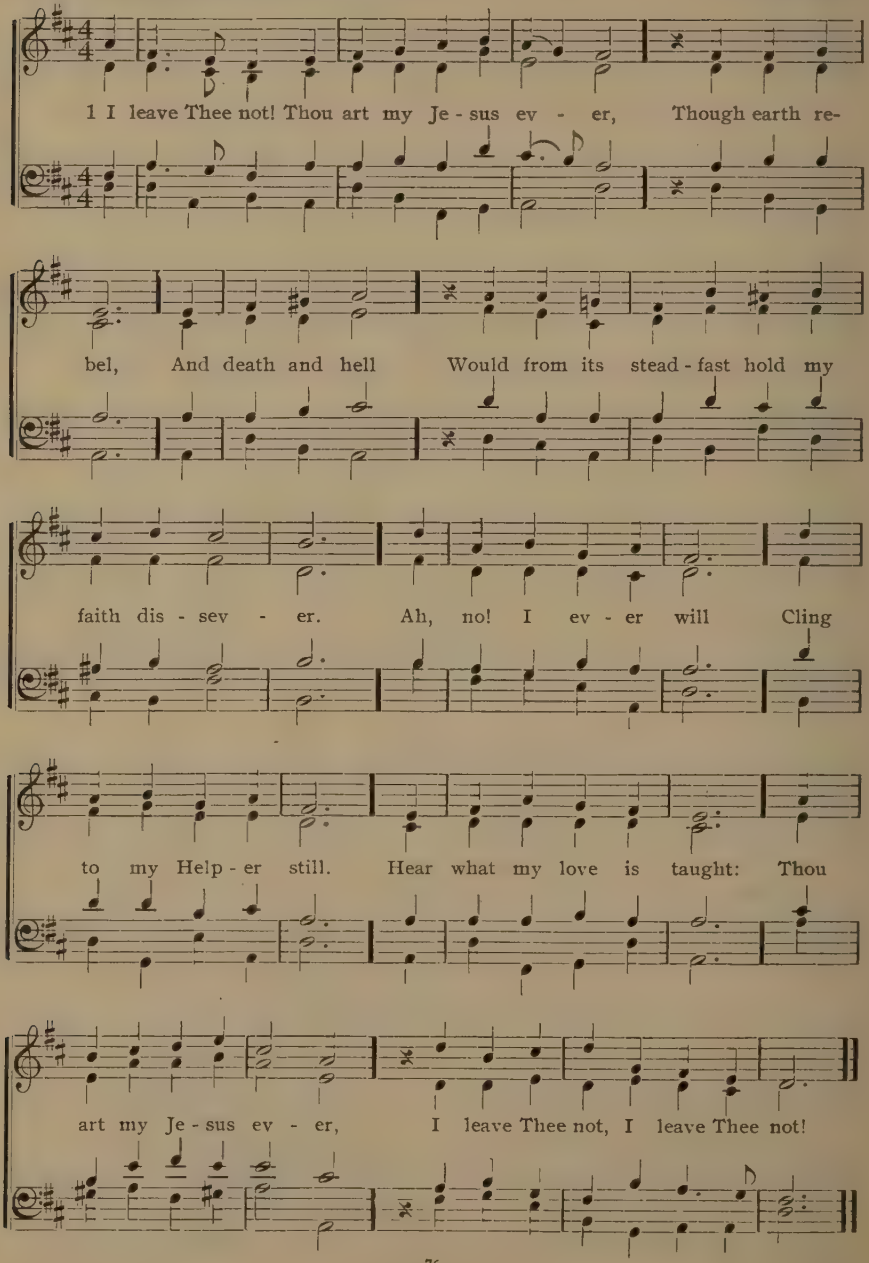
2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

H. Bonar, 1843 ab

93 Ich lass dich nicht 11,4,4,11,6,6,6,7,8

J. F. Doles, 1780


1 I leave Thee not! Thou art my Je - sus ev - er, Though earth re-
bel, And death and hell Would from its stead - fast hold my
faith dis - sev - er. Ah, no! I ev - er will Cling
to my Help - er still. Hear what my love is taught: Thou
art my Je - sus ev - er, I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

2 I leave Thee not, O Love! of love the highest,
Though doubt display
Its battle-day;
I own the power which Thou, my Lord, appliest.
Thou didst bear guilt and woe;
Shall I to torment go,
When into judgment brought?
O Love! of love the highest,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

3 I leave Thee not, O Thou who sweetly cheerest!
Whose fresh supplies
Cause strength to rise,
Just in the hour when faith's decay is nearest.
If sickness chill the soul,
And nights of languor roll,
My heart one hope hath caught;
O Thou who sweetly cheerest,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

4 I leave Thee not, Thou Help in tribulation!
Heap ill on ill,
I trust Thee still,
I hope when all seems near to desolation,
Do what Thou wilt with me,
I yet will cling to Thee;
Thy grace I have besought;
Thou Help in tribulation,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

5 I leave Thee not: shall I forsake salvation?
No, Jesus, no!
Thou shalt not go;
Mine still Thou art, to free from condemnation.
After this fleeting night,
Thy presence brings me light,
Whose ray my soul hath sought;
Shall I forsake salvation?
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

6 I leave Thee not; Thy Word my way shall brighten:
With Thee I go
Through weal and woe,
Thy precept wise shall every burden lighten.
My Lord, on Thee I hang,
Nor heed the journey's pang,
Though thorny be my lot;
Let but Thy Word enlighten,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

7 I leave Thee not, e'en in the lap of pleasure;
For when I stray
Without Thy ray,
My richest joy must cease to be a treasure.
I shudder at the glee,
When no delight from Thee
Has heartfelt peace begot;
E'en in the lap of pleasure,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

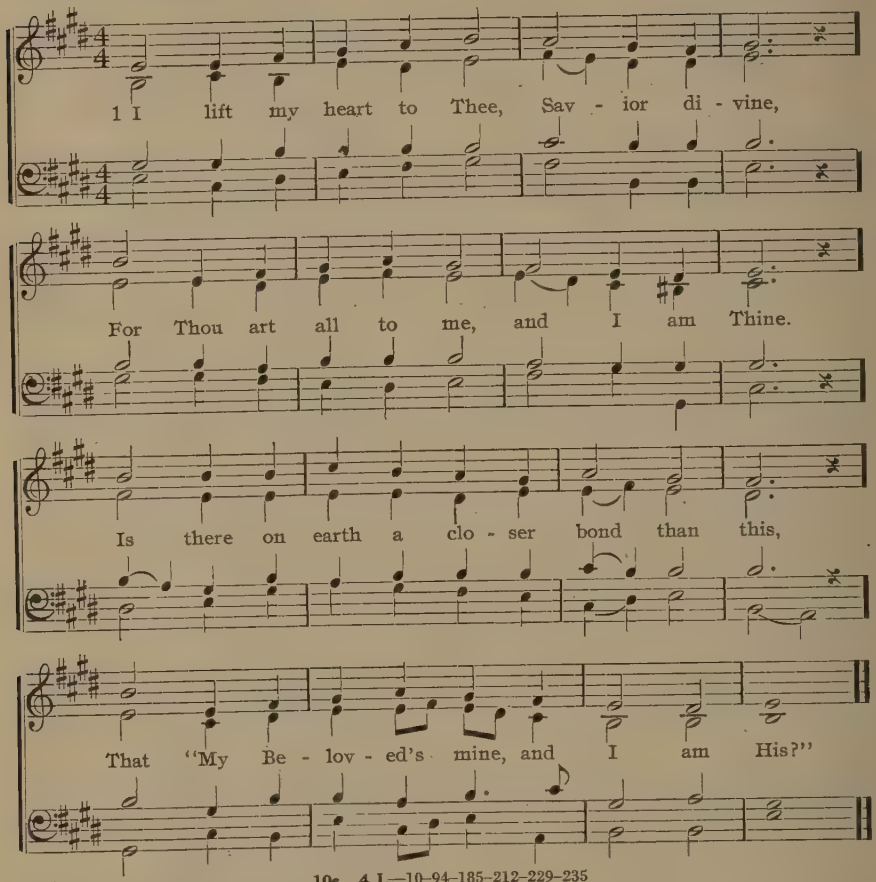
8 I leave Thee not! I fear no condemnation,
For how could share
Thy child and heir
The lot of those who spurn their soul's salvation?
Thy blood, Lord, cleanseth me,
And therefore I am free
From hell, the sinner's lot.
I fear no condemnation;
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

9 I leave Thee not, my God, my Lord, my Heaven!
Nor death shall rend
From Thee, my Friend,
Who for my sake Thyself to death hast given.
Thou diedst for love to me,
And love goes back to Thee;
My heart has but one thought:
My God, my Lord, my Heaven,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

W. C. Dessler, 1692
Dr. Alexander, tr. a

94 Sursum Corda 10s. 4 L.

G. Lomas, 1834–1884


1 I lift my heart to Thee, Sav - ior di - vine,
For Thou art all to me, and I am Thine.
Is there on earth a clo - ser bond than this,
That "My Be - lov - ed's mine, and I am His?"

10s. 4 L.—10–94–185–212–229–235

2 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things owe;
All that I have and am, and all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own;—Lord, I am Thine.

3 How can I, Lord, withhold life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold, or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast giv'n Thine own dear self for me?

4 I pray Thee, Savior, keep me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep shall me remove
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one forevermore.

C. E. Mudie, 1872

95 Swiss Tune L. M. 6 L. Würtemb, H. B.

1 I'll praise my Mak - er whilst I've breath; And when my voice is
lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and
be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

L. M. 6 L—41–95–137–194–222

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God, who made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the poor;
And none shall find His promise vain.

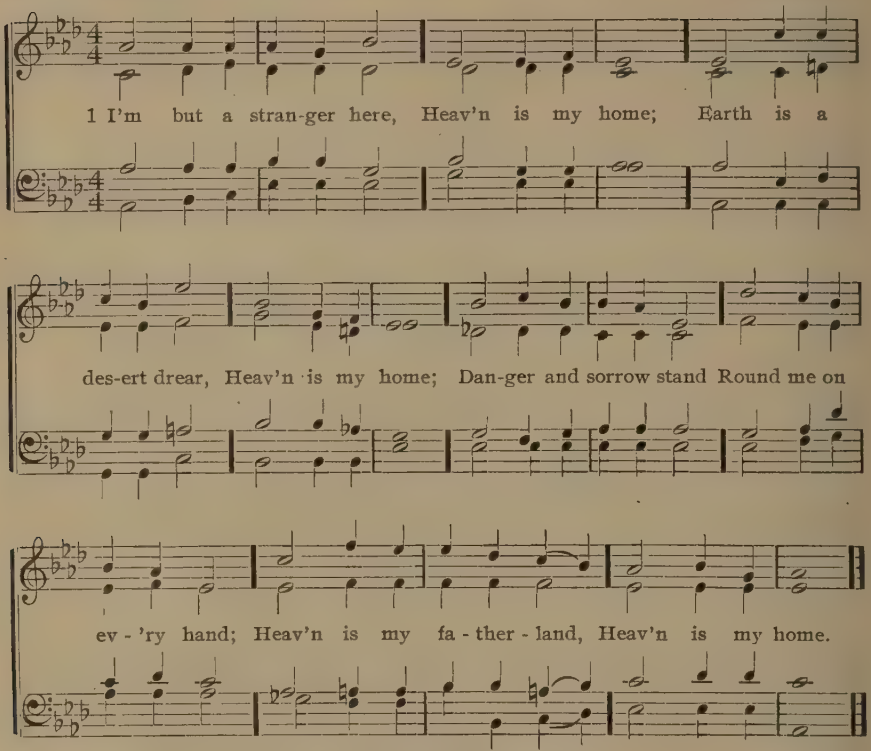
3 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts, 1719 a

96 St. Edmund 6,4,6,4,6,6,6,4

A. S. Sullivan


1 I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home; Dan-ger and sorrow stand Round me on
ev - 'ry hand; Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home.

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4—96–140–179–180

2 What though the tempest rage?—
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be over-past;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

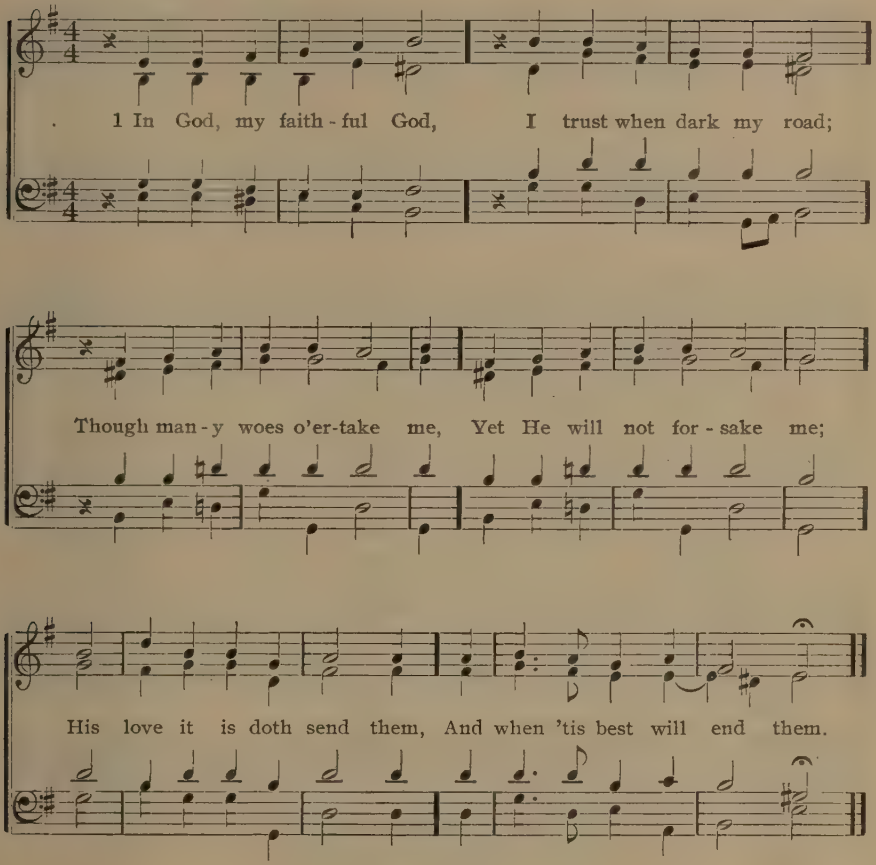
3 There at my Savior's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I, too, shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Thomas R. Taylor, 1836 a

97 Auf meinen lieben Gott 6,6,7,7,7,7

1574


1 In God, my faith-ful God, I trust when dark my road;
Though man-y woes o'er-take me, Yet He will not for-sake me;
His love it is doth send them, And when 'tis best will end them.

2 My sins assail me sore,
But I despair no more;
I build on Christ who loves me,
From this Rock nothing moves me;
To Him I all surrender,
To Him, my soul's Defender.

3 If death my portion be,
Then death is gain to me,
And Christ my life forever,
From whom death cannot sever;
Come when it may, He'll shield me,
To Him I wholly yield me.

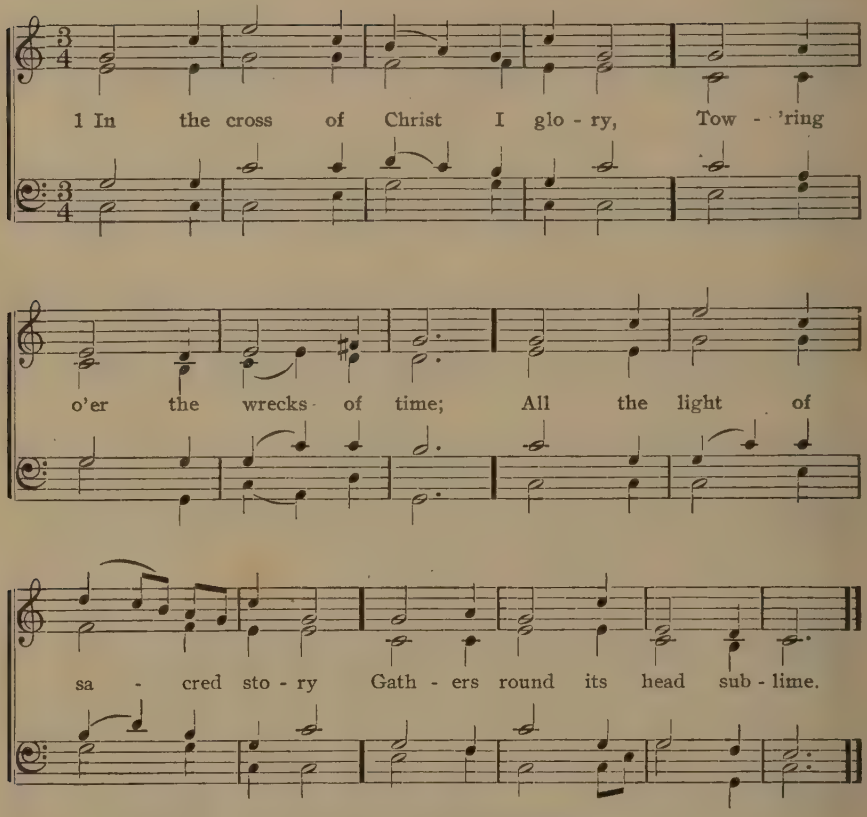
4 O Jesus Christ, my Lord,
So meek in deed and word,
Thou once didst die to save us,
Because Thou fain wouldst have us
After this life of sadness
Heirs of Thy heavenly gladness.

5 "So be it," then I say,
With all my heart each day;
We too, dear Lord, adore Thee,
We sing for joy before Thee:
Guide us while here we wander,
Till safely landed yonder.

Sigismund Weingärtner, c. 1609
C. Winkworth, tr a

98 Rathbun 8,7,8,7

I. Conkey, 1851


1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring
o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

8, 7, 8, 7—81-98-121-192-233-243-252-311

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

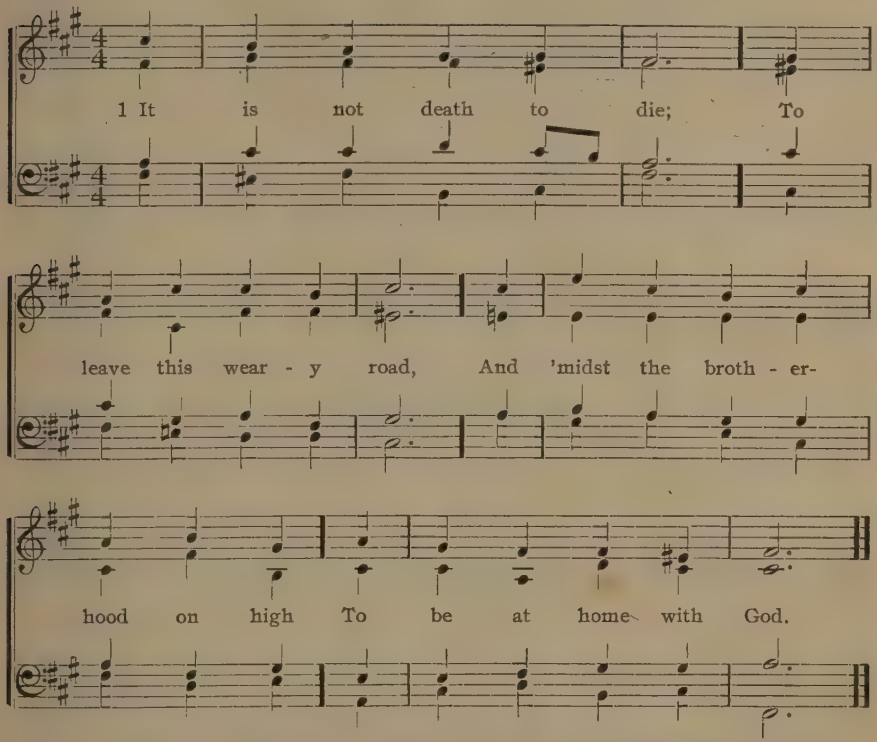
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Sir John Bowring, 1825

99 Aberystwyth S. M.

F. A. G. Ouseley, 1861



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

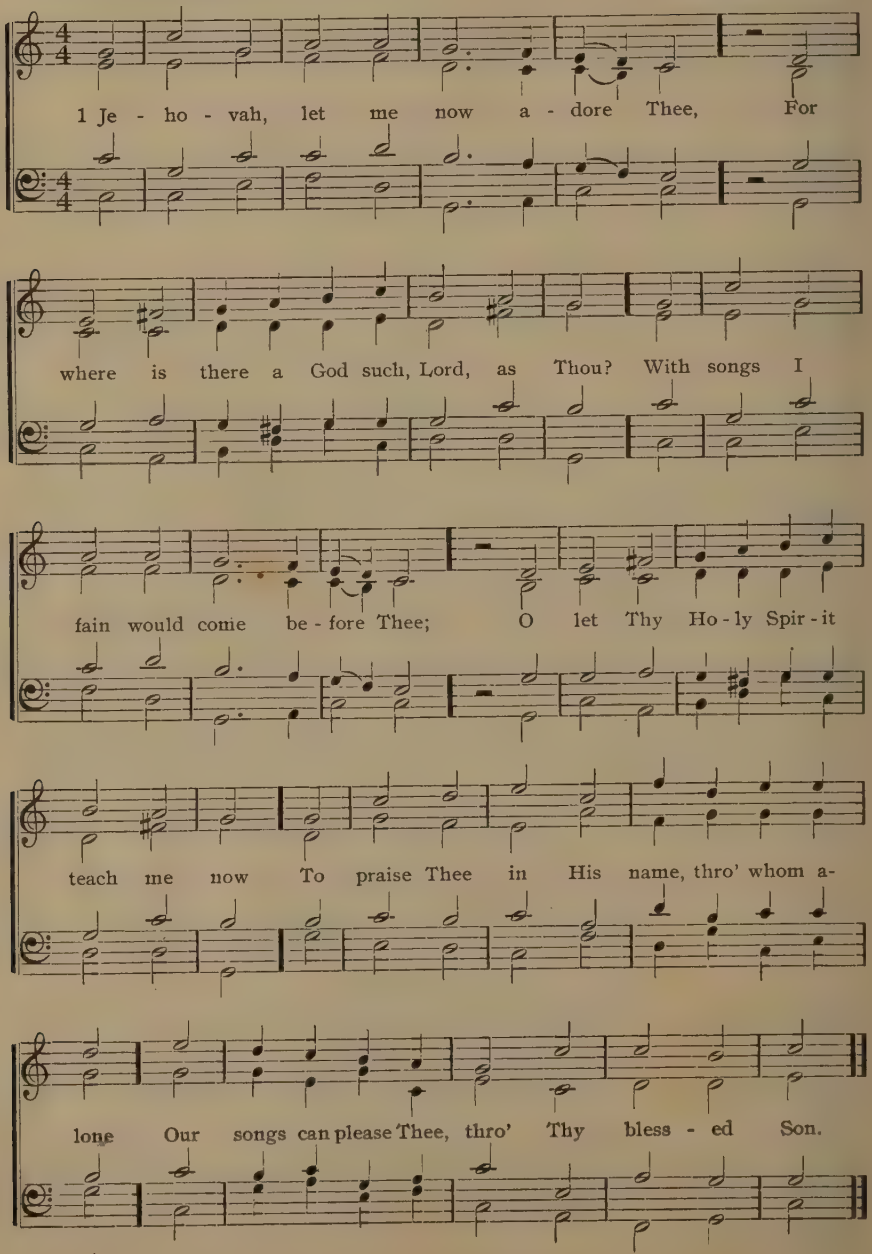
4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

M. A. C. Malan, 1832
Tr. G. W. Bethune, 1847

100 Dir, dir, Jehova 9,10,9,10,10,10

Freylinghausen, 1704


1 Je - ho - vah, let me now a - dore Thee, For
where is there a God such, Lord, as Thou? With songs I
fain would come be - fore Thee; O let Thy Ho - ly Spir - it
teach me now To praise Thee in His name, thro' whom a-
lone Our songs can please Thee, thro' Thy bless - ed Son.

2 O Father, draw me to my Savior,
That Thy dear Son may draw me unto Thee;
Thy Spirit guide my whole behavior
And rule both sense and reason thus in me,
That, Lord, Thy peace I taste may ne'er depart
But wake sweet melodies within my heart.

3 Grant that Thy Spirit prompt my praises,
Then shall my singing surely please Thine ear;
Sweet are the sounds my heart then raises,
My prayer in truth and spirit Thou wilt hear.
Then shall Thy Spirit raise my heart to Thee,
To sing Thee psalms of praise in high degree.

4 For He can plead for me with sighings
That are unspeakable to lips like mine;
He bids me pray with earnest cryings,
Bears witness with my soul that I am Thine,
Joint-heir with Christ, and thus may dare to say:
O Abba, Father! hear me, when I pray.

5 When thus my heart in prayer ascendeth
Through Thine own Holy Spirit unto Thee,
Thy heart, O Father, kindly bendeth
Its fervent love and favor unto me,
Rejoicing my petition to fulfill
Which I have made according to Thy will.

6 And what Thy Spirit thus hath taught me
To seek from Thee, must needs be such a prayer
As Thou wilt grant, through Him who bought me,
And raised me up to be Thy child and heir;
In Jesus' name I fearless seek Thy face,
And take from Thee, my Father, grace for grace.

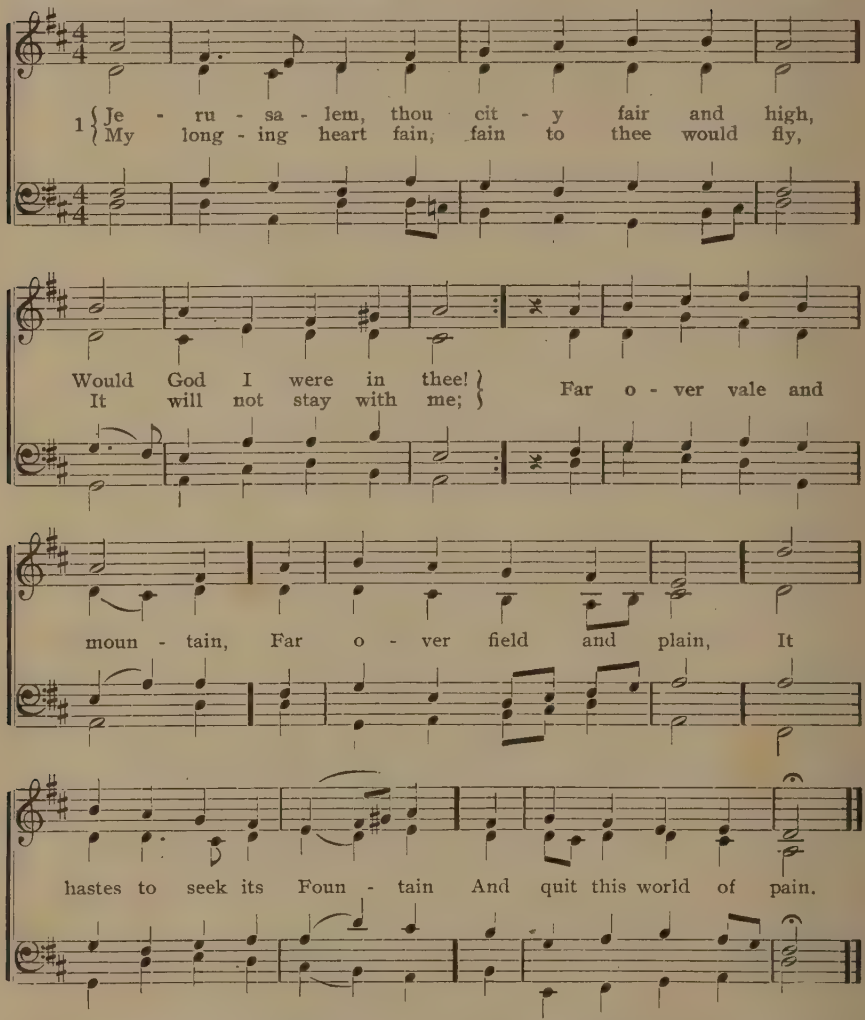
7 O joy! my hope and trust are founded
On His sure Word, and witness in the heart;
I know Thy mercies are unbounded,
And all good gifts Thou freely wilt impart,
Nay, more is lavished by Thy bounteous hand
Than I can ask, or seek, or understand.

8 O bliss! in Jesus' name I've tendered
My prayer; He pleads at Thy right hand for me.
Yea and Amen in Him is rendered
What I in faith and spirit ask of Thee.
O joy for me! and praise be ever Thine
Whose wondrous love has made such blessings mine!

Bartholomaeus Crasselius, 1697
C. Winkworth, tr. a

101 Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt 10,6,10,6,7,6,7,6

M. Frank, 1639


1 Je - ru - sa - lem, thou cit - y fair and high,
My long - ing heart fain, fain to thee would fly,
Would God I were in thee!
It will not stay with me;
Far o - ver vale and
moun - tain, Far o - ver field and plain, It
hastes to seek its Foun - tain And quit this world of pain.

2 O happy day, and yet far happier hour,
When wilt thou come at last?
When fearless to my Father's love and power,
Whose promise standeth fast,
My soul I gladly render?
For surely will His hand
Lead her, with guidance tender,
To heaven, her fatherland.

3 A moment's space, and gently, wondrously,
Released from earthly ties,
Elijah's chariot bears her up to thee,
Through all these lower skies
To yonder shining regions,
While down to meet her come
The blessèd angel legions,
And bid her welcome home.

4 O Zion, hail! Bright city, now unfold
The gates of grace to me!
How many a time I longed for thee of old,
Ere yet I was set free
From yon dark life of sadness,
Yon world of shadowy naught,
And God had given the gladness,
The heritage I sought.

5 O what the tribe, or what the glorious host,
Comes sweeping swiftly down?
The chosen ones on earth who wrought the most,
The Church's brightest crown,
Our Lord hath sent to meet me,
As in the far-off years
Their words oft came to greet me
In yonder land of tears.

6 The Patriarchs' and Prophets' noble train,
With all Christ's followers true,
Who bore the cross, and could the worst disdain
That tyrants dared to do,
I see them shine forever,
All glorious as the sun,
'Mid light that fadeth never,
Their perfect freedom won.

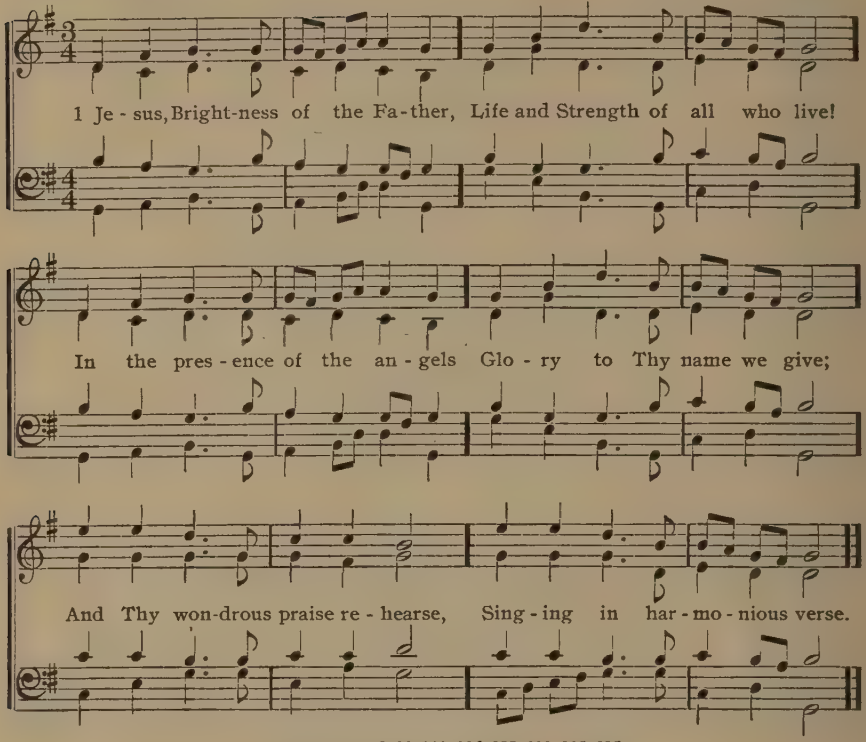
7 And when within that lovely paradise
At last I safely dwell,
From out my soul what songs of bliss shall rise,
What joy my lips shall tell,
While holy saints are singing
Hosannas o'er and o'er,
Pure Hallelujahs ringing
Around me evermore!

8 Innumerous choirs before the shining throne
Their joyful anthems raise,
Till heaven's glad halls are echoing with the tone
Of that great hymn of praise,
And all its host rejoices,
And all its blesséd throng
Unite their myriad voices
In one eternal song.

Joh. Matthaeus Meyfart, 1626
C. Winkworth, tr. a

102 Irby 8,7,8,7,7,7

H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876


1 Je - sus, Bright-ness of the Fa-ther, Life and Strength of all who live!
In the pres - ence of the an - gels Glo - ry to Thy name we give;
And Thy won-drous praise re - hearse, Sing - ing in har - mo - nious verse.

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7—3–80–102–106–287–293–305–315

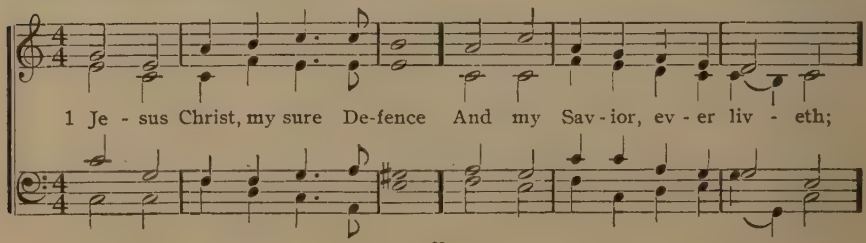
2 Blessèd Lord, by their protection
Shelter us from harm this day:
Keep us pure in flesh and spirit;
Save us from the Foe, we pray:
And vouchsafe us by Thy grace
In Thy paradise a place.

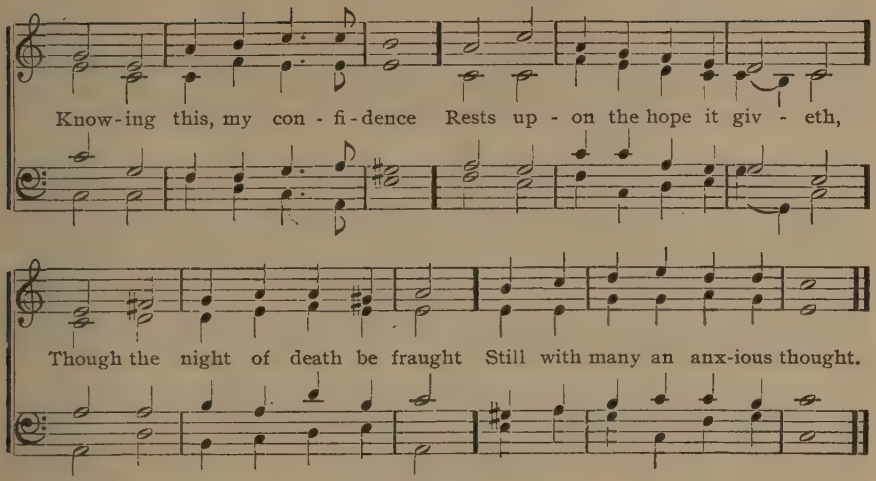
3 Glory to th' Almighty Father,
Sing we with the heavenly host;
Glory to the great Redeemer,
Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Three in One, and One in Three.
Throughout all eternity!

Rhabanus Maurus, † 856
Edward Caswall, tr. 1848 a

103 Jesus, meine Zuversicht 7,8,7,8,7,7

J. Crüger, 1566




Know-ing this, my con - fi-dence Rests up - on the hope it giv - eth,
Though the night of death be fraught Still with many an anx-ious thought.

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7—103–114

2 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives!
I, too, unto life must waken;
Endless joy my Saviour gives;
Shall my courage then be shaken?
Shall I fear? or could the Head
Rise and leave His members dead?

3 Nay, too closely am I bound
Unto Him by hope forever;
Faith's strong hand the Rock hath found,
Grasped it, and will leave it never;
Even death now cannot part
From its Lord the trusting heart.

4 I am only flesh and blood,
And on this corruption seizeth;
But I know my Lord and God
From the grave my body raiseth,
That with Him eternally
In His glory I may be.

5 Glorified I shall again
With this skin then be enshrouded,
In this body I shall then
See my God with eyes unclouded,
In this flesh I then shall see
Jesus Christ eternally.

6 Then these eyes my Lord shall know,
My Redeemer and my Brother;
In His love my soul shall glow,—
I myself, and not another!
Only there shall disappear
Weakness in and round me here.

7 What now sickens, mourns, and sighs,
Christ with Him in glory bringeth;
Earthly is the seed and dies,
Heavenly from the grave it springeth;
Natural is the death we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

8 Then take comfort, nay, rejoice!
For His members Christ will cherish;
Fear not, they will know His voice,
Though awhile they seem to perish,
When the final trump is heard,
And the deaf, cold grave is stirred.

9 Laugh to scorn the gloomy grave,
And at death no longer tremble,
For the Lord, who comes to save,
Round Him shall His saints assemble,
Raising them o'er all their foes,
Mortal weakness, fear, and woes.

10 Only draw away your heart
Now from pleasures base and hollow;
Would ye there with Christ have part,
Here His footsteps ye must follow;
Fix your hearts beyond the skies,
Whither ye yourselves would rise!

Anon.
C. Winkworth, tr. a

104 Greenwood S. M.

J. E. Sweetser

6, 6, 8, 6. (S. M.)—37-46-47-48-64-67-74-76-99-104-108-141-145-164-200-213-227-240-247-292-307

2 Jesus! I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me
In my eternal home.

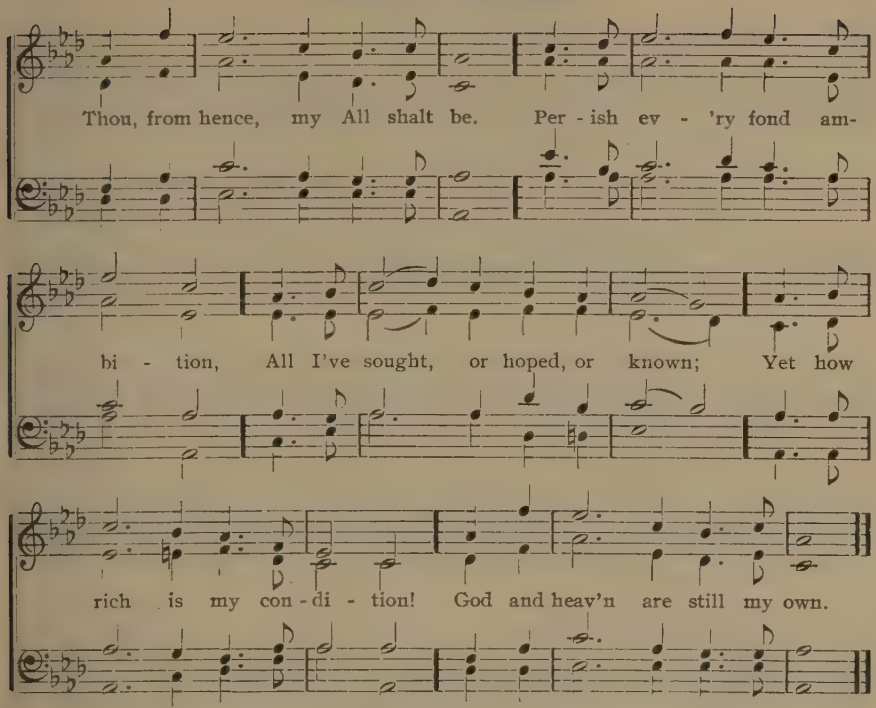
3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Make heaven forever mine.

H. Harbaugh, 1850

105 Autumn 8,7 8 L

F. H. Barthelemon


Thou, from hence, my All shalt be. Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am-
bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known; Yet how
rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.

8, 7. 8 L—78–82–83–105–111–(129)–215–277–289

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

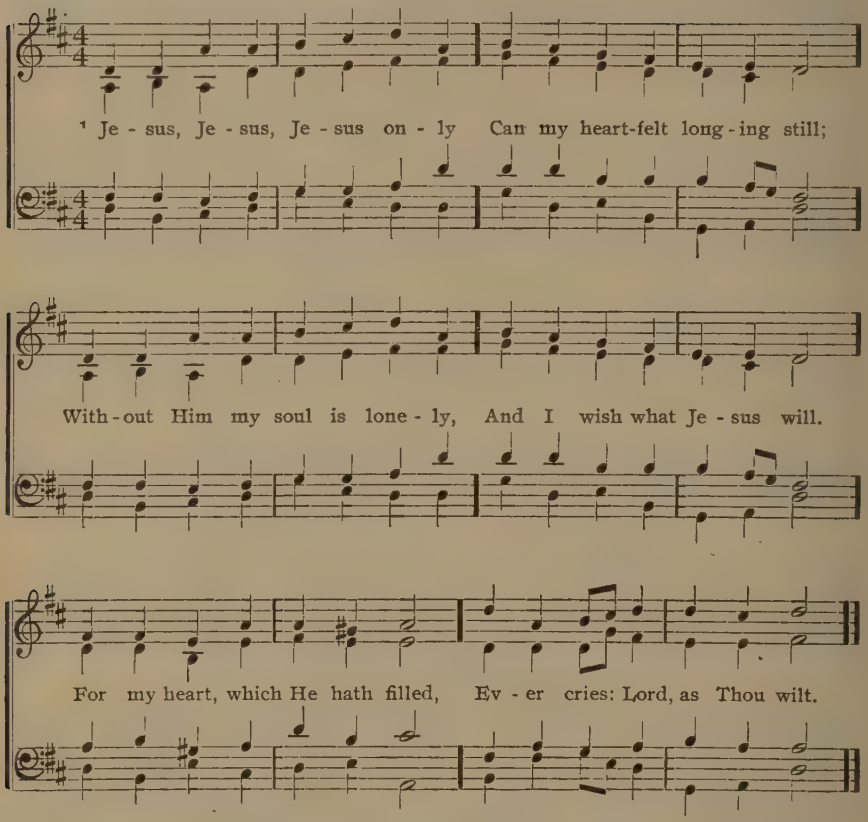
5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Savior died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1824

106 Jesus, Jesus, nichts als Jesus 8,7,8,7,7,7

B. König, 1738


1 Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly Can my heart-felt long - ing still;
With - out Him my soul is lone - ly, And I wish what Je - sus will.
For my heart, which He hath filled, Ev - er cries: Lord, as Thou wilt.

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7—3–80–102–106–287–293–305–315

2 One it is for whom I'm living,
Whom I'm loving faithfully;
Jesus, unto whom I'm giving
What in love He gave to me.
Jesus' blood hides all my guilt;
Lord, O lead me as Thou wilt.

3 Seems a thing to me a treasure,
Which displeasing is to Thee,
Then remove such dangerous pleasure;
Give instead what profits me.
Let my heart by Thee be stilled,
Make me Thine, Lord, as Thou wilt.

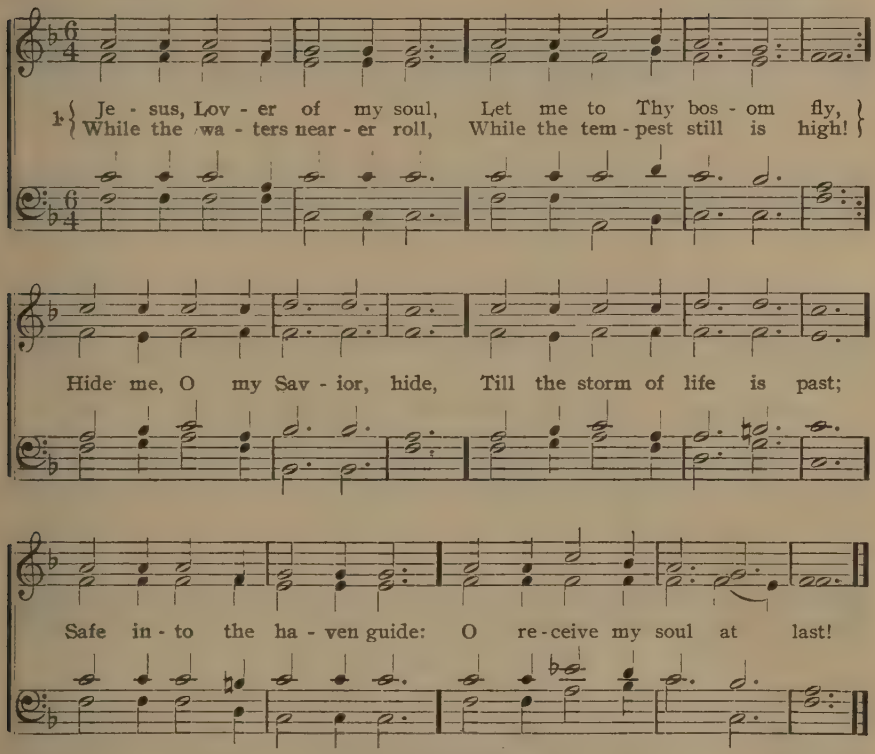
4 Grant that always I endeavor
Thy good pleasure to fulfill,
In me, through me, with me ever,
Lord, accomplish Thou Thy will.
Let me die, Lord, on Thee built,
When, and where, and as Thou wilt.

5 Lord, my praise shall be unceasing,
For Thou gav'st Thyself to me,
And besides so many a blessing,
That I sing now joyfully:
Be it unto me, my Shield,
As Thou wilt, Lord, as Thou wilt.

Ludämilie Elisabeth, Gräfin zu Schwarzburg, 1668
A. Crull, tr.

107 Martyn 7s 8 L

S. B. Marsh, 1834


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the wa - ters near - er roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide: O re - ceive my soul at last!

7s. 8 L—107–181–256

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall;
Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold, I live!

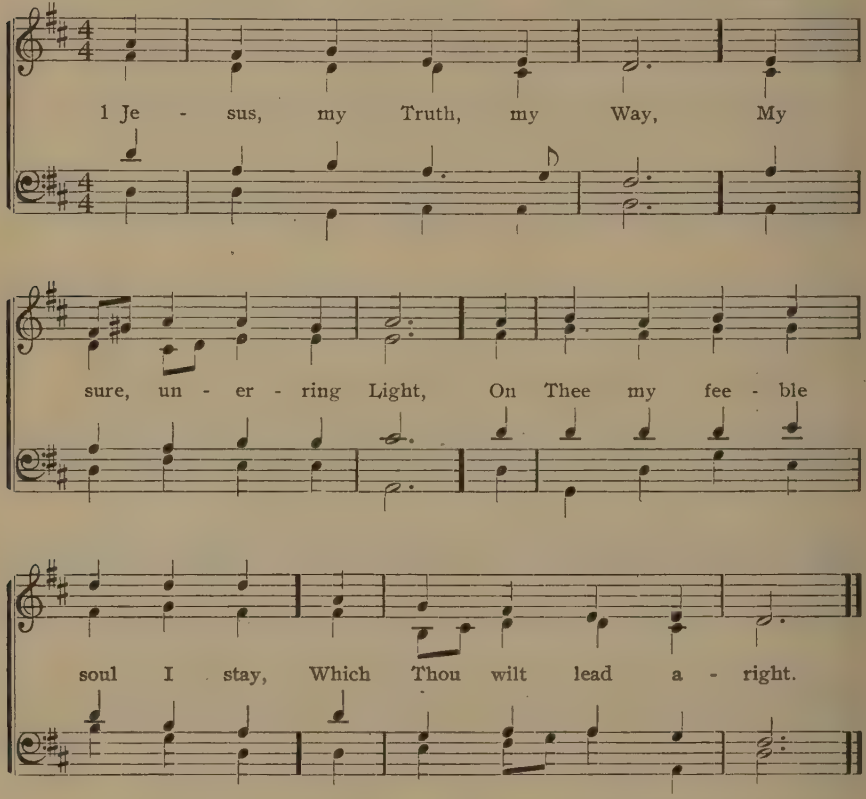
4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740

108 Swabia S. M.

Old German Choral
Arr. by Rev. W. H. Harvegal, 1849



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor Thou art:
O let me never leave Thy side,
Nor from Thy paths depart.

3 Thou seest my feebleness;
Jesus, be Thou my Power,
My Help and Refuge in distress,
My Fortress and my Tower.

4 Give me to trust in Thee;
Be Thou my sure Abode:
My Horn, and Rock, and Buckler be,
My Savior and my God.

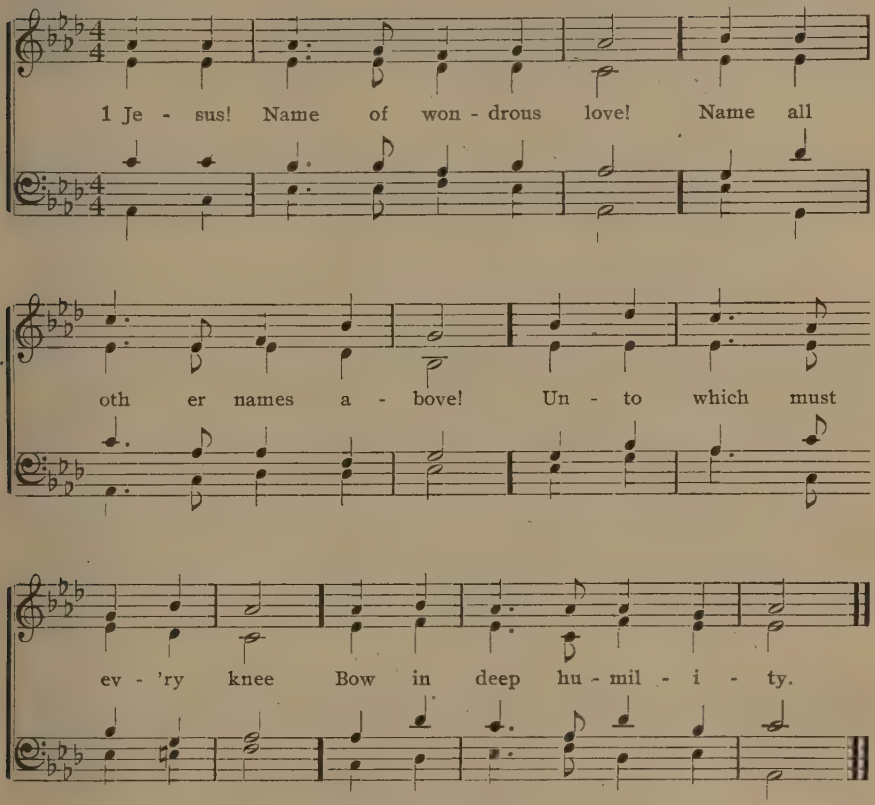
5 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

6 My soul to Thee alone
Now, therefore, I commend:
Thou, Jesus, having loved Thine own,
Wilt love me to the end!

Charles Wesley, 1749

109 St. Bees 7s

J. B. Dykes, 1874



7s—54-79-109-173-182-184-186-201-244-282-283-294-295

2 Jesus! Name decreed of old:
To the maiden-mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,—
"Jesus shall His people save."

4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

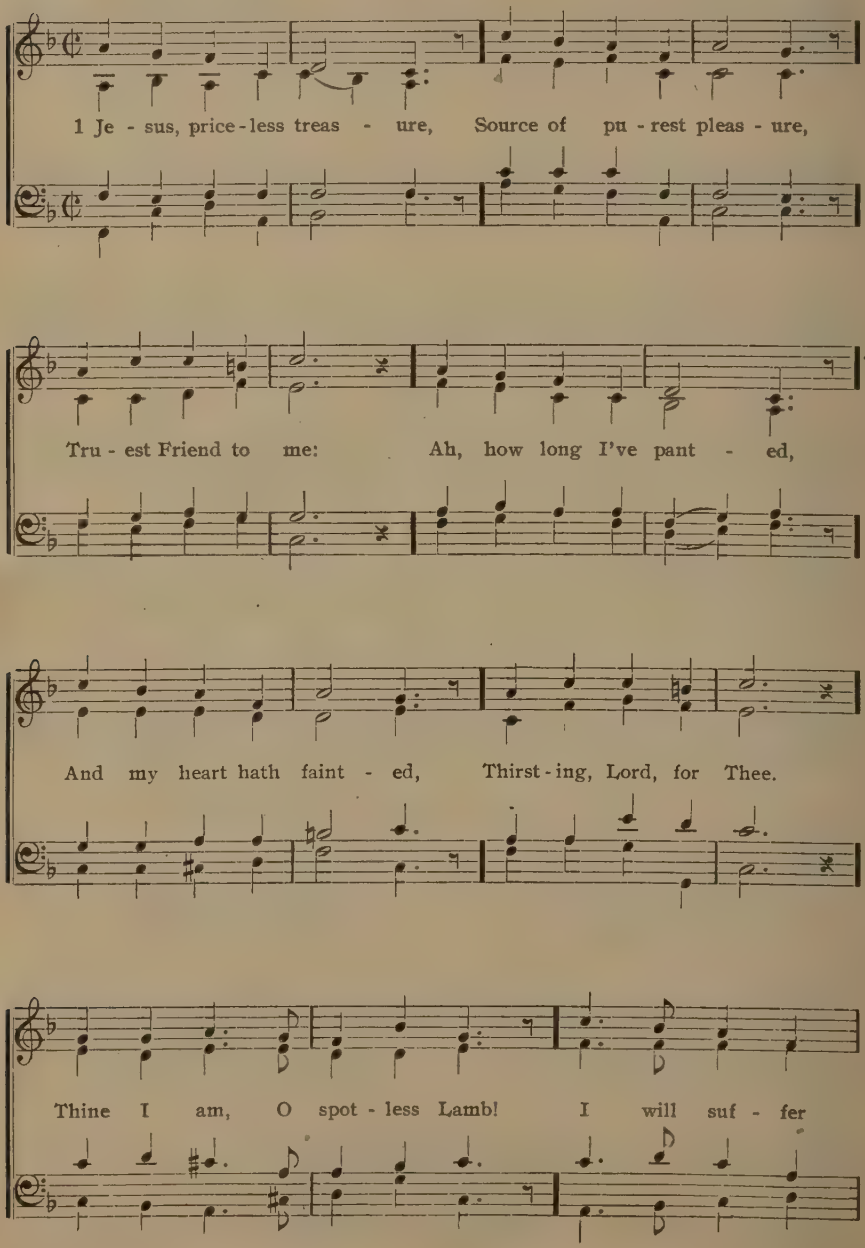
5 Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

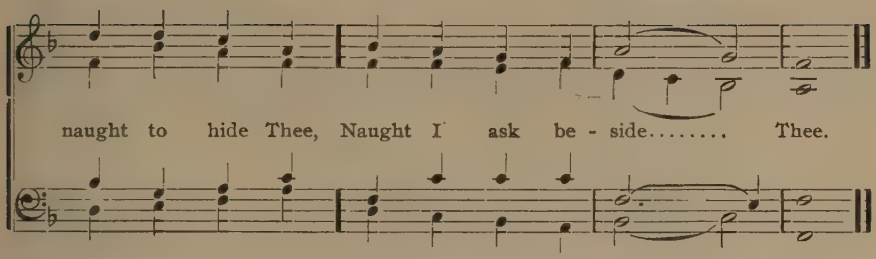
6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

W. W. How, 1854 a

110 Cnd skal alting mage 6,6,5,6,6,5,7,8,6

Ludv. M. Lindeman, 1812–1887


1 Je - sus, price - less treas - ure, Source of pu - rest pleas - ure,
Tru - est Friend to me: Ah, how long I've pant - ed,
And my heart hath faint - ed, Thirst - ing, Lord, for Thee.
Thine I am, O spot - less Lamb! I will suf - fer



2 In Thine arms I rest me,
Foes who would molest me
Cannot reach me here;
Though the earth be shaking,
Every heart be quaking,
Jesus calms my fear;
Fires may flash and thunder crash,
Yea, and sin and hell assail me,
Jesus will not fail me.

3 Hence with earthly treasure!
Thou art all my pleasure,
Jesus, all my choice;
Hence, thou empty glory!
Naught to me thy story,
Told with tempting voice;
Pain or loss, or shame, or cross,
Shall not from my Savior move me,
Since He deigns to love me.

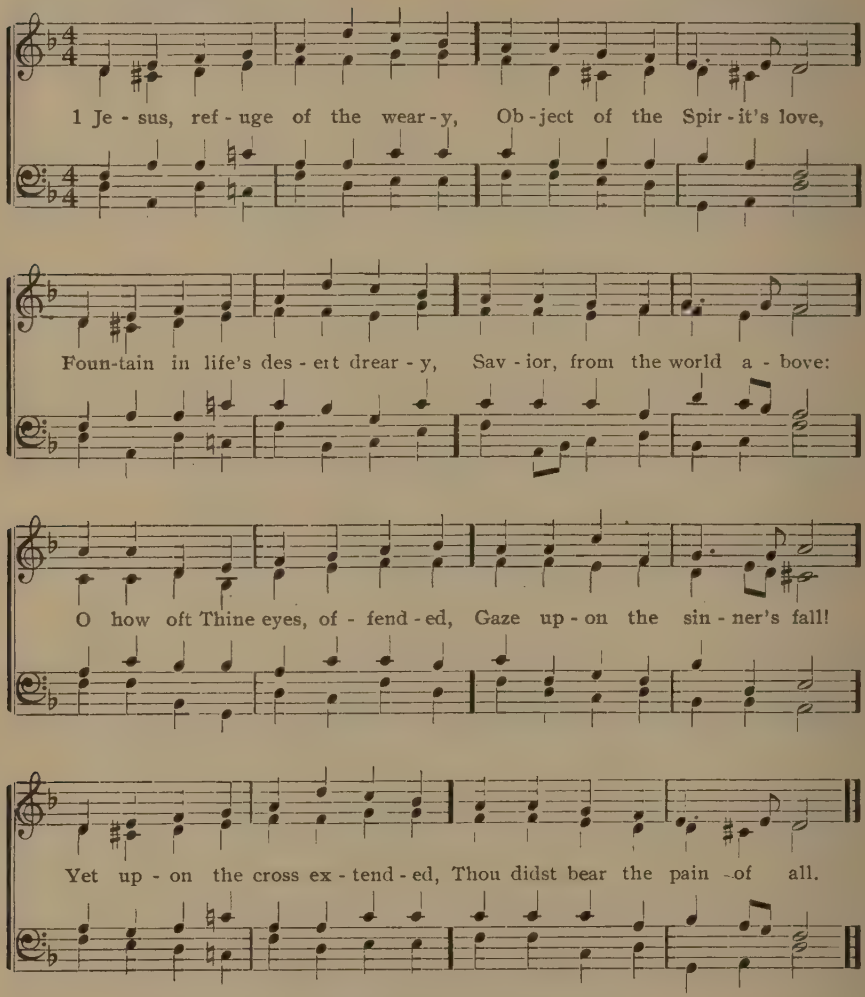
4 Fare thee well that errest,
Thou that earth preferrest,
Thou wilt tempt in vain;
Fare thee well, transgression,
Hence, abhorred possession,
Come not forth again.
Past your hour, O pride and power,
Worldly life, thy bonds I sever,
Fare thee well forever!

5 Hence, all fear and sadness!
For the Lord of gladness,
Jesus, enters in;
Those who love the Father,
Though the storms may gather,
Still have peace within;
Yea, whate'er I here must bear,
Thou art still my purest pleasure,
Jesus, priceless treasure.

J. Franck, 1655

111 Supplication 8,7 8 L.

W. H. Monk, 1823–1889


1 Je - sus, ref - uge of the wear - y, Ob - ject of the Spir - it's love,
Foun-tain in life's des - ert drear - y, Sav - ior, from the world a - bove:
O how oft Thine eyes, of - fend - ed, Gaze up - on the sin - ner's fall!
Yet up - on the cross ex - tend - ed, Thou didst bear the pain of all.

8, 7. 8 L—78–82–83–105–111–(129)–215–277–289

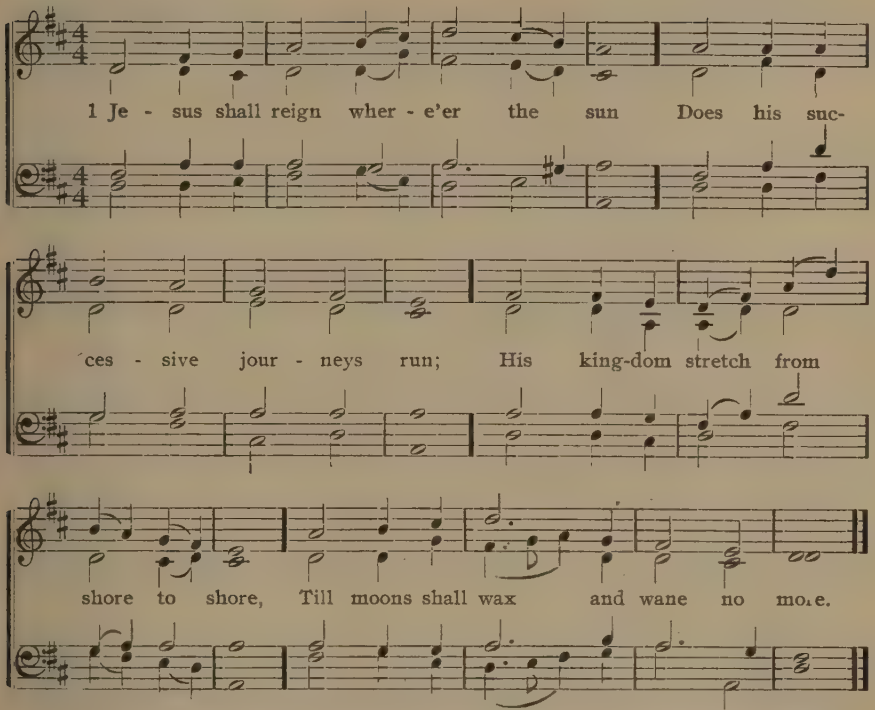
2 Do we pass that cross unheeding,
Breathing no repentant vow,
Though we see Thee wounded, bleeding,
See Thy thorn-encircled brow?
Yet Thy sinless death hath brought us
Life eternal, peace and rest;
Only what Thy grace hath taught us
Calms the sinner's troubled breast.

3 Jesus, may our hearts be burning
With more fervent love for Thee;
May our eyes be ever turning
To Thy cross of agony;
Till in glory, parted never
From the blesséd Savior's side,
Graven in our hearts forever,
Dwell the cross, the Crucified.

G. Savonarola, d. 1498

112 Duke Street L. M.

J. Hatton, d. 1793


1 Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc-
ces - sive jour - neys run; His king-dom stretch from
shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no mo.e.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

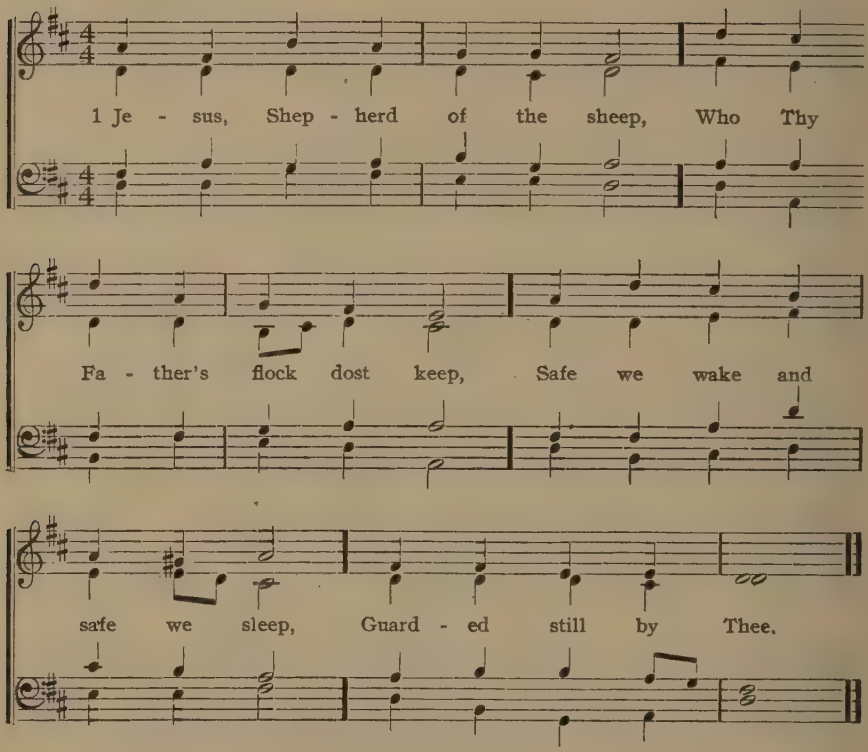
4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

I. Watts, 1719

113 Capetown 7,7,7,5

F. Filitz



7, 7, 7, 5—113–221

2 In Thy promise firm we stand,
None can pluck us from Thy hand,
Speak—we hear—at Thy command,
We will follow Thee.

3 By Thy blood our souls were bought,
By Thy life salvation wrought,
By Thy light our feet are taught,
Lord, to follow Thee.

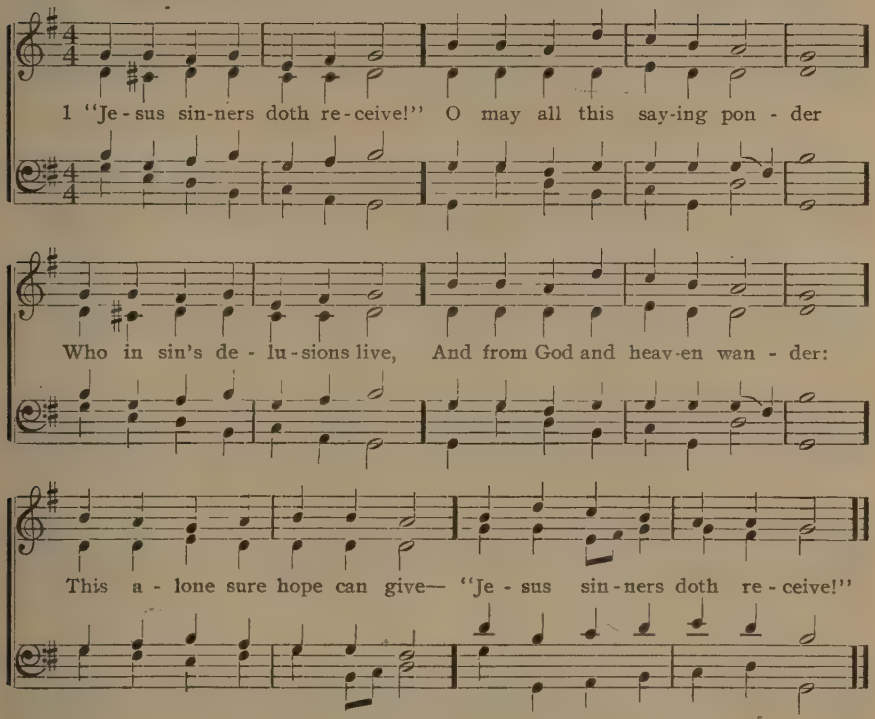
4 Father, draw us to Thy Son;
We with joy will follow on,
Till the work of grace is done,
And from sin set free—

5 We in robes of glory dressed,
Join th' assembly of the blest,
Gathered to eternal rest,
In the fold with Thee.

Rev. Henry Cook, 1868

114 Meinen Jesum lass ich nicht 7,8,7,8,7,7

C. F. Witt, 1715


1 "Je - sus sin-ners doth re - ceive!" O may all this say-ing pon - der
Who in sin's de - lu - sions live, And from God and heav-en wan - der:
This a - lone sure hope can give— "Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive!"

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7—103–114

2 We deserve but grief and shame,
Yet His words, rich grace revealing,
Pardon, peace, and life proclaim;
Here their ills have perfect healing
Who with humble hearts believe—
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

3 Sheep that from the fold did stray,
Every faithful shepherd seeketh;
Weary souls that lost their way,
Christ the Shepherd seeks and taketh
In His arms, that they may live—
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

4 Come, ye sinners, one and all,
Come, ye all have invitation;
Come, obey His gracious call,
Come and take His free salvation!
Firmly in these words believe:
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

5 I, a sinner, come to Thee,
And acknowledge my transgression;
Tender mercy show to me,
Grant me graciously remission;
Let these words my soul relieve:
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

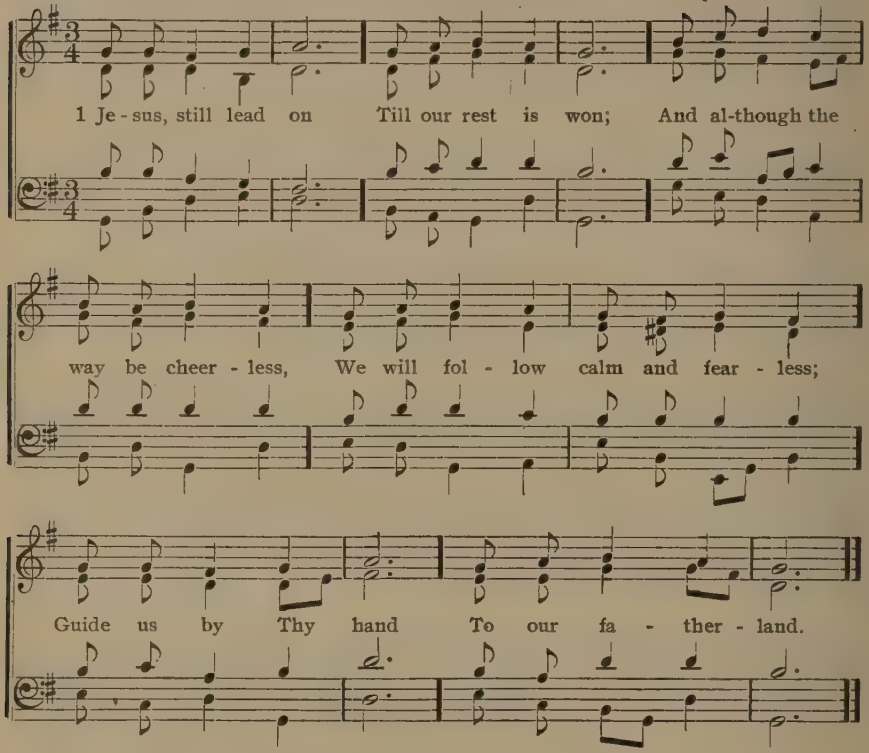
6 Henceforth I need fear no foe;
Were as scarlet my transgression,
It shall be as white as snow
By the virtue of Thy passion;
For in these words I believe:
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

7 Now my conscience is at ease,
Now I fear no condemnation:
He who grants me full release
Hath atoned for my transgression;
In true faith to Him I cleave—
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

Erdmann Neumeister, 1719

115 Seelenbräutigam 5,5,8,8,5,5

A. Drese, 1698


1 Je - sus, still lead on Till our rest is won; And al-though the
way be cheer - less, We will fol - low calm and fear - less;
Guide us by Thy hand To our fa - ther - land.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let no faithless fears o'ertake us;
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a woe
To our home we go.

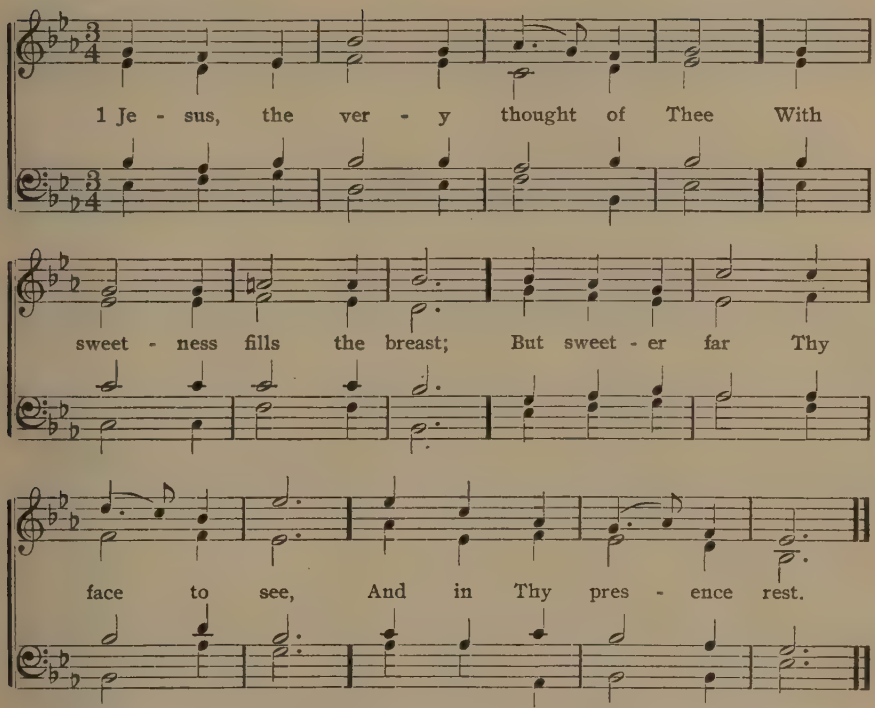
3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, control, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

Count Zinzendorf, 1700–1760
Jane Borthwick, tr. 1853

116 Clairvaux C. M.

H. A. Polack, 1910



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149 150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

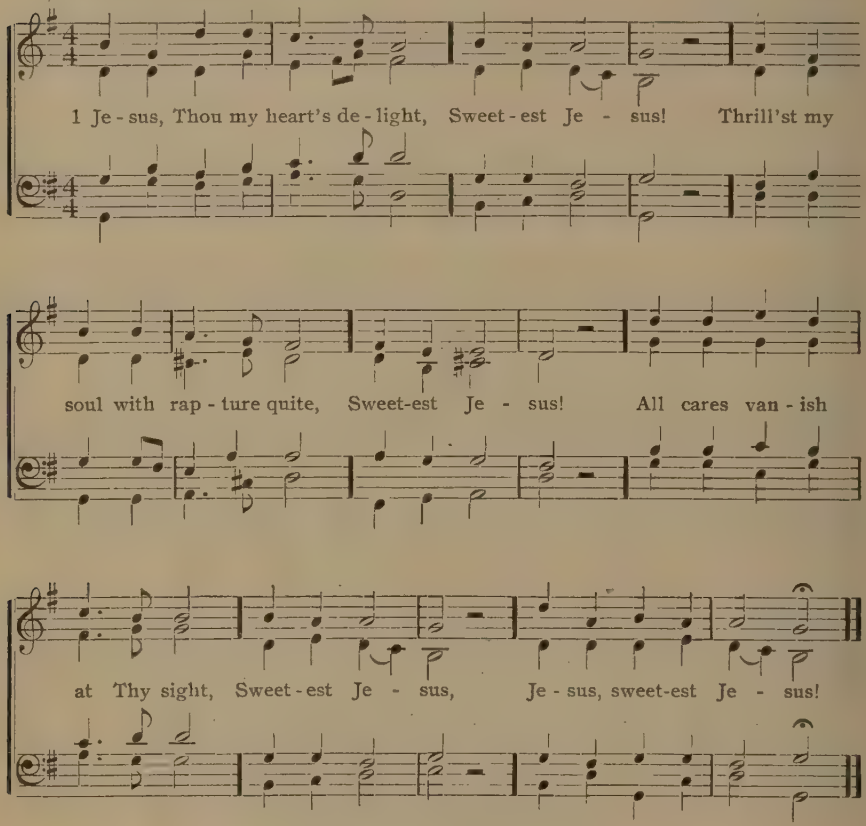
4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou!
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity!

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153
Edward Caswall, tr. 1849 a

117 Jesu, meines Herzens Freud 7,4,7,4,7,4,6

Lüneburger H. B. 1686


1 Je - sus, Thou my heart's de - light, Sweet - est Je - sus! Thrill'st my
soul with rap - ture quite, Sweet-est Je - sus! All cares van - ish
at Thy sight, Sweet - est Je - sus, Je - sus, sweet-est Je - sus!

2 Evermore I think of Thee,
My Redeemer!
And I long for none but Thee,
My Redeemer!
Yearns my soul with Thee to be,
My Redeemer,
Jesus, my Redeemer!

3 Feed Thou me and fill my soul,
Heavenly Manna!
Quench my thirst, my heart make whole,
Help, Hosanna!
Be the rest unto my soul,
Rest of weary,
Jesus, Rest of weary!

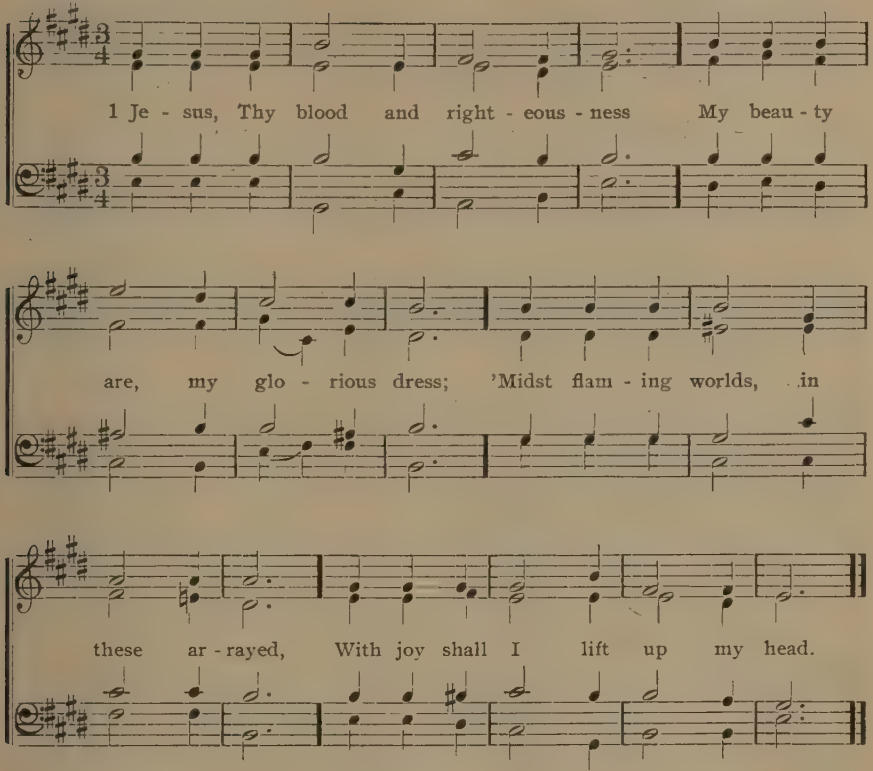
4 Naught is lovelier than Thou,
Fairest Lover!
Naught is friendlier than Thou,
Gentle Lover!
And naught sweeter is than Thou,
Sweetest Lover,
Jesus, sweetest Lover!

5 I am weak, come, strengthen me, -
Strength in weakness!
Faint am I, refresh Thou me,
Sweetest Jesus!
When I die console Thou me,
Thou Consoler,
Jesus, my Consoler.

Johann Flittner, 1661
J. A. Rimbach, tr. 1903 a

118 St. Crispin L. M.

Sir George Job Elvey, 1865


1 Je - sus, Thy blood and right - eous - ness My beau - ty
are, my glo - rious dress; 'Midst flam - ing worlds, in
these ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through these absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me—e'en for my soul—was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

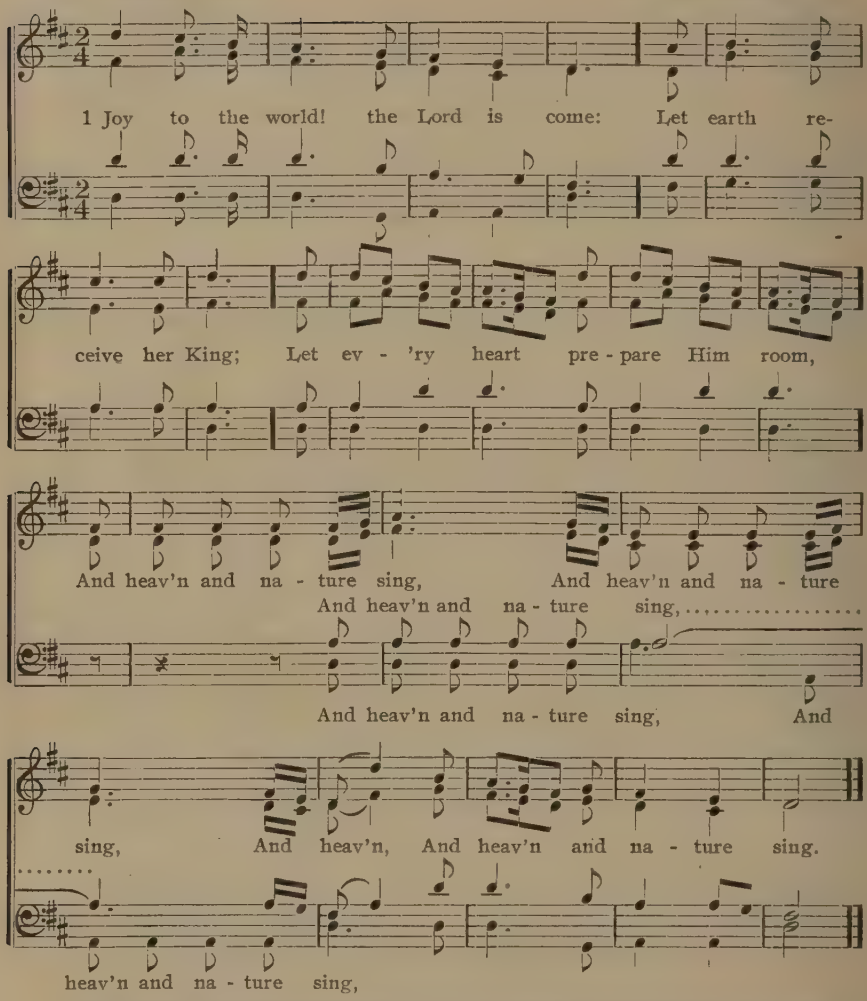
6 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, and died for me.

7 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all Thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

Count Zinzendorf, 1739
John Wesley, 1740

119 Antioch C. M.

Arr. from G. F. Händel, by L. Mason, 1830


1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture
And heav'n and na - ture sing,
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
heav'n and na - ture sing,

8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5-6-7-31-32-34-35-38-45-53-60-65-72-85-86-116-119-122-128-133-135-149 150-153-154-157-159-160-163-169-183-190-195-197-199-206-207-219-255-265-(278)-312

2 Joy to the world! the Savior reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

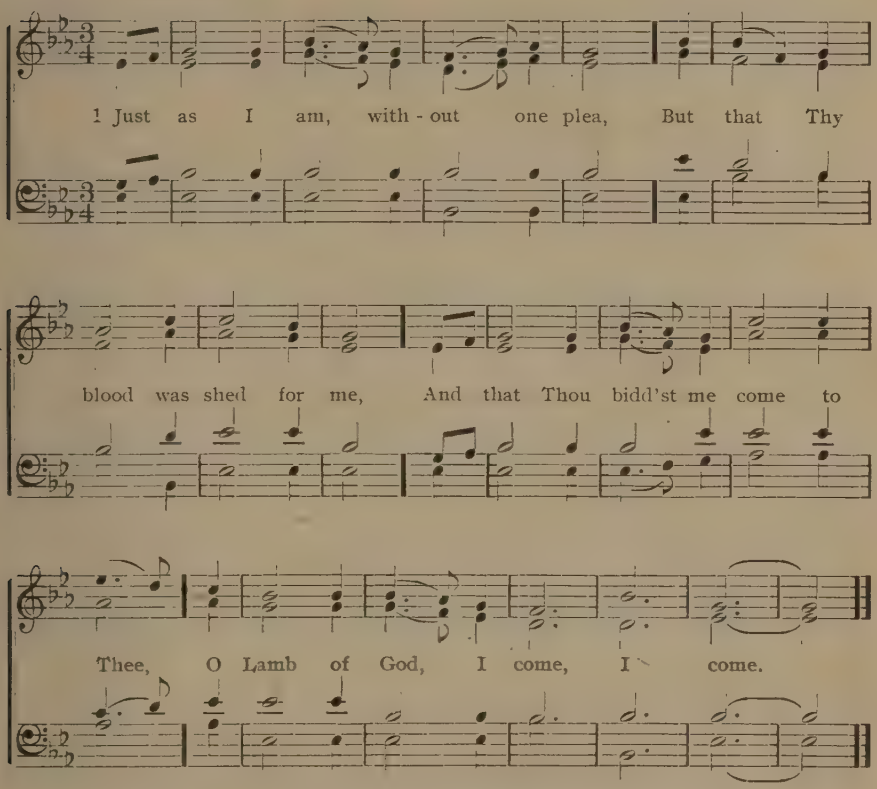
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. Watts, 1719

120 Woodworth L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1849


1 Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy
blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to
Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

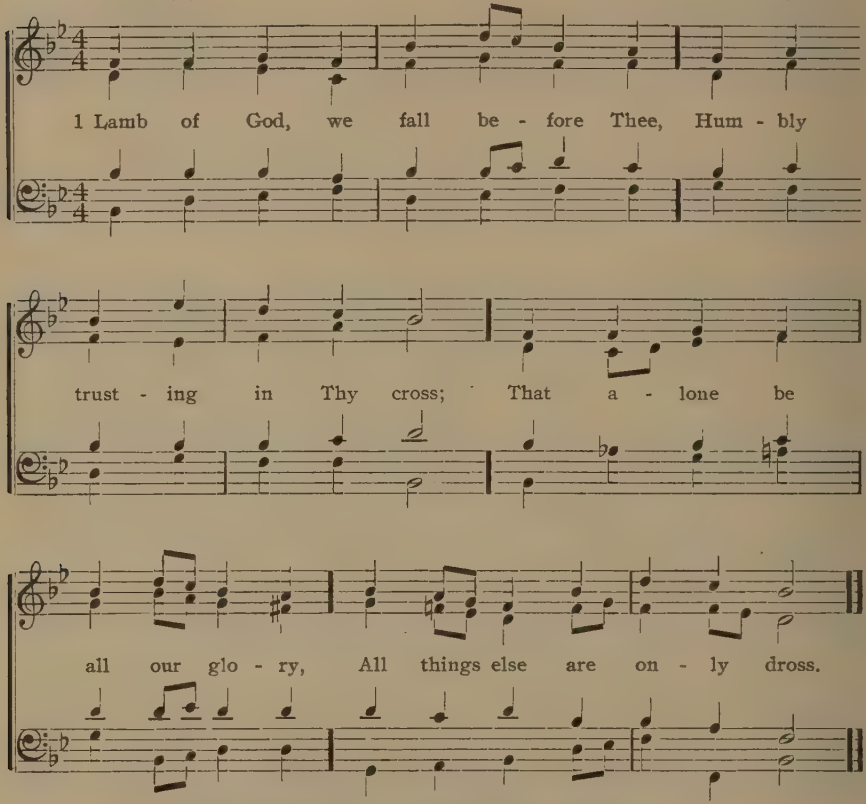
5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836 a

121 Trust 8,7,8,7

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840



8, 7, 8, 7—81-98-121-192-233-243-252-311

2 Thee we own a perfect Savior,
Only Source of all that's good:
Every grace and every favor
Comes to us through Jesus' blood.

3 Jesus gives us true repentance,
By His Spirit sent from heaven;
Whispers this transporting sentence,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."

4 Faith He grants us to believe it,
Grateful hearts His love to prize;
Want we wisdom?—He must give it;
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

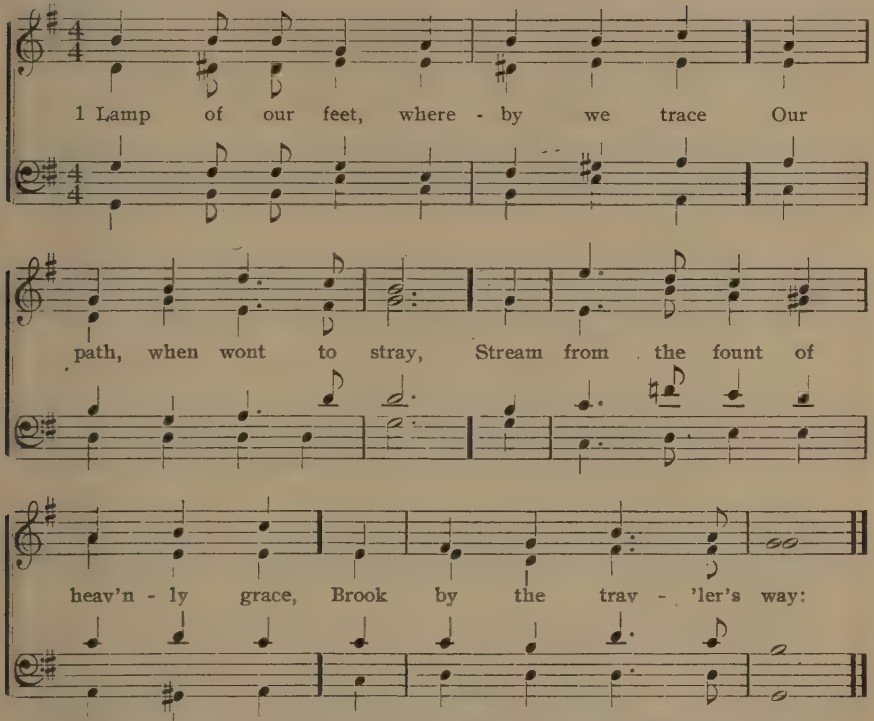
5 Jesus gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what He requires,
Makes us follow His directions,
And what He commands, inspires.

6 All our prayers, and all our praises,
Rightly offered in His name,—
He that dictates them is Jesus;
He that answers is the same.

Joseph Hart, 1759

122 Nox Praecessit C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1875


1 Lamp of our feet, where - by we trace Our
path, when wont to stray, Stream from the fount of
heav'n - ly grace, Brook by the trav - 'ler's way:

8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

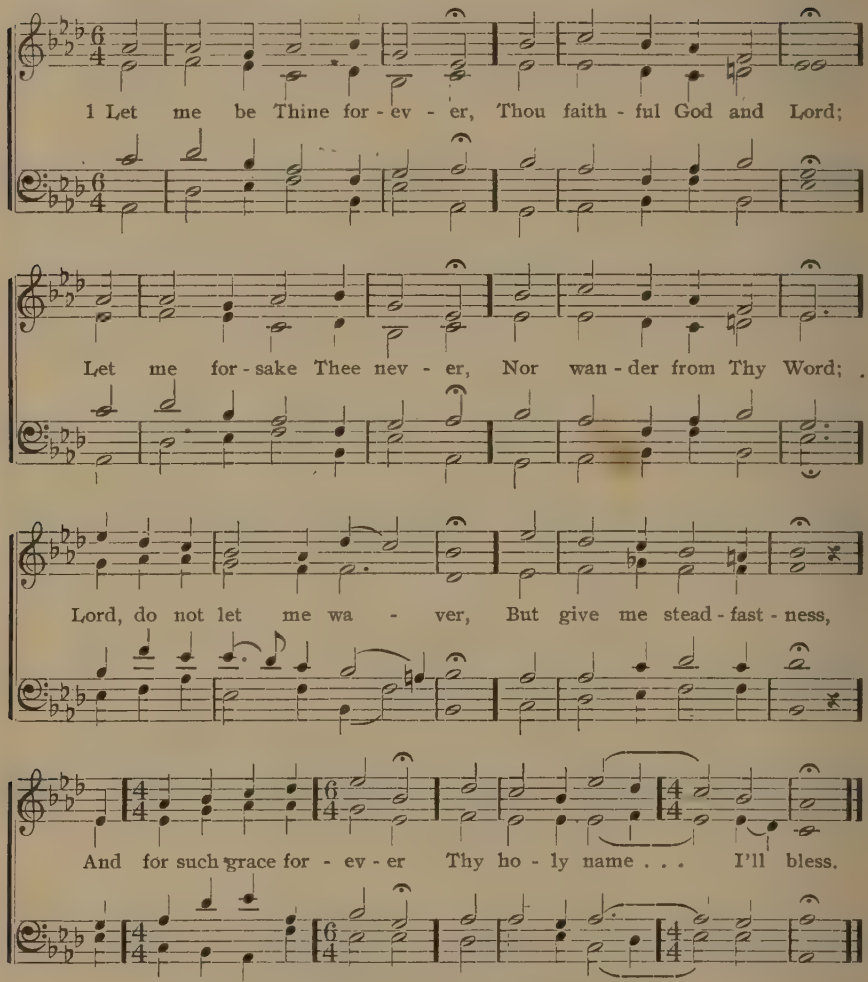
3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would break our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

B. Barton, 1827 a

123 Ich dank Dir, lieber Herre 7,6. 8 L. 1536


1 Let me be Thine for - ev - er, Thou faith - ful God and Lord;
Let me for - sake Thee nev - er, Nor wan - der from Thy Word;
Lord, do not let me wa - ver, But give me stead - fast - ness,
And for such grace for - ev - er Thy ho - ly name . . . I'll bless.

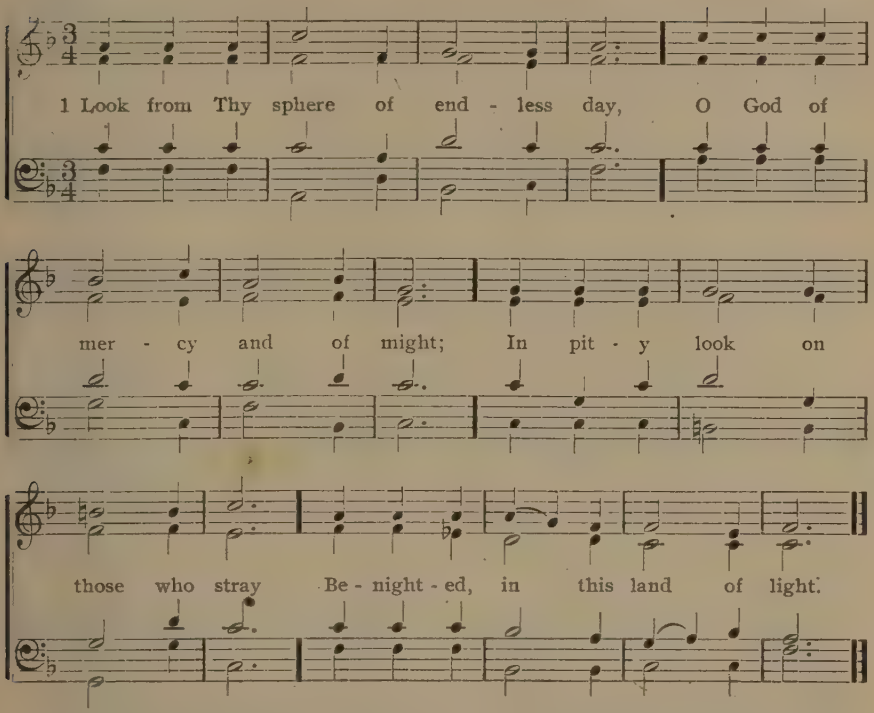
7,6. 8 L—68–92–123–167–189–196–203–242–246–(272)–317

2 Lord Jesus, my Salvation,
My Light, my Life divine,
My only Consolation,
O make me wholly Thine!
For Thou hast dearly bought me
With blood and bitter pain;
Let me, since Thou hast sought me,
Eternal life obtain.

3 And Thou, O Holy Spirit,
My Comforter and Guide,
Grant that in Jesus' merit
I always may confide,
Him to the end confessing,
Whom I have known by faith;
Give me Thy constant blessing
And grant a Christian death.

Nikolaus Selnecker 1587
V. 2 and 3 Anon

121 Quebec (Hesperus) L. M. H. Baker, 1866


1 Look from Thy sphere of end - less day, O God of
mer - cy and of might; In pit - y look on
those who stray Be - night - ed, in this land of light.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

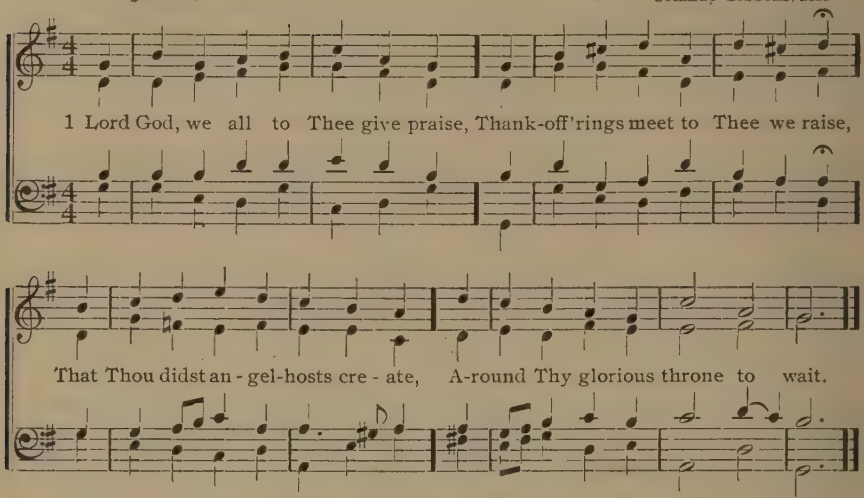
4 Send them Thy mighty Word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant, 1859

125 Angels L. M.

Orlando Gibbons, 1623


1 Lord God, we all to Thee give praise, Thank-off'rings meet to Thee we raise,
That Thou didst an - gel-hosts cre - ate, A-round Thy glorious throne to wait.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 They glow with light and heavenly grace,
And constantly behold Thy face;
Obedience to Thy voice they yield,
And are with godly wisdom filled.

3 They never rest nor sleep, as we;
Their whole delight is but to be
Forever near Thee, gracious Lord,
Thy little flock to watch and guard.

4 The foul old Dragon and dread Foe
With envy, hate, and wrath doth glow;
It always is his aim and pride
Thy Christian people to divide.

5 As he has blighted earth of old,
He keeps e'en now his deathly hold,
Chafes madly to annihilate
All virtue, honor, Church, and State.

6 Therefore, no halt nor rest he knows;
A roaring lion round he goes,
Or lies in wait with baneful snare
To drive the Christians to despair.

7 But watchful is the angel-band,
That follows Christ on every hand,
And guards Thy holy Christendom
From harm that might from Satan come.

8 From Daniel's case this may be seen,
When he sat in the lions' den,
And likewise angels rescued Lot,
That the ungodly harmed him not.

9 When the three Hebrews were at last
Into the fiery furnace cast,
No power had fiercest flames to harm
Against the rescuing angel's arm.

10 And thus our God, still at this day,
From harm and many an evil way
Keeps us by His dear angel-guard,
Placed o'er us as our watch and ward.

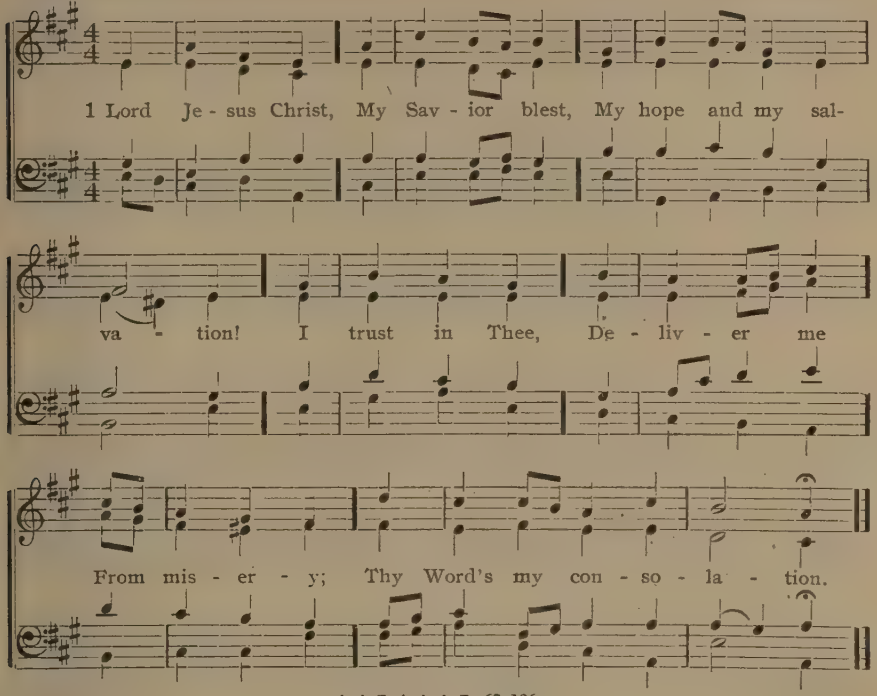
11 For this, now and eternally,
Our praise shall rise, O God, to Thee,
Whom all the angel-hosts adore
With joy now and forevermore.

12 We also pray Thee to defend
By them unto the latter end,
Thy fold, that little flock, O Lord,
That holds in honor Thy blessed Word.

From the Latin of Philip Melanchthon
Paul Eber, 1560

126 Herre Jesu Krist min Frelser 4,4,7,4,4,4,7

Ludv. M. Lindeman, 1812–1887


1 Lord Je - sus Christ, My Sav - ior blest, My hope and my sal-
va - tion! I trust in Thee, De - liv - er me
From mis - er - y; Thy Word's my con - so - la - tion.

4, 4, 7, 4, 4, 4, 7—63–126

2 As Thou dost will,
Lead Thou me still,
That I may truly serve Thee.
My God, I pray,
Teach me Thy way,
To my last day
In Thy true faith preserve me.

3 Most heartily
I trust in Thee,
Thy mercy fails me never;
Dear Lord, abide
My helper tried,
Thou Crucified,
From evil keep me ever.

4 Now henceforth must
I put my trust
In Thee, O dearest Savior;
Thy comfort choice,
Thy word and voice
My heart rejoice,
Despite my ill-behavior.

5 When sorrows rise
My refuge lies
In Thy compassion tender;
Within Thine arm
Can naught alarm;
Keep me from harm,
Be Thou my strong defender.

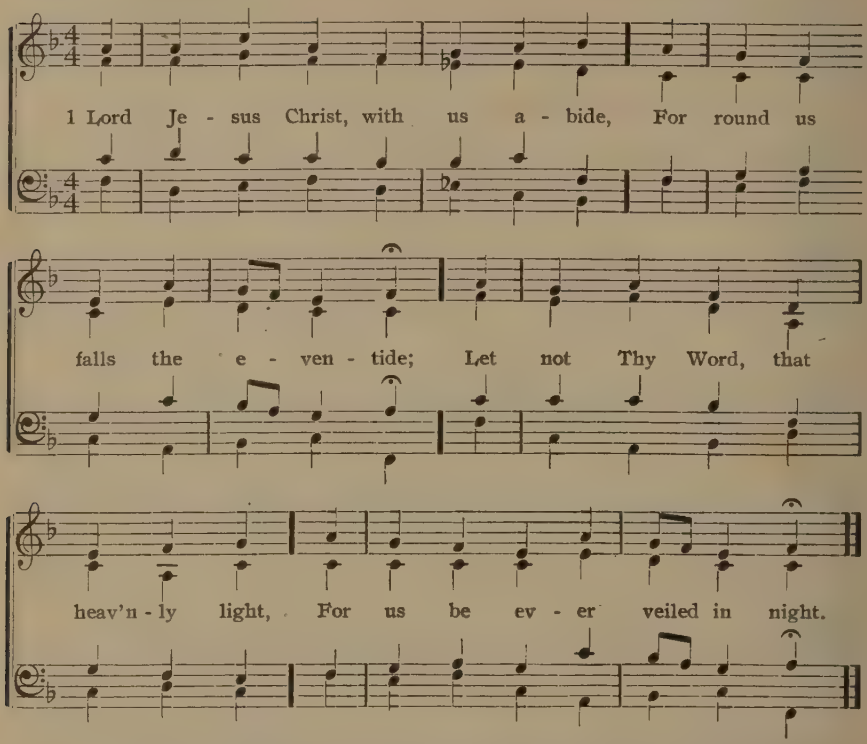
6 I have Thy word,
Christ Jesus, Lord,
Thou never wilt forsake me;
This will I plead
In time of need;
O help with speed,
When troubles overtake me!

7 Grant, Lord, we pray,
Thy grace each day,
That we, Thy law revering,
May live with Thee,
And happy be
Eternally,
Before Thy throne appearing.

H. C. Sthen, ca. 1578

127 Ach bleib bei uns L. M.

Dresden H. B. 1594


1 Lord Je - sus Christ, with us a - bide, For round us
falls the e - ven - tide; Let not Thy Word, that
heav'n - ly light, For us be ev - er veiled in night.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 In these last days of sore distress
Grant us, dear Lord, true steadfastness,
That pure we keep, till life is spent,
Thy holy Word and Sacrament.

3 Lord Jesus, help, Thy Church uphold,
For we are sluggish, thoughtless, cold;
Indue Thy Word with power and grace,
And spread its truth in every place.

4 O keep us in Thy Word, we pray;
The guile and rage of Satan stay;
Unto Thy Church grant, Lord, Thy grace,
Peace, concord, patience, fearlessness.

5 O God! how sin's dread works abound!
Throughout the earth no rest is found,
And wide has falsehood's spirit spread,
And error boldly rears its head.

6 Those haughty spirits, Lord, restrain,
Who o'er Thy Church with might would reign,
And always set forth something new,
Devised to change Thy doctrine true.

7 And since the cause and glory, Lord,
Are Thine, not ours, do Thou afford
Us help and strength and constancy;
With all our heart we trust in Thee.

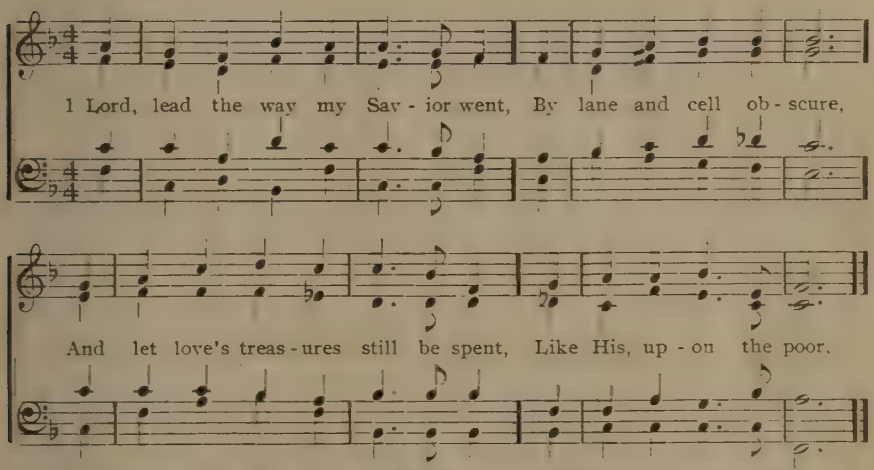
8 A trusty weapon is Thy Word,
Thy Church's buckler, shield, and sword;
Lord, let us in this Word abide,
That we may seek no other guide.

9 O grant that in Thy holy Word
We here may live and die, dear Lord;
And when our journey endeth here,
Receive us into glory there.

Dr. N. Selnecker, 1587
3–9 by unknown author

128 Dalehurst C. M.

A. Cottman, 1872



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 Like Him through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

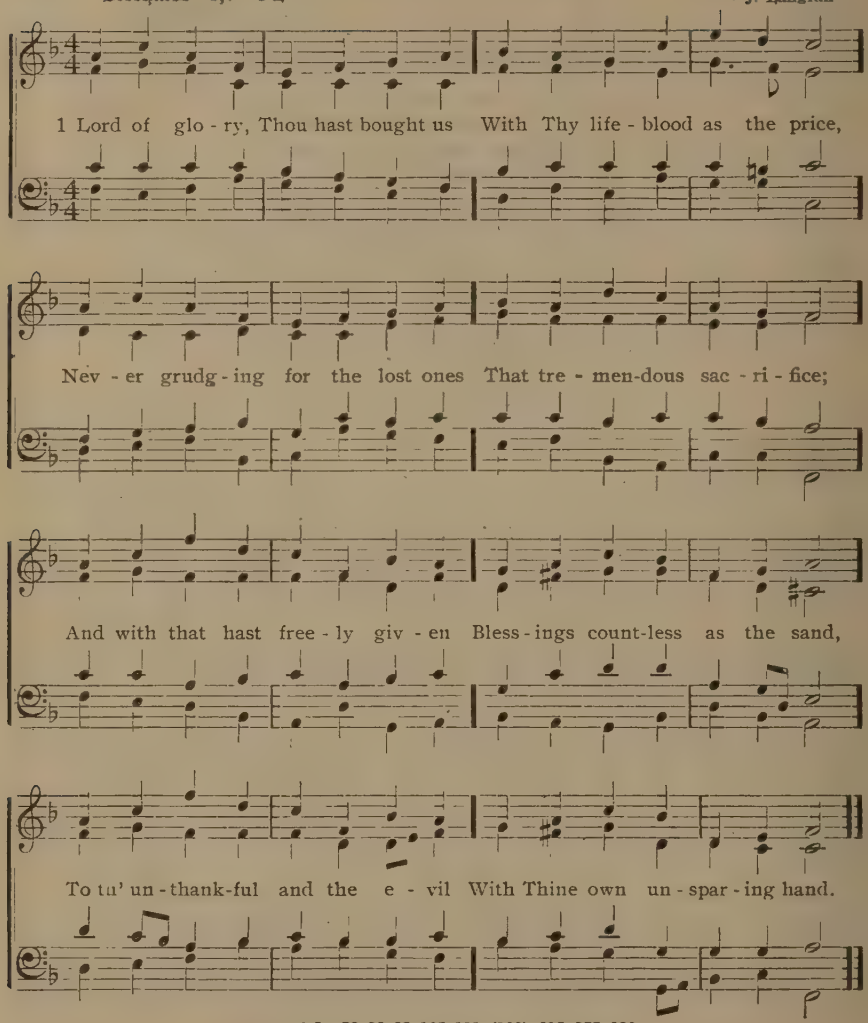
3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,
And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Savior's sake,
They lose not their reward.

W. Crosswell, 1831

129 Deerhurst 8,7 8 L

J. Langran


1 Lord of glo - ry, Thou hast bought us With Thy life - blood as the price,
Nev - er grudg - ing for the lost ones That tre - men-dous sac - ri - fice;
And with that hast free - ly giv - en Bless - ings count-less as the sand,
To tu' un - thank-ful and the e - vil With Thine own un - spar - ing hand.

8, 7. 8 L—78–82–83–105–111–(129)–215–277–289

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee,
Gladly, freely of Thine own;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessed
'Tis to give than to receive.

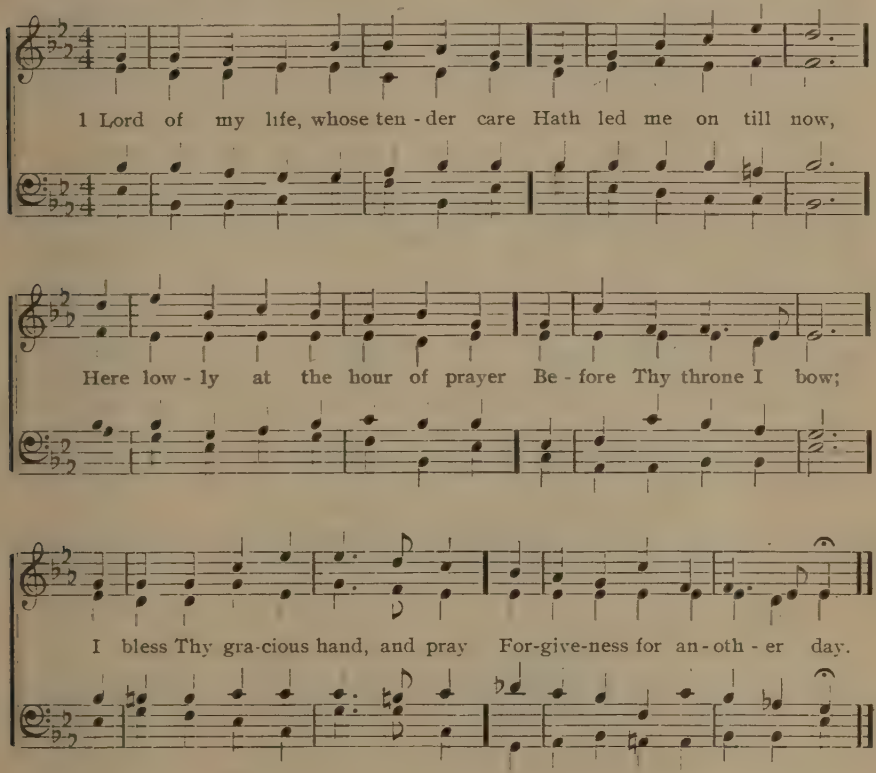
3 Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto Me."
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying, by Thy poor and needy,
"Give as I have given to you?"

4 Lord of glory, who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:
But oh! best of all Thy graces,
Give us Thine own charity.

E. S. Alderson, 1868 ab

130 Messex 8,6,8,6,8,8

E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.


1 Lord of my life, whose ten - der care Hath led me on till now,
Here low - ly at the hour of prayer Be - fore Thy throne I bow;
I bless Thy gra-cious hand, and pray For-give-ness for an - oth - er day.

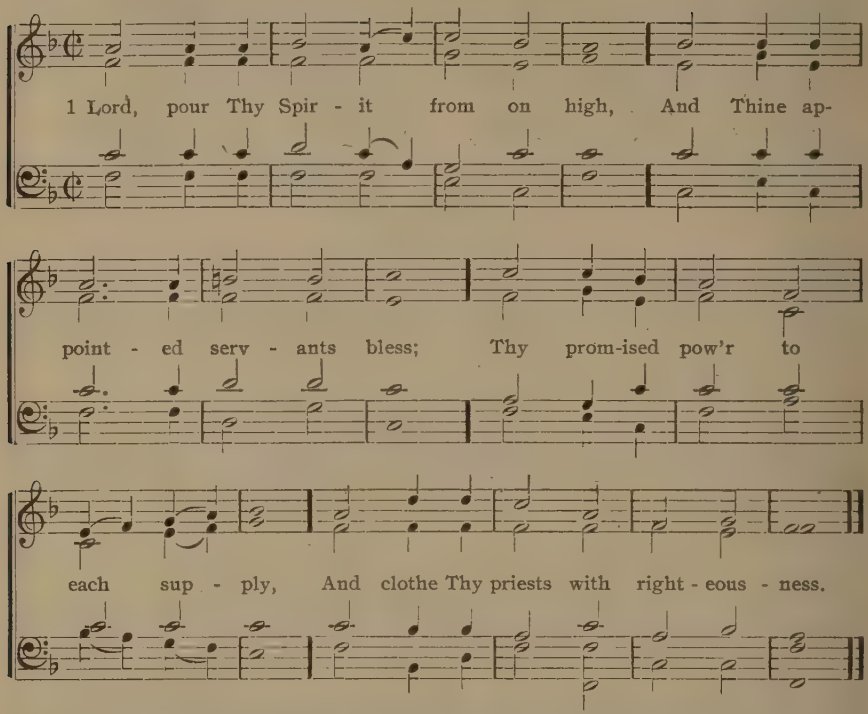
2 O may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To Thee and to Thy glory live,
Dead else to all below;
Tread in the path my Savior trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God!

3 With prayer my humble praise I bring,
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray!
All that I have, I am, to Thee
I offer through eternity!

"Chelsea," 1838

131 Federal Street L. M.

H. K. Oliver, 1832


1 Lord, pour Thy Spir - it from on high, And Thine ap-
point - ed serv - ants bless; Thy prom-ised pow'r to
each sup - ply, And clothe Thy priests with right - eous - ness.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Savior, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above;
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

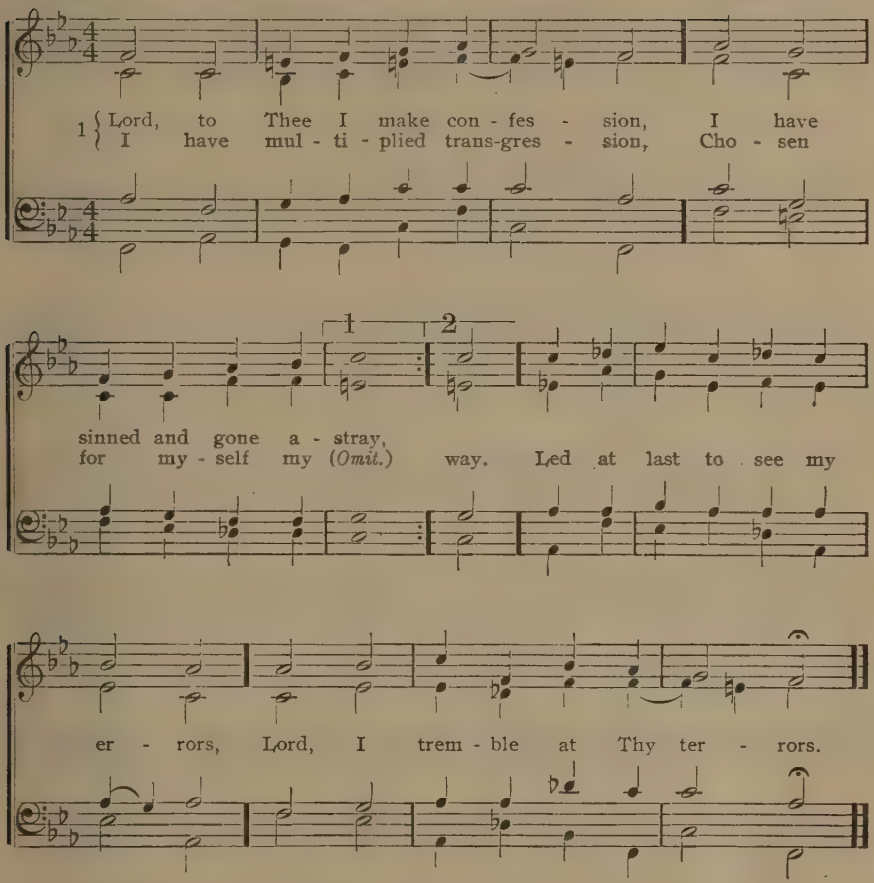
4 To watch, and pray, and never faint;
By day and night their watch to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Protect Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

5 And, when their work is finished here,
Let them in hope their charge resign;
Before the throne with joy appear,
And there with endless glory shine.

J. Montgomery, 1833

132 Herr, ich habe missgehandelt 8,7,8,7,8,8 Trochaic

J. Crüger, 1649


1 Lord, to Thee I make con - fes - sion, I have
I have mul - ti - plied trans-gres - sion, Cho - sen
1 2
sinned and gone a - stray,
for my - self my (*Omit.*) way. Led at last to see my
er - rors, Lord, I trem - ble at Thy ter - rors.

2 Yet though conscience' voice appall me,
Father, I will seek Thy face;
Though Thy child I dare not call me,
Yet receive me to Thy grace;
Do not for my sins forsake me,
Let not yet Thy wrath o'ertake me.

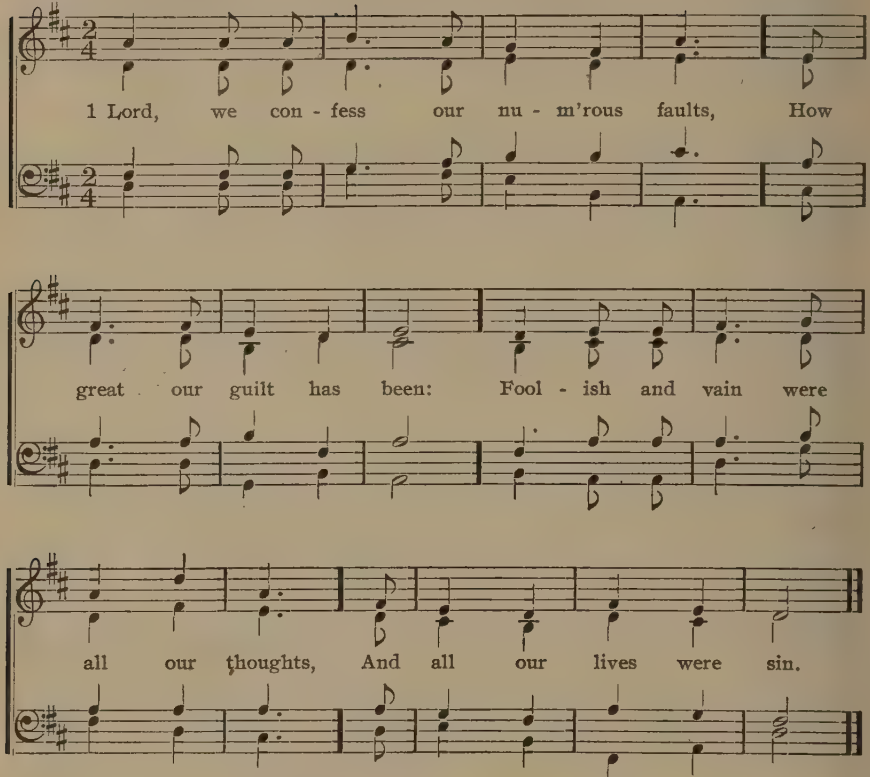
3 For Thy Son hath suffered for me,
And the blood He shed for sin,
That can heal me and restore me,
Quench this burning fire within;
'Tis alone His cross can vanquish
These dark fears, and soothe this anguish.

4 Then on Him I cast my burden,
Sink it in the depths below!
Let me feel Thy gracious pardon,
Wash me, make me white as snow.
Let Thy Spirit leave me never,
Make me only Thine forever!

John Franck, 1649
C. Winkworth, tr. 1862

133 Palestrina C. M.

Arr. from Palestrina


1 Lord, we con - fess our nu - m'rous faults, How
great our guilt has been: Fool - ish and vain were
all our thoughts, And all our lives were sin.

8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love His name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done,
But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding through His Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the Water and the Blood
Our souls are washed from sin.

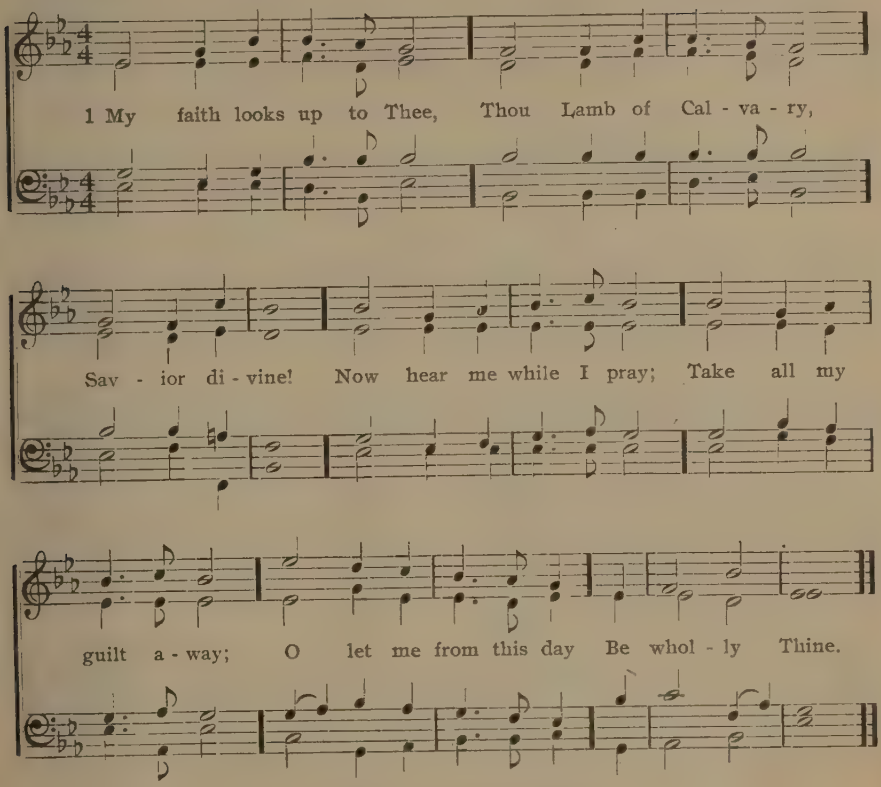
5 'Tis through the purchase of His death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

Isaac Watts, 1709 a

134 Olivet 6,6,4,6,6,6,4

Lowell Mason, 1831


1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4—55–71–134

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

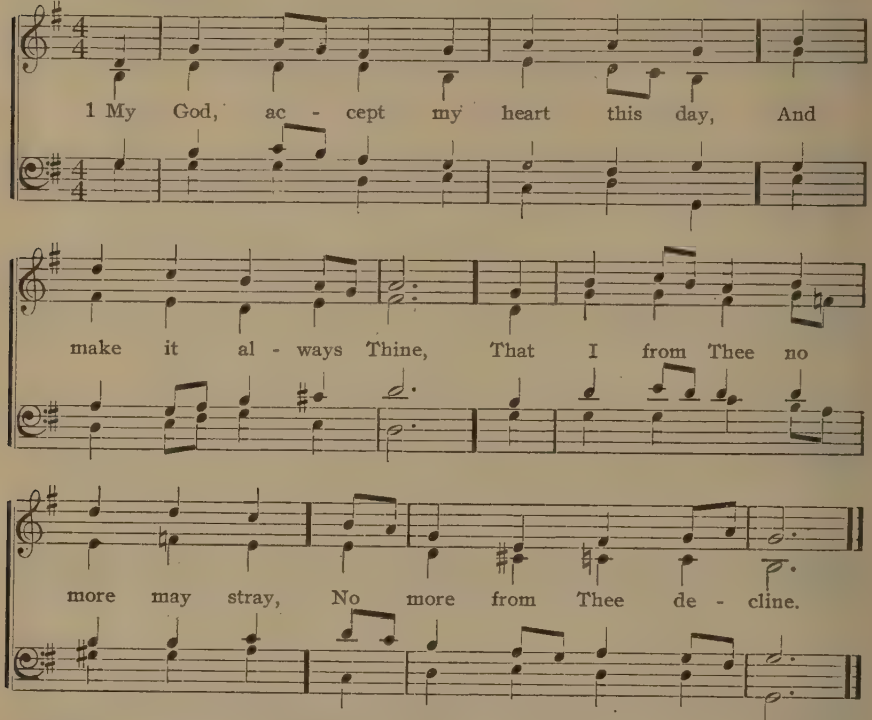
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer, 1830

135 Remembrance C. M.

R. H. McCartney



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all!

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne!

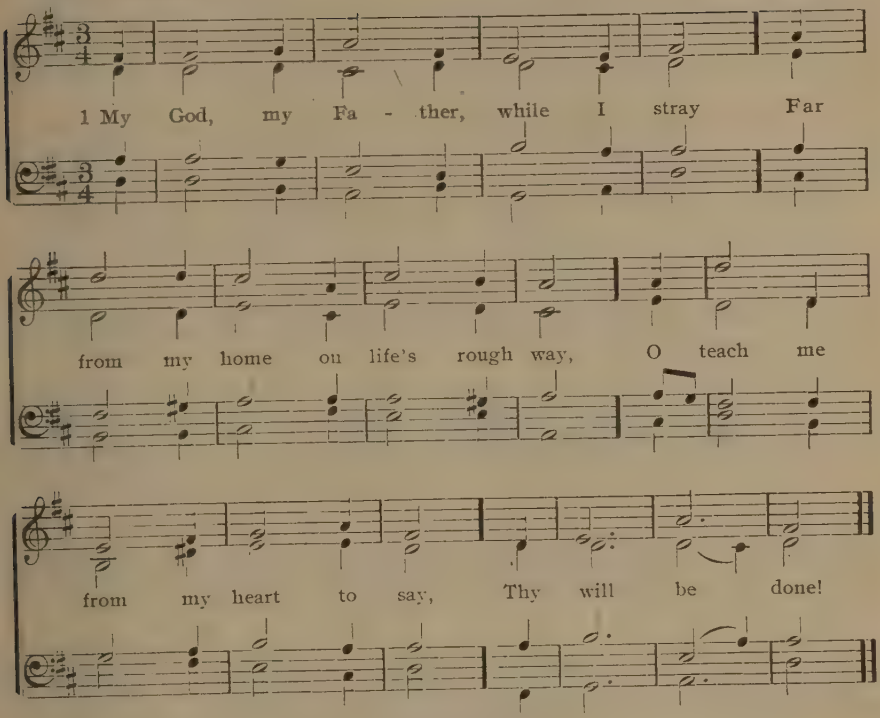
4 May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy love!

5 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given:
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

Matthew Bridges, 1848

136 Southport 8,8,8,4

G. Lomas



8, 8, 8, 4—136–161

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done!

4 Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was Thine:
Thy will be done!

5 Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say
Thy will be done!

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done!

7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

Charlotte Elliott, 1834

137 Magdalen (Rest) L. M. 6 L

Sir John Stainer, 1875

1 My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
right - eous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But
whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. On Christ, the sol - id
Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

L. M. 6 L—41–95–137–194–222

2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

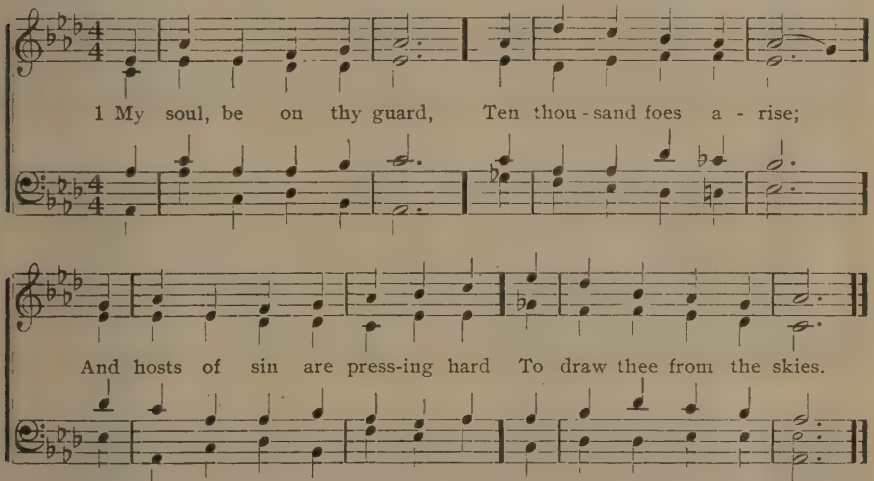
3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the sinking flood;
When every earthly prop gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

4 When I shall launch to worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in Him,
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote, 1834

138 Schumann S. M.

Arr. from R. Schumann, 1810–1856



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–138–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

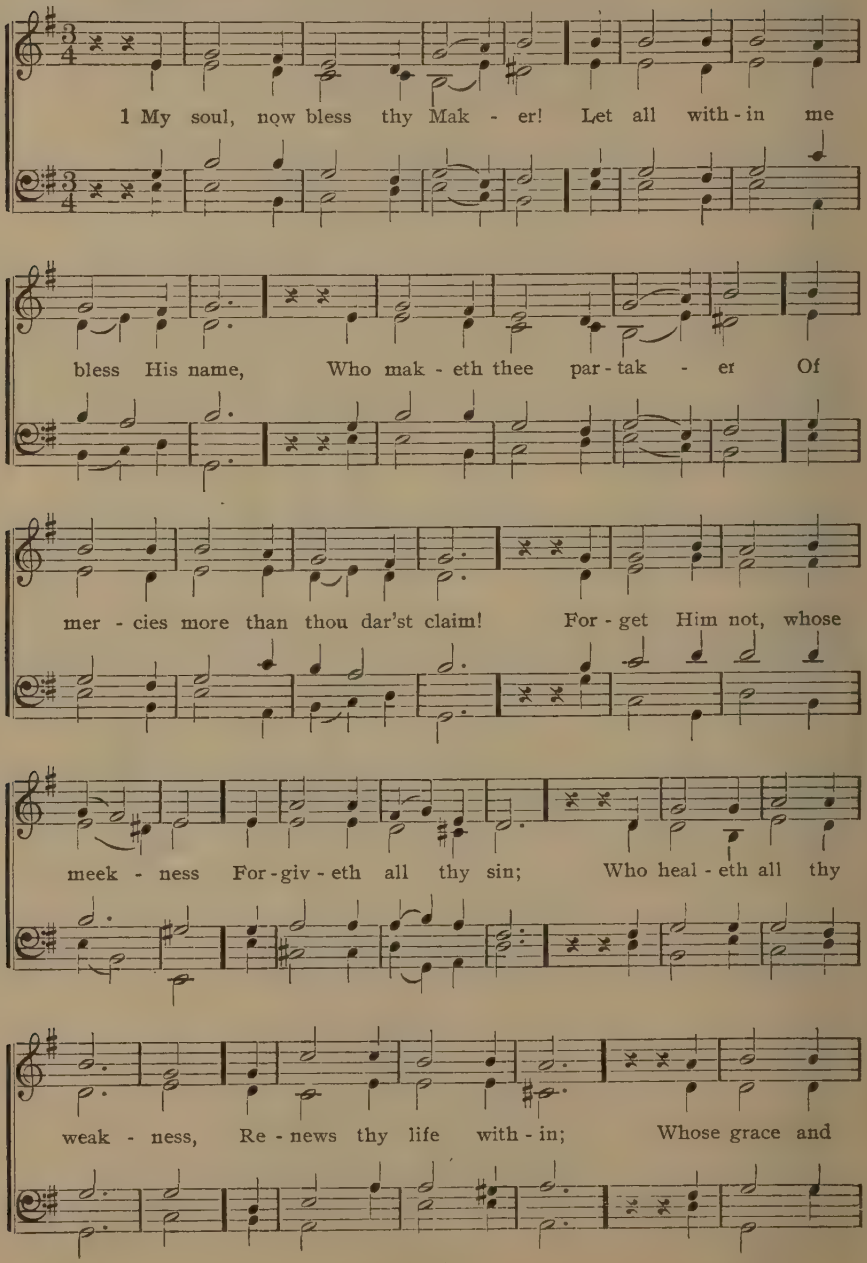
2 O watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

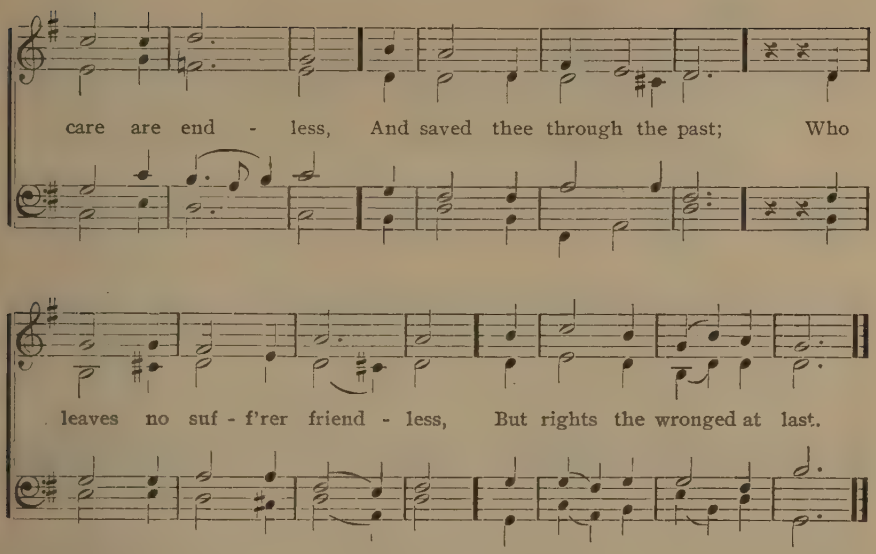
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
Up to His blest abode.

George Heath, 1711

139 Nun lob' mein Seel' den Herren 7,8,7,8,7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6 Babst, 1557


1 My soul, now bless thy Mak - er! Let all with - in me
bless His name, Who mak - eth thee par - tak - er Of
mer - cies more than thou dar'st claim! For - get Him not, whose
meek - ness For - giv - eth all thy sin; Who heal - eth all thy
weak - ness, Re - news thy life with - in; Whose grace and



2 He shows to man His treasure
Of judgment, truth, and righteousness,
His love beyond all measure,
His yearning pity o'er distress;
Nor treats us as we merit,
But lays His anger by,
The humble, contrite spirit
Finds His compassion nigh;
Far as the heavens above us,
As break from close of day,
So far, since He doth love us,
He casts our sins away.

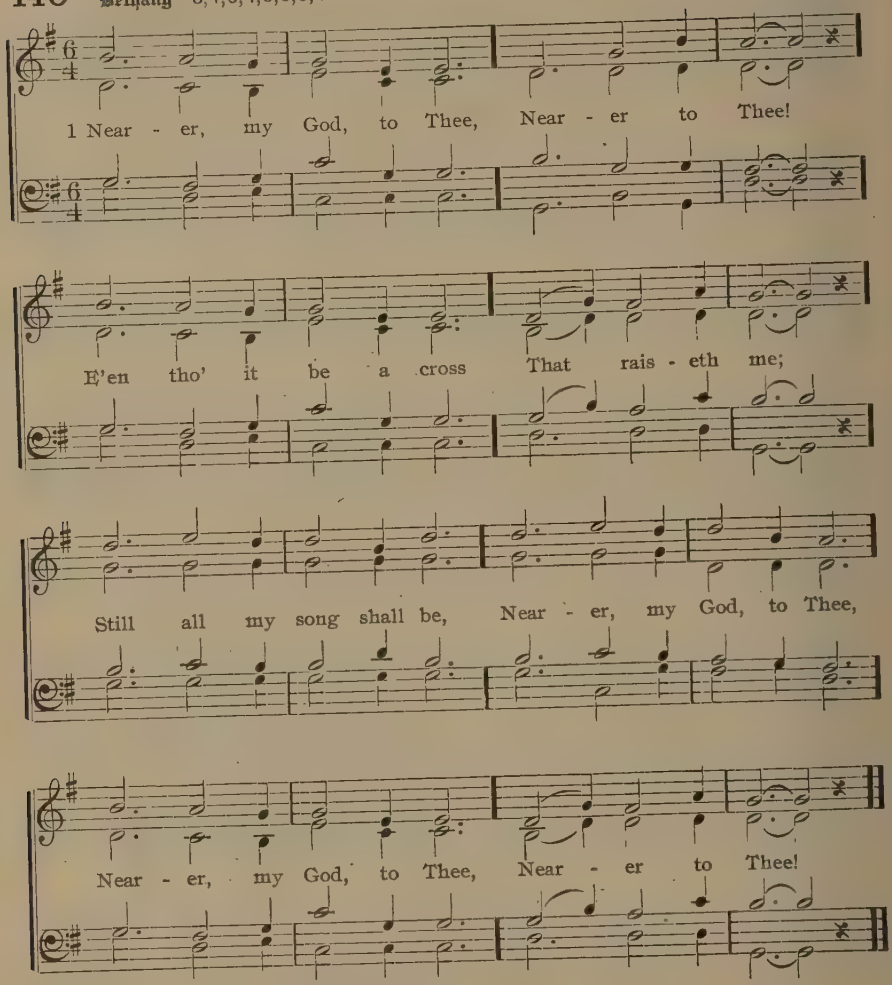
3 For as a tender father
Hath pity on his children here,
He in His arms will gather
All who are His in childlike fear.
He knows how frail our powers,
Who but from dust are made,
We flourish as the flowers,
And even so we fade;
The wind but o'er them passes,
And all their bloom is o'er,—
We wither like the grasses,
Our place knows us no more.

4 His grace alone endureth,
And children's children yet shall prove
How God with strength assureth
The hearts of all that seek His love.
In heaven is fixed His dwelling,
His rule is over all;
Angels in might excelling,
Bright hosts, before Him fall!
Praise Him who ever reigneth,
All ye who hear His Word.
Nor our poor hymns disdaineth;—
My soul, O bless the Lord!

Johann Graumann, 1525
C. Winkworth, tr. a

140 Bethany 6,4,6,4,6,6,6,4

L. Mason, 1856


1 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me;
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4—96–140–179–180

2 Nearer, my Lord, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Who to Thy cross didst come,
Dying for me!
Strengthen my willing feet!
Hold me in service sweet
Nearer, O Christ, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

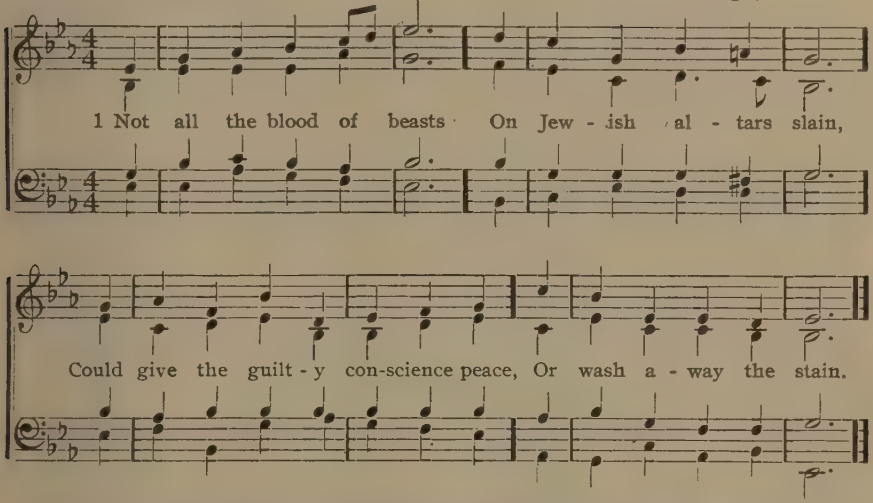
3 Nearer, O Comforter,
Nearer to Thee!
Who with my loving Lord
Dwellest with me!
Grant me Thy fellowship!
Help me each day to keep
Nearer, my Guide, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 But to be nearer still,
Bring me, O God!
Not by the visioned steps
Angels have trod.
Here where Thy cross I see,
Jesus, I wait for Thee,
Then evermore to be
Nearer to Thee!

H. D. Ganse

141 **Ben Rhydding** S. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1799–1877



6, 6, 8, 6, (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–138–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

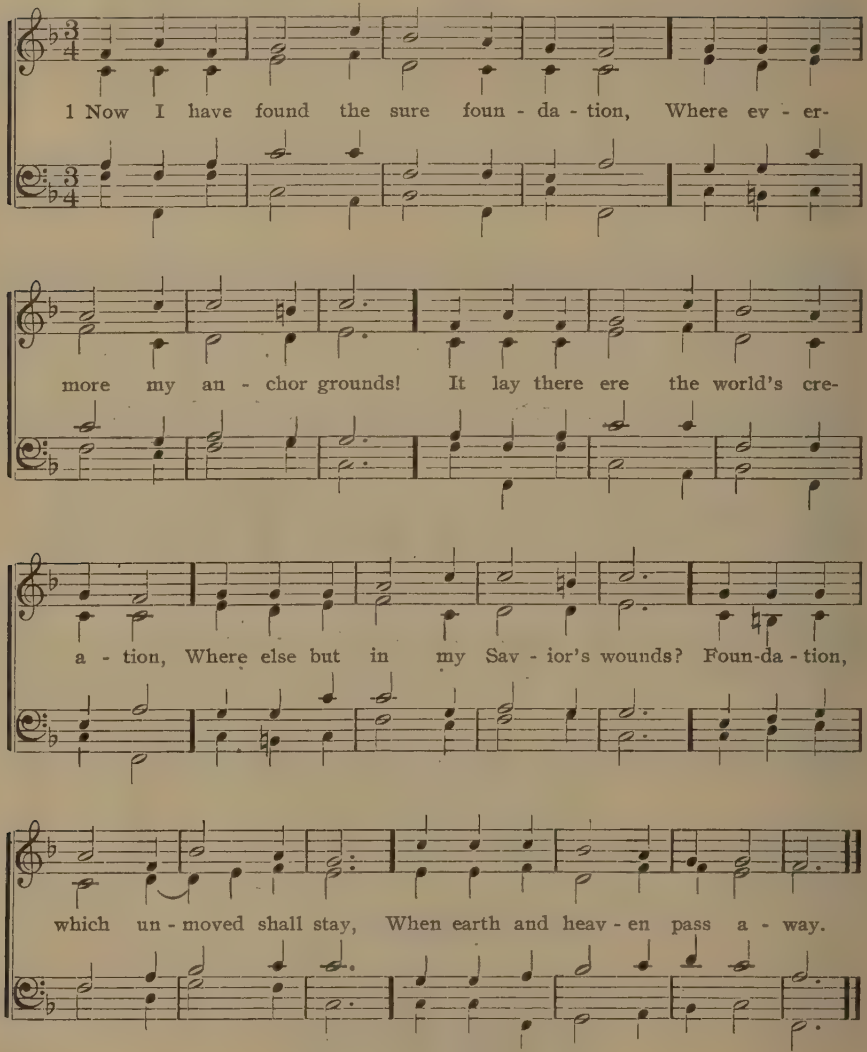
3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1709

142 O dass ich tausend Zungen 9,8,9,8,8,8


1 Now I have found the sure foun - da - tion, Where ev - er-
more my an - chor grounds! It lay there ere the world's cre-
a - tion, Where else but in my Sav - ior's wounds? Foun-da - tion,
which un - moved shall stay, When earth and heav - en pass a - way.

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8—90–142–(168)–229–259

2 It is that mercy never ending,
Which all conception far transcends,
Of Him, who, with love's arms extending,
To wretched sinners condescends;
Whose heart with pity still doth break,
Whether we seek Him, or forsake.

3 Our ruin God has not intended,
Salvation He would fain bestow;
For this the Son to earth descended,
And then to heaven again did go;
For this so loudly evermore
He knocketh at our heart's closed door.

4 O depth of love, in which, past finding,
My sins through Christ's blood disappear;
This is for wounds the safest binding,
There is no condemnation here;
For Jesus' blood through earth and skies
Forever Mercy! Mercy! cries.

5 I never will forget this crying,
In faith I'll trust it all my days,
And, when o'er all my sins I'm sighing,
I towards my Father's heart will gaze;
For there is always to be found
Free mercy without end and bound.

6 Though I be robbed of every pleasure
That soul and body can make glad,
Bereft of every earthly treasure,
Forlorn, forsaken, lone and sad:
However far His help may be,
His mercy yet is left to me.

7 Though earthly cares and want oppress me,
And cause me sorrow and regret
That things so vain can still distress me,
And give me so much trouble yet:
Though I am bowed down to the dust,
Still in His mercy I will trust.

8 Though in the best of all my actions,
In works that are admired the most,
I must perceive great imperfections,
I surely have no right to boast;
Yet this sweet comfort doth abide:
In mercy only I confide.

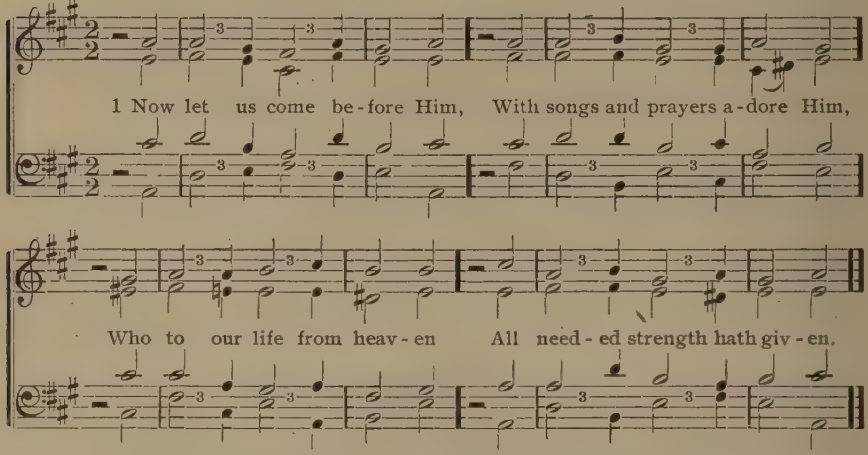
9 Be it with me as He is willing,
Whose mercy is a boundless sea;
May He Himself my heart be stilling,
That this may ne'er forgotten be;
Then it will rest, in joy and woe,
On mercy, while it beats below.

10 On this foundation I unshrinking
Will stand, while I on earth remain;
This shall engage my acting, thinking,
While I the breath of life retain;
Then I will sing eternally,
Unfathomed Mercy, still of Thee.

Johann Andreas Rothe, 1728

143 Nun lasst uns Gott, dem Herren 7s Iambic

J. A. v. Burgk, 1577



2 The stream of years is flowing,
And we are onward going,
From old to new surviving,
And by His mercy thriving.

3 In woe we often languish,
And pass through times of anguish,
Of wars and trepidation,
Alarming every nation.

4 A faithful mother keepeth
Guard, while her infant sleepeth,
Its fear and grief assuaging,
When angry storms are raging.

5 Thus God His children shieldeth
And full protection yieldeth;
When need and woe distress them,
His loving arms caress them.

6 In vain is all our doing;
The labor we're pursuing
In our hands prospers never,
Unless God watches ever.

7 Our song to Thee ascendeth,
Whose mercy never endeth;
Our thanks to Thee we render,
Who art our strong Defender.

8 O God of mercy! hear us,
Our Father! be Thou near us;
'Mid crosses and in sadness
Be Thou our Fount of gladness.

9 To all that bow before Thee
And for Thy grace implore Thee
O grant Thy benediction
And patience in affliction.

10 With richest blessings crown us,
In all our ways, Lord! own us;
Give grace, who grace bestowest
To all, e'en to the lowest.

11 To all forlorn be Father,
Thy erring children gather,
And of the poor and needy
Be Thou the Helper speedy.

12 Grant help to all afflicted;
And to the souls dejected,
By melancholy haunted,
May cheerful thoughts be granted.

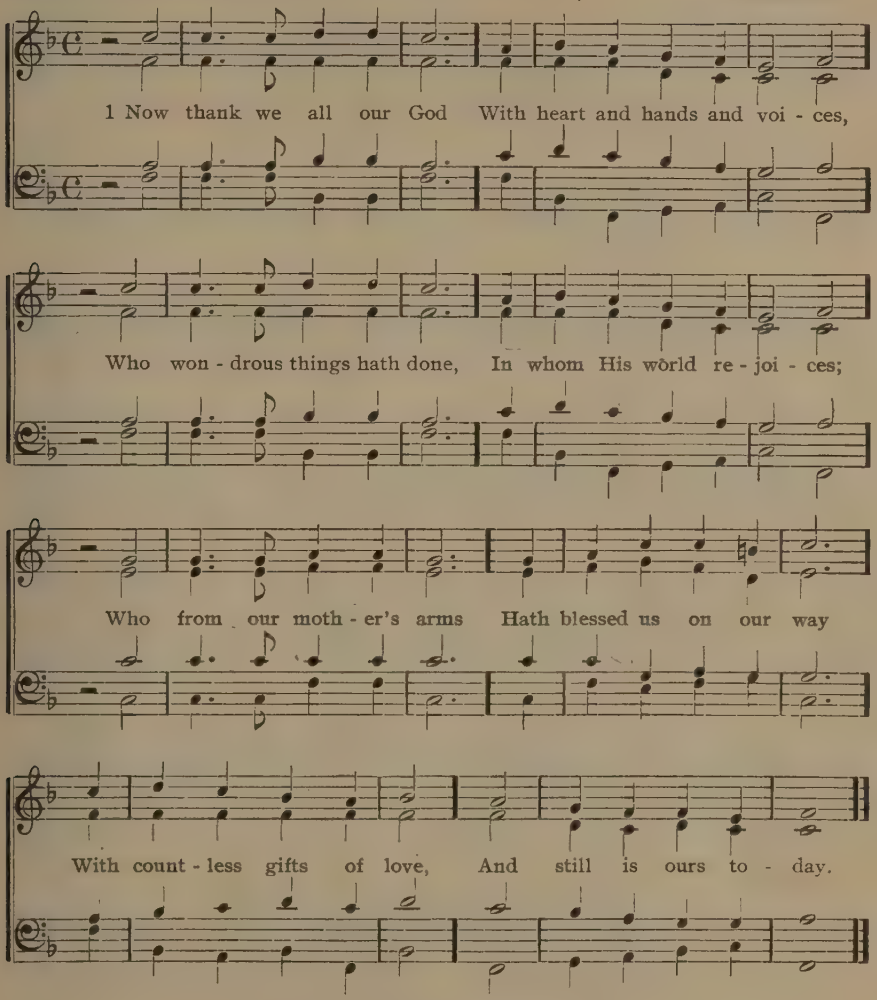
13 O Lord! assistance lend us,
Thy Holy Spirit send us,
That He may make us glorious,
And lead to Thee victorious.

14 All this Thy hand bestoweth,
Thou Life, whence our life floweth;
To me and all believers
Grant, Lord, these New Year's favors.

Paul Gerhardt, before 1648
J. Kelly, tr. a

144 Nun danket alle Gott 6,7,6,7,6,6,6,6

J. Crüger, 1648


1 Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voi - ces,
Who won - drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joi - ces;
Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6—144–155–218–223

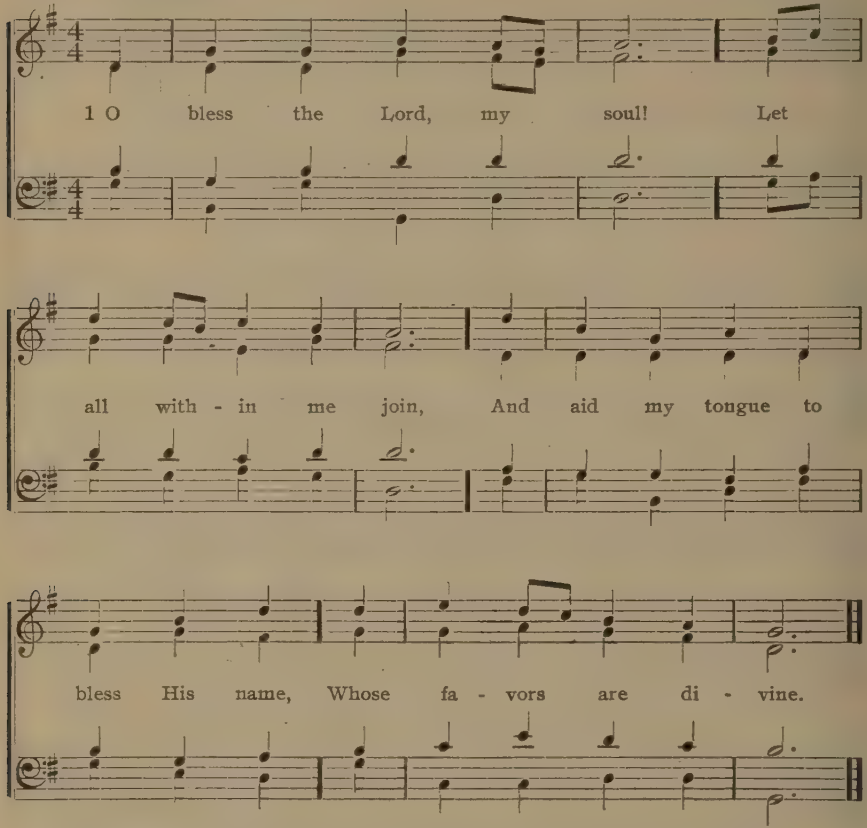
2 O may this bounteous God
Through all this life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blesséd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven:
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

Martin Rinkart, 1644
C. Winkworth, tr. 1858

145 St. Thomas S. M. . . .

A. Williams, 1762



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–138–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sickness,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from death
Hath sovereign power to save.

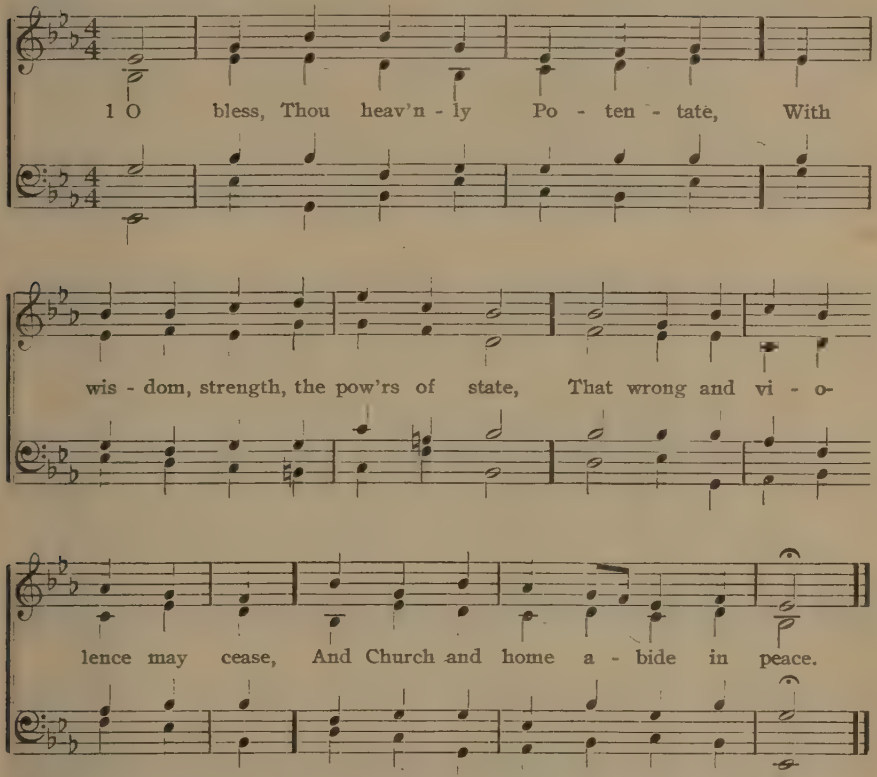
5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest.
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

Isaac Watts, 1719 a

146 Das walt Gott Vater L. M.

J. S. Bach, 1736


1 O bless, Thou heav'n - ly Po - ten - tate, With
wis - dom, strength, the pow'rs of state, That wrong and vi - o-
lence may cease, And Church and home a - bide in peace.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 Bless rich and poor, the great and small,
Both friend and foe; Lord, bless Thou all
The family on earth in love,
And fit all for Thy home above.

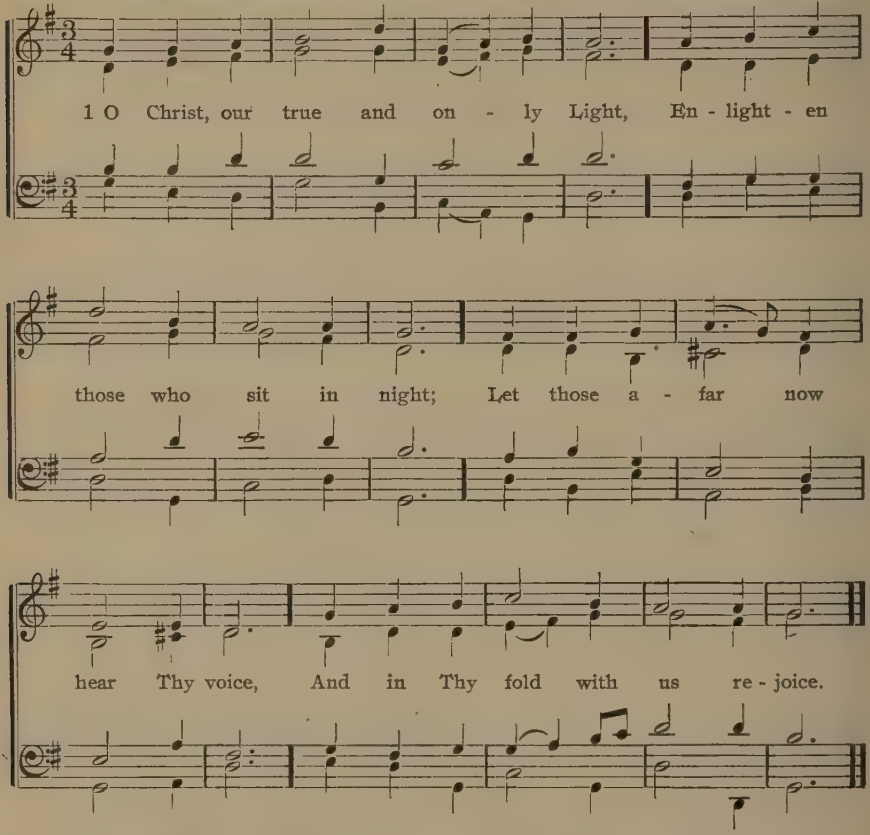
3 Thus, with Thy blessing on each hand,
Will peace and plenty fill the land,
And righteousness spring from the earth,
And life below have higher worth.

4 All praise to Thee, O King of kings,
Whose grace to us such blessings brings;
Thee, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost, forevermore.

Anon.

147 O Jesu Christ, meins Lebens Licht L. M.

Nuernberg H. B., 1676


1 O Christ, our true and on - ly Light, En - light - en
those who sit in night; Let those a - far now
hear Thy voice, And in Thy fold with us re - joice.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
The souls now lost in error's maze,
And all whom in their secret minds
Some dark delusion haunts and blinds.

3 And all who else have strayed from Thee,
O gently seek! Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
And let them also share Thy heaven.

4 O make the deaf to hear Thy Word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.

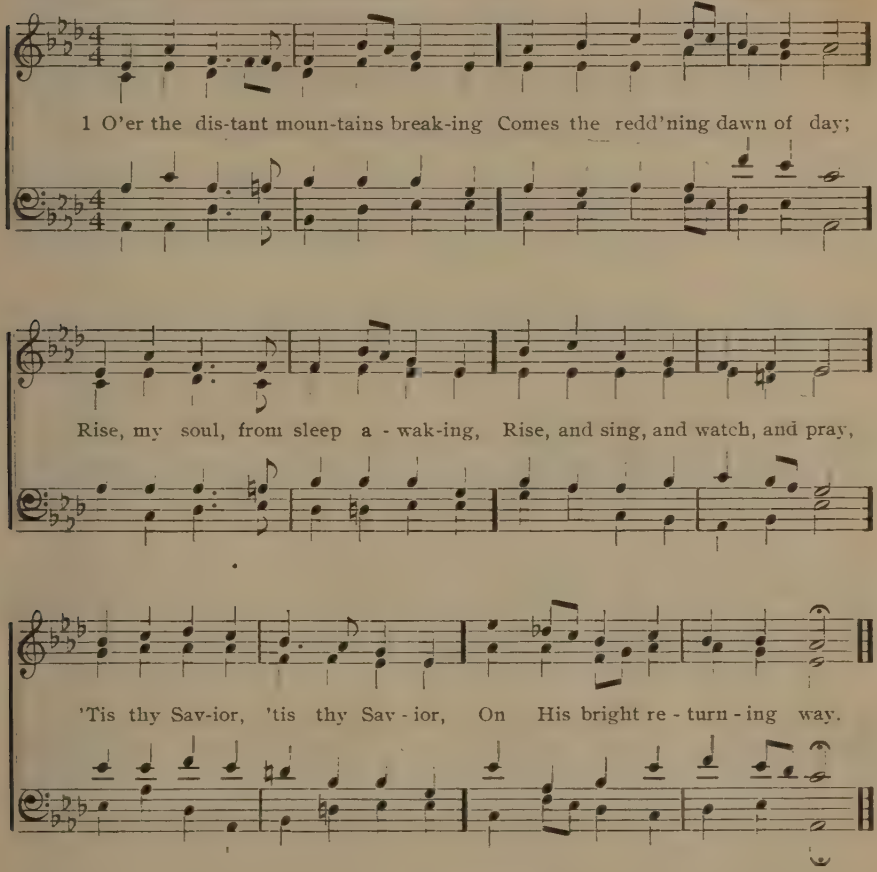
5 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers from Thy fold,
Unite all those who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

6 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

J. Heermann, 1630
C. Winkworth, tr. a

148 Stoerl (O Jerusalem, du schöne) 8,7 6 L

J. G. C. Stoerl, 1734


1 O'er the dis-tant moun-tains break-ing Comes the redd'ning dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep a - wak-ing, Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray,
'Tis thy Sav-ior, 'tis thy Sav - ior, On His bright re - turn - ing way.

8, 7. 6 L—8-50-148-232

2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see;
‖: O my Savior, :‖
When wilt Thou return to me?

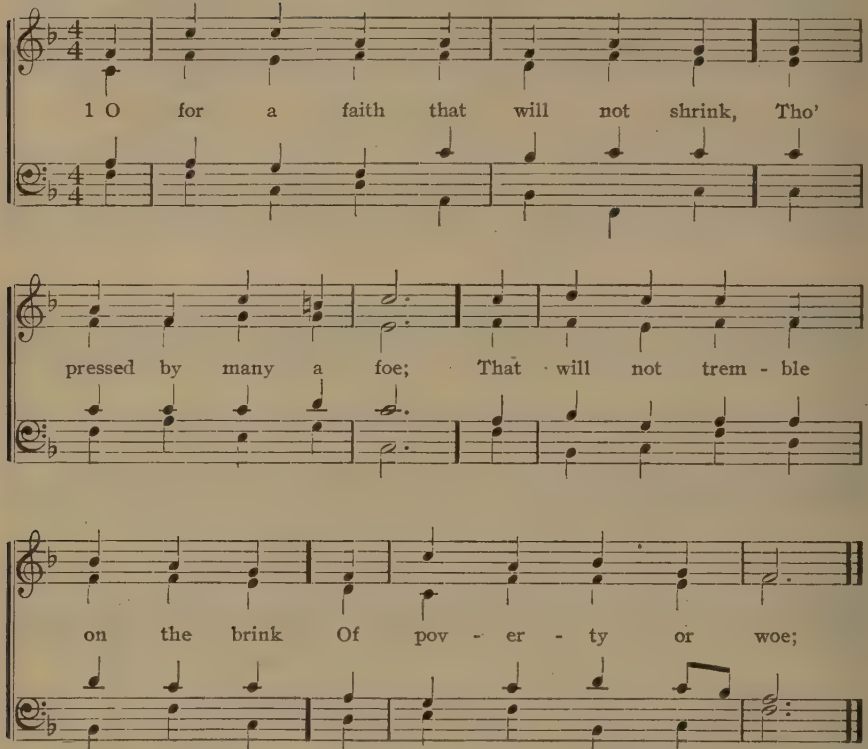
3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
‖: O my Savior, :‖
In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and loath to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;
‖: Come, my Savior, :‖
Thou hast promised: quickly come.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863 a

149 Mear C. M.

American tune, 1726



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–63–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149 150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

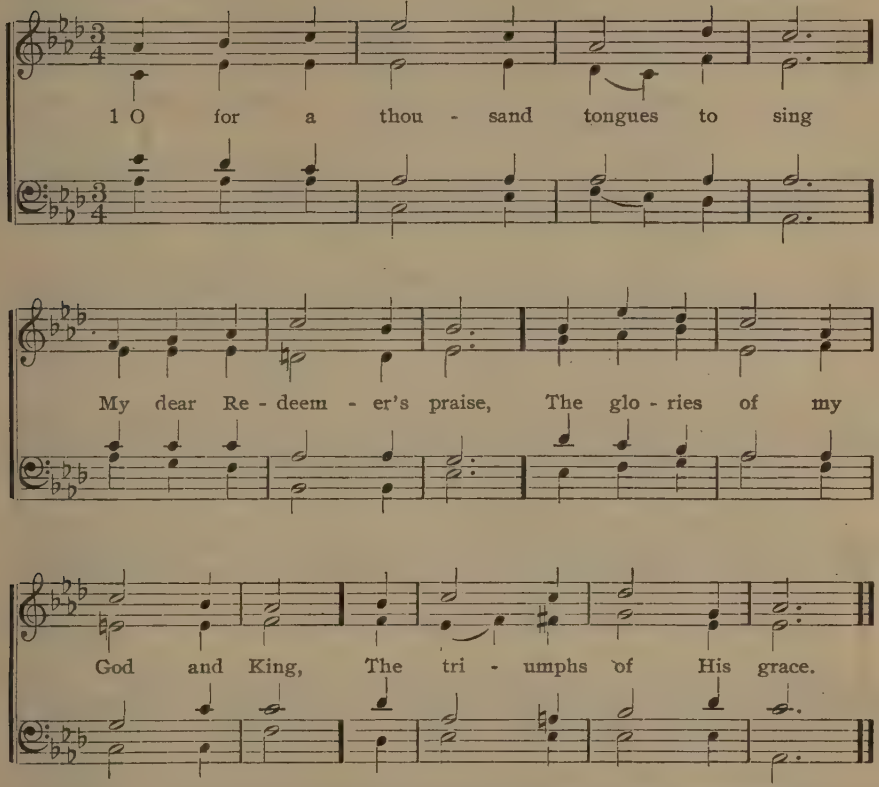
5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. Bathurst, 1830 a

150 Beatitudo C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149 150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me.

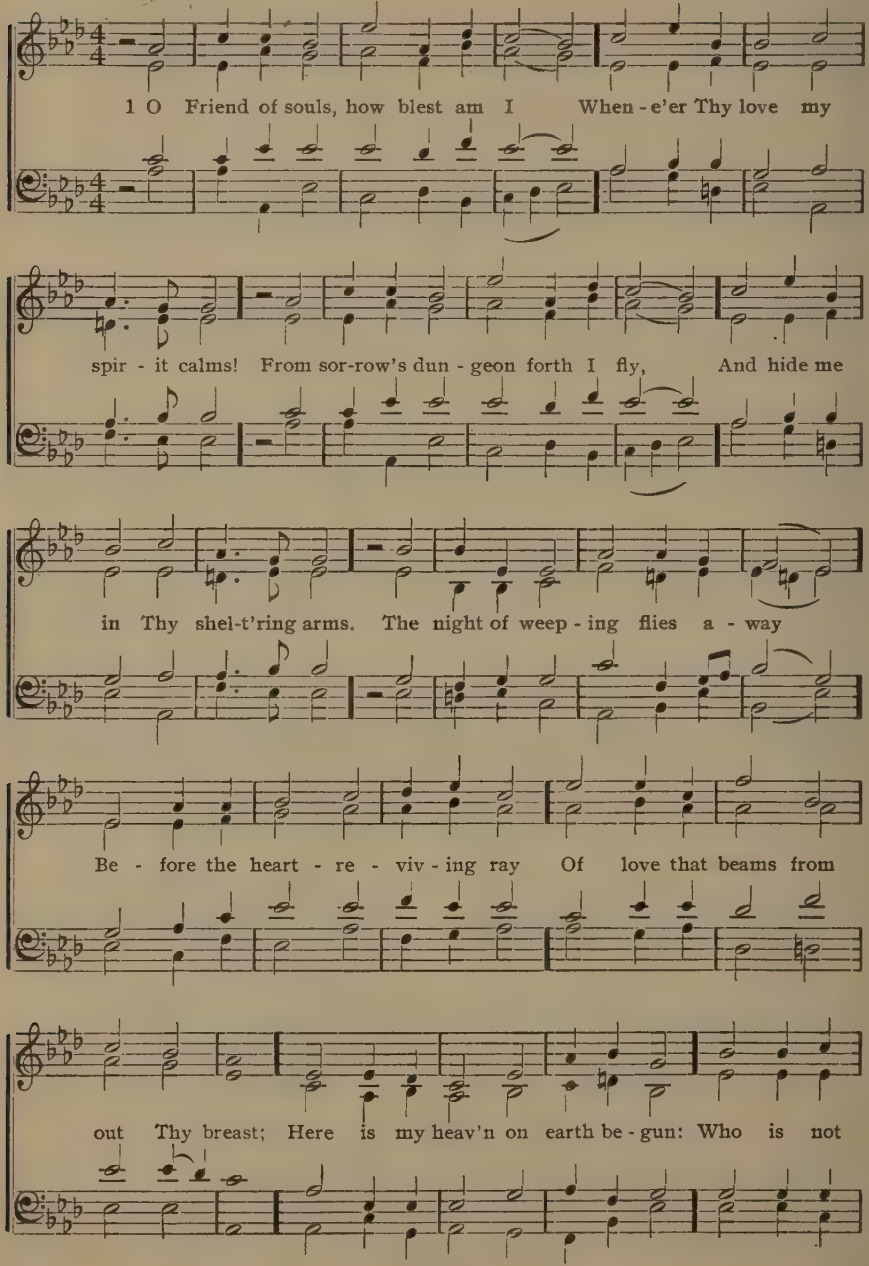
5 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

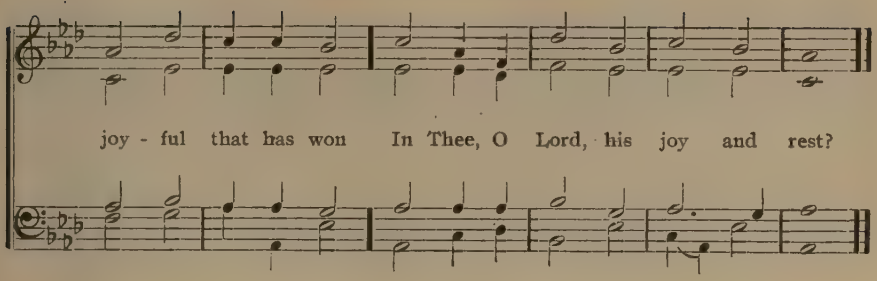
6 See all your sins on Jesus laid;
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

7 Glory to God, and praise, and love,
Be ever, ever given
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heaven.

C. Wesley, 1739

151 **Wie wohl ist mir** 8s 10 L. F. Richter, 1700


1 O Friend of souls, how blest am I When-e'er Thy love my
spir-it calms! From sor-row's dun-geon forth I fly, And hide me
in Thy shel-t'ring arms. The night of weep-ing flies a-way
Be-fore the heart-re-viv-ing ray Of love that beams from
out Thy breast; Here is my heav'n on earth be-gun: Who is not



2 The world may call herself my foe,
So be it; for I trust her not,
E'en though a friendly face she show,
And heap with her good things my lot.
In Thee alone will I rejoice,
Thou art the Friend, Lord, of my choice,
For Thou art true when friendships fail;
'Mid storms of woe Thy truth is still
My anchor; hate me as she will,
The world shall o'er me ne'er prevail.

3 The Law may threaten endless death
From awful Sinai's burning hill,
Straightway from its consuming breath
My soul thro' faith mounts higher still;
She throws herself at Jesus' feet
And finds with Him a safe retreat
Where curse and death can never come.
Though all things threaten condemnation,
Yet Jesus, Thou art my Salvation,
For in Thy love I find my home.

4 Thro' deserts of the cross Thou leadest,
I follow, leaning on Thy hand;
From out the clouds Thy child Thou feedest,
And giv'st him water from the sand.
I know Thy wondrous ways will end
In love and blessing, Thou true Friend;
Enough, if Thou art ever near.
I know whom Thou wilt glorify,
And raise o'er sun and stars on high,
Thou lead'st thro' depths and darkness here.

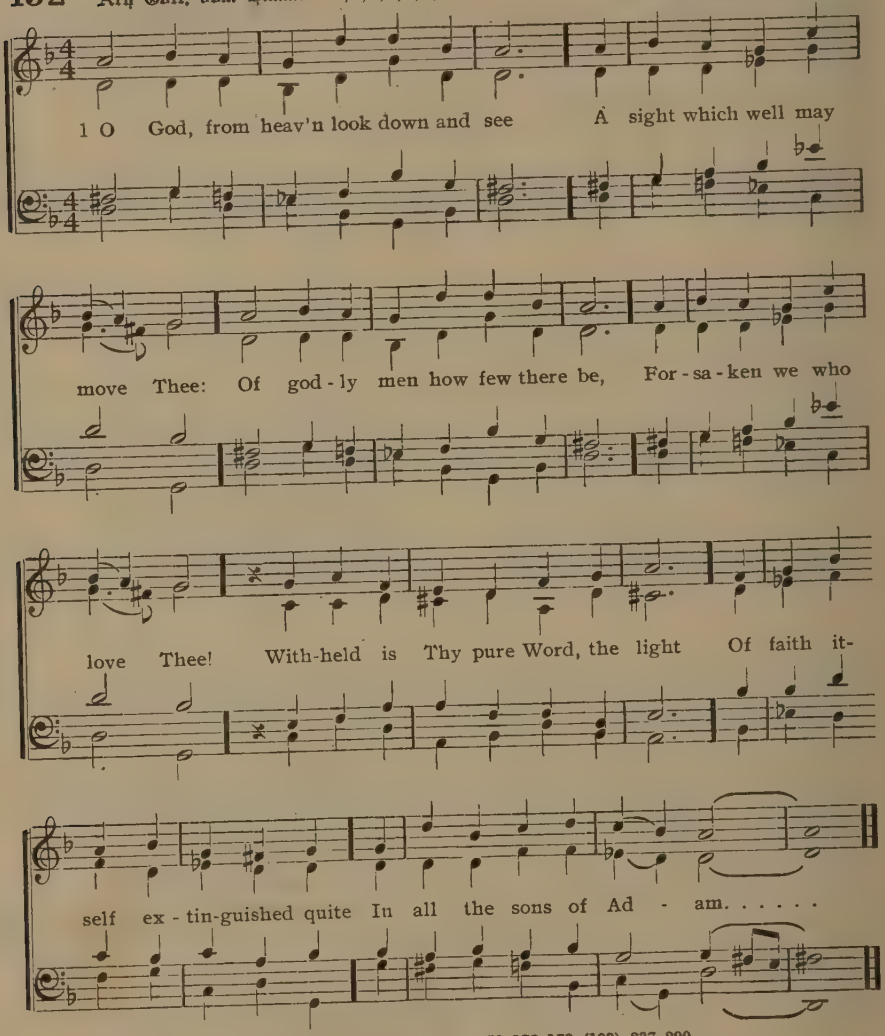
5 To others death seems dark and grim,
But not, Thou, Life of life, to me;
I know Thou ne'er forsakest him
Whose heart and spirit rest in Thee.
Oh! who would fear his journey's close,
If from dark woods and lurking foes,
He then find safety and release?
Nay, rather, with a joyful heart
From this dark region I depart
To Thy eternal light and peace.

6 O Friend of souls, then blest indeed
Am I when on Thy love I lean!
The world, nor pain, nor death I heed,
Since Thou, my God, my Joy hast been.
O let this peace that Thou hast given,
Be but a foretaste of Thy heaven,
For goodness infinite is Thine.
Hence, world with all thy flattering toys!
In God alone lie all my joys;
O rich delight, my Friend is mine!

Wolfgang Christoph Dessler, 1692
C. Winkworth, tr. a

152 Ach Gott, vom Himmel 8,7,8,7,8,8,7

Erfurt Enchiridion, 1524


1 O God, from heav'n look down and see A sight which well may
move Thee: Of god-ly men how few there be, For-sa-ken we who
love Thee! With-held is Thy pure Word, the light Of faith it-
self ex-tin-guished quite In all the sons of Ad - am. . . . . .

3, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7—30–59–75–89–152–172–178–(193)–237–290

2 Fictions they teach with cunning art,
And lies of man's invention;
Not grounded on God's Word, their heart
Breeds naught but strange dissension;
One chooses this, another that,
Untold division they create
Though saintlike in appearance.

3 May God root out all heresy,
And of false teachers rid us,
Who proudly say: "Now where is he
That shall our speech forbid us!
We have the right and might alone,
And what we say must stand, we own
None as our Lord and Master."

4 Therefore saith God, "I must arise,
The poor suffer wrong-doing;
To Me ascend My people's sighs,
And I have heard their suing:
My saving Word shall take the field,
Shall be the poor man's strength and shield,
Shall conquer all opposers."

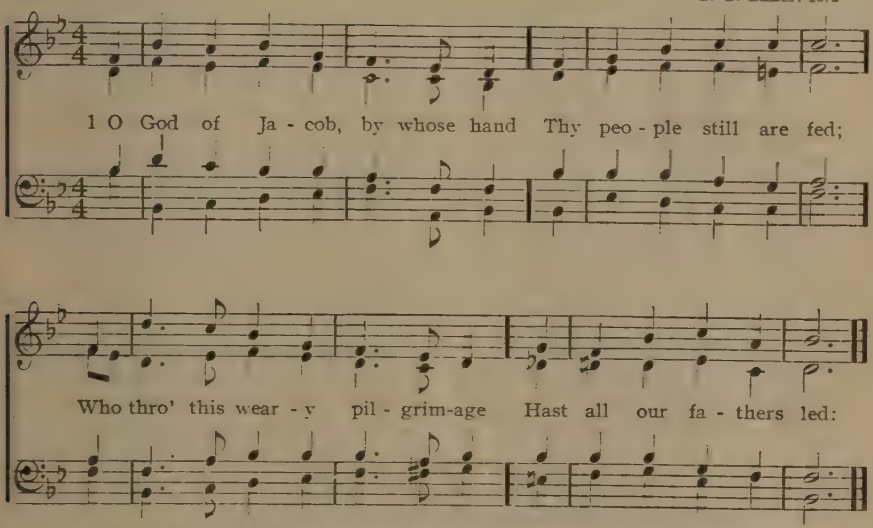
5 As silver seven times furnace-tried
Is pure from all its drosses,
So doth the Word of God abide
The brighter for its crosses;
For trial shows its worth aright,
And manifests its strength, and light,
That through all lands it shineth.

6 O God, preserve it pure and free
From this vile generation,
And let us be preserved by Thee
From their abomination;
The wicked walk on every side,
When 'mid Thy flock the vile abide
In power and are exalted.

Dr. Martin Luther, 1524

153 St. Savior C. M.

T. G. Baker, 1872



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 To Thee our humble vows we raise,
To Thee address our prayer;
And in Thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide,
Give us each day our daily bread
And raiment fit provide.

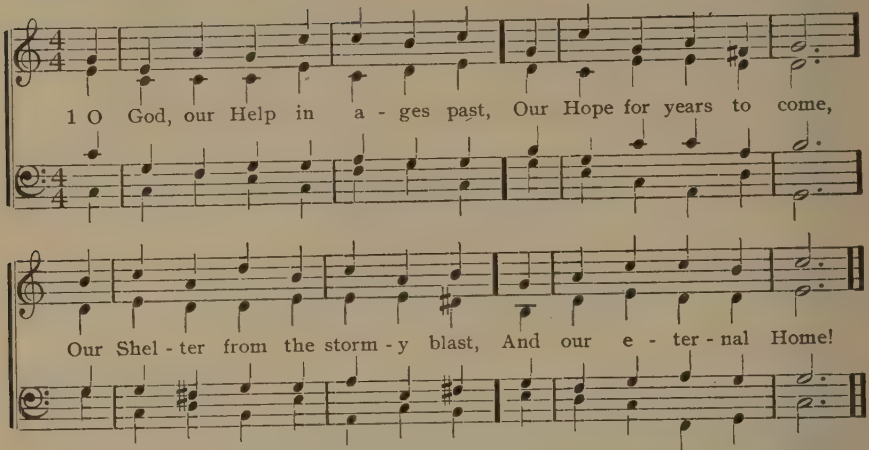
4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 To Thee, as to our covenant God,
We'll our whole selves resign,
And thankful own that all we are,
And all we have, is Thine.

P. Doddridge, 1737 a

154 St. Anne C. M.

W. Croft, 1708



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150-153-154-157-159-160-163-169-183-190-195-197-199-206-207-219-255-265-(278)-312

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Thy word commands our flesh to dust:
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

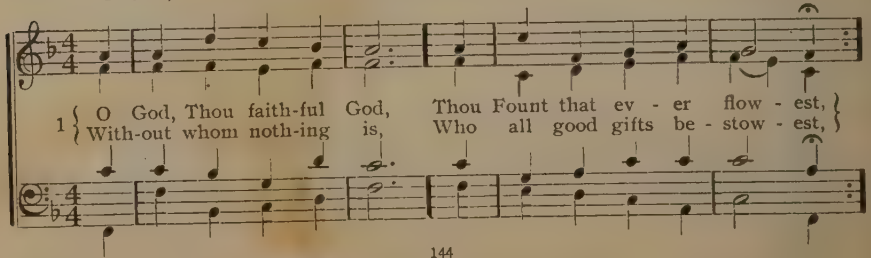
7 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

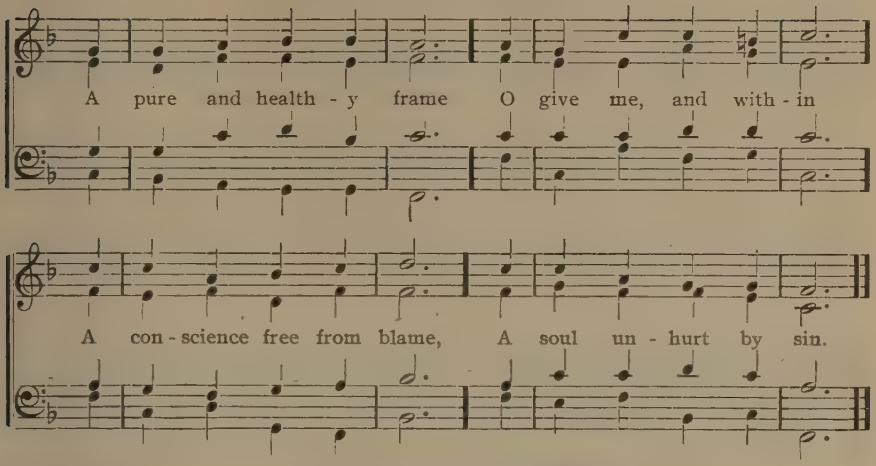
8 O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home.

Isaac Watts, 1719

155 O Gott, du frommer Gott 6,7,6,7,6,6,6,6

J. G. Chr. Stoerl, 1710





6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6—144–155–218–223

2 And grant me, Lord, to do,
With ready heart and willing,
Whate'er Thou shalt command:
My calling here fulfilling;
To do it when I ought,
With all my strength; and bless
The work I thus have wrought,
For Thou must give success.

3 O let me never speak
What bounds of truth exceedeth:
Grant that no idle word
From out my mouth proceedeth;
And grant, when in my place
I must and ought to speak,
My words due power and grace,
Nor let me wound the weak.

4 If dangers gather round,
Still keep me calm and fearless;
Help me to bear the cross,
When life is dark and cheerless;
Let me subdue my foe
By words and actions kind;
When counsel I would know,
Good counsel let me find.

5 And let me with all men,
As far as in me lieth,
In peace and friendship live;
And if Thy gift supplieth
Me wealth and honor fair,
Then this refuse me not,
That naught be mingled there
Of goods unjustly got.

6 And if a longer life
Be here on earth decreed me,
And Thou through many a strife
To age at last wilt lead me,
Thy patience in me shed,
Avert all sin and shame,
And crown my hoary head
With pure, untarnished fame.

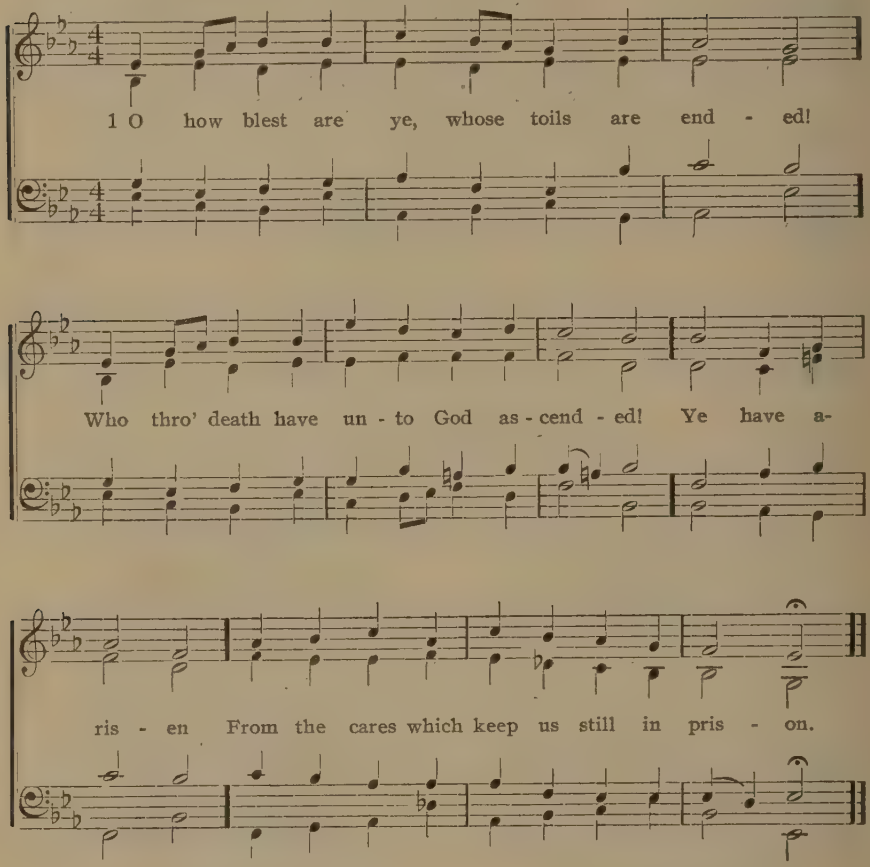
7 Let me depart this life
Confiding in my Savior;
Do Thou my soul receive,
That it may live forever;
And let my body have
A quiet resting-place
Beside a Christian's grave;
And let it sleep in peace.

8 And on that solemn day,
When all the dead are waking,
Stretch o'er my grave Thy hand,
Thyself my slumbers breaking;
Then let me hear Thy voice,
Change Thou this earthly frame,
And bid me aye rejoice
With those who love Thy name.

Johann Heermann, 1630

156 O wie selig seid ihr 10,10,5,10

Stoezel, 1744


1 O how blest are ye, whose toils are end - ed!
Who thro' death have un - to God as - cend - ed! Ye have a-
ris - en From the cares which keep us still in pris - on.

2 We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving;
Our undertakings
Are but toils and troubles and heart-breakings.

3 Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers sleeping,
Quiet, and set free from all our weeping;
No cross or sadness
There can hinder your untroubled gladness.

4 Christ has wiped away your tears forever;
Ye have that for which we still endeavor;
To you are chanted
Songs that ne'er to mortal ears were granted.

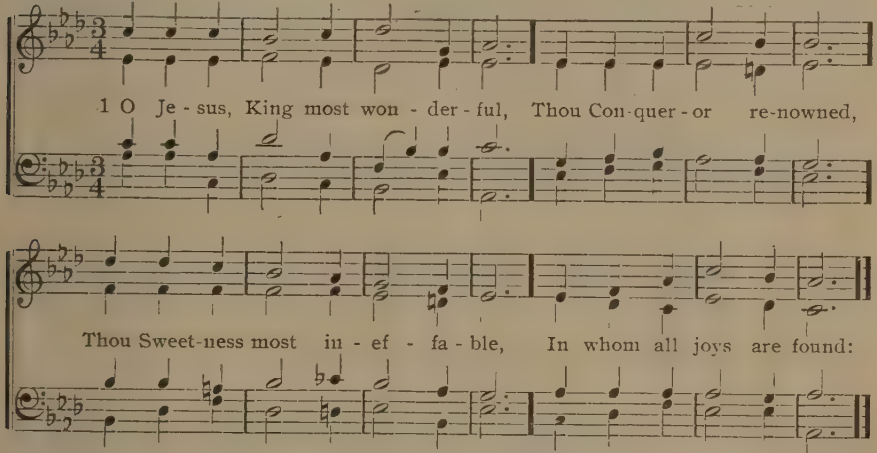
5 Ah! who would, then, not depart with gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

6 Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us!
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us!
With Thee, th' Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

Simon Dach, 1635
H. W. Longfellow, tr. a

157 St. Agnes C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1866



8, 6, 8, 6, (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128 133–135–149–150–153 154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire,—

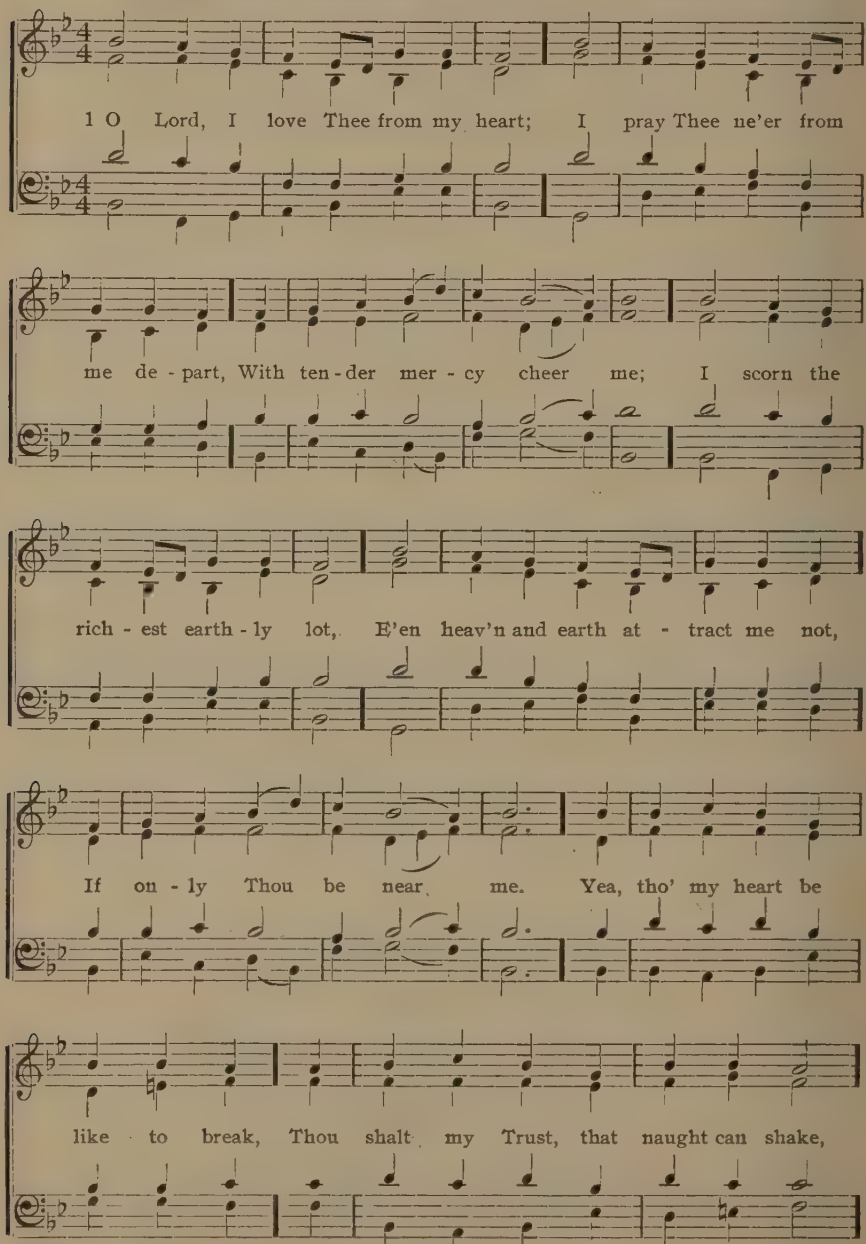
4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

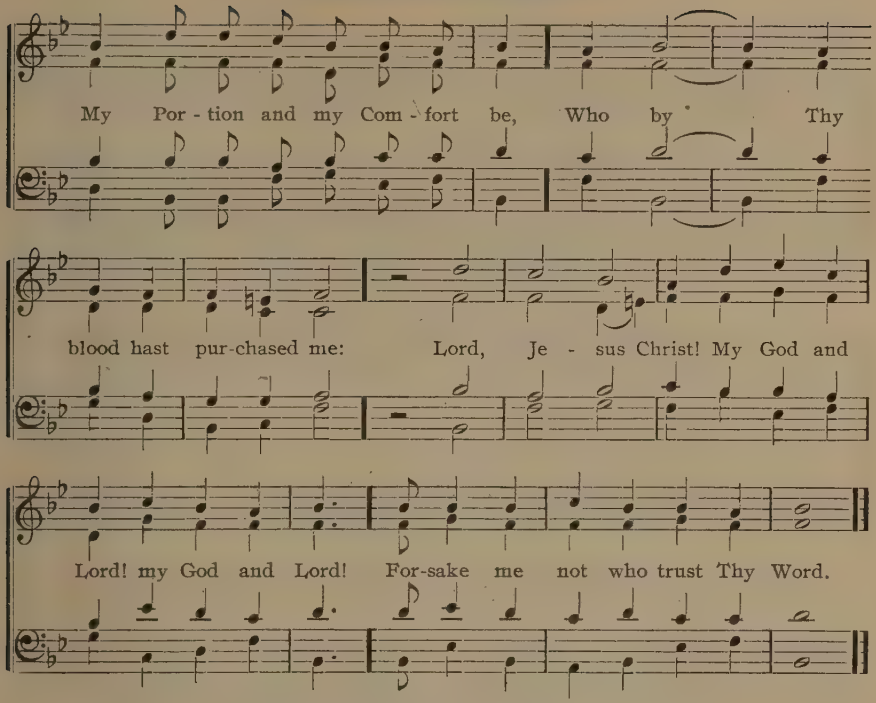
5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153
Edw. Caswall, tr. 1848

158 Herzlich lieb hab ich dich, o Herr 8,8,7, etc.

Matthias Gastritz, 1571


1 O Lord, I love Thee from my heart; I pray Thee ne'er from
me de - part, With ten - der mer - cy cheer me; I scorn the
rich - est earth - ly lot, E'en heav'n and earth at - tract me not,
If on - ly Thou be near me. Yea, tho' my heart be
like to break, Thou shalt my Trust, that naught can shake,


My Por - tion and my Com - fort be, Who by Thy
blood hast pur-chased me: Lord, Je - sus Christ! My God and
Lord! my God and Lord! For-sake me not who trust Thy Word.

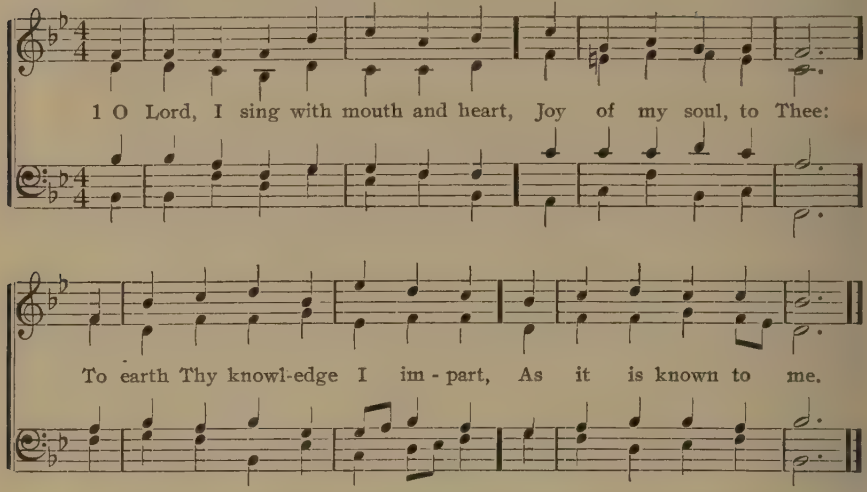
2 Yea, Lord, 'twas Thy free bounty gave
My body, soul, and what I have
In this poor life of labor;
O grant that I may through Thy grace
Use all my powers to show Thy praise,
And serve and help my neighbor.
From all false doctrine keep me, Lord,
From Satan's lies and malice ward,
In every cross uphold Thou me,
That I may bear it patiently,
Lord Jesus Christ!
My God and Lord! my God and Lord!
In death Thy comfort still afford.

3 Ah! Lord, let Thy dear angels come
At my last end to bear me home,
That I may die unfearing;
And in its narrow chamber keep
My body safe in painless sleep
Until Thy reappearing;
And then from death awaken me,
That these mine eyes with joy may see,
O Son of God, Thy glorious face,
My Savior and my Fount of grace!
Lord Jesus Christ!
My prayer attend, my prayer attend,
And I will praise Thee without end.

Martin Schalling, 1571

159 Ich singe dir mit Herz C. M.

J. B. Koenig, 1738



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2 Thou art the Fount of grace, I know,
And Spring so full and free,
Whence saving health and goodness flow
Each day so bounteously.

3 For what have all that live and move
Through this wide world below,
That does not from Thy bounteous love,
O heavenly Father, flow?

4 Who built the lofty firmament?
Who spread th' expanse of blue?
By whom are to our pastures sent
Refreshing rain and dew?

5 Who warmeth us in cold and frost?
Who shields us from the wind?
Who orders it that oil and must
We in their season find?

6 Who is it life and health bestows?
Who keeps us with His hand
In golden peace, wards off war's woes
From our dear native land?

7 O Lord, of this and all our store
Thou art the author blest;
Thou keepest watch before our door,
While we securely rest.

8 Thou feedest us from year to year,
And constant dost abide:
With ready help in time of fear,
Thou standest at our side.

9 With patience dost Thou ever chide,
And chasten'st sparingly;
Thou castest all our sins aside,
And drown'st them in the sea.

10 When silent woe our bosom rends,
Thy pity sees our grief,
And gives what to our glory tends
No less than our relief.

11 Thou knowest when a Christian weeps,
And why his tear-drops fall;
And in the book Thy mercy keeps
These things are noted all.

12 Our deepest needs dost Thou supply,
Thou giv'st what lasts for aye,
Thou lead'st us to our home on high,
When hence we pass away.

13 Cheer up! my heart, rejoice and sing,
A cheerful trust maintain!
For God, the Source of everything,
Thy portion will remain.

14 He is thy treasure, He thy joy,
Thy life, and light, and Lord,
Thy consellor when doubts annoy,
Thy shield and great reward.

15 In restless thought or blank despair,
Why spend each day and night?
On Him who made thee cast thy care;
He makes our burdens light.

16 Did not His love, and truth, and power
Watch o'er thy childhood's day?
Has He not oft in threatening hour
Turned dreaded ills away?

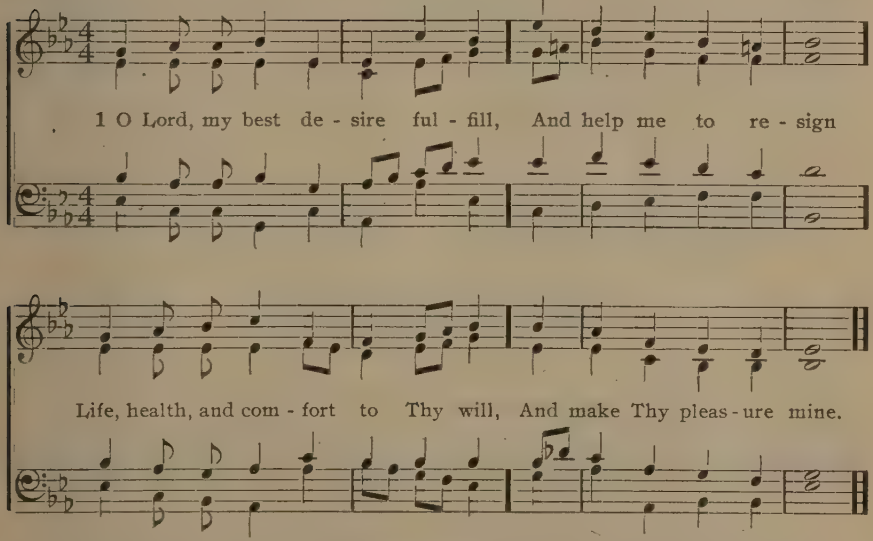
17 His wisdom never plans in vain,
Ne'er falters or mistakes;
All that His counsels did ordain
A happy ending makes.

18 Upon thy lips, then, lay thy hand,
And trust His guiding love;
Then firm as rock thy peace shall stand,
Here and in heaven above.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653

160 Elvet C. M.

J. B. Dykes



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150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

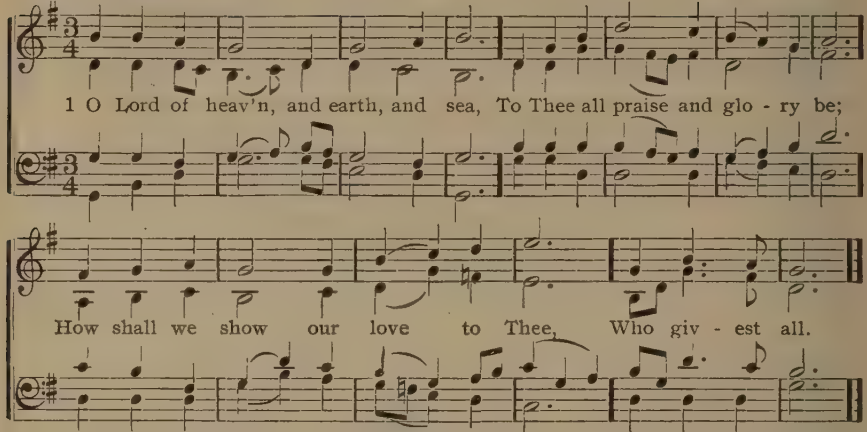
3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

William Cowper, 1779

161 Almsgiving 8,8,8,4

J. B. Dykes, 1875



8, 8, 8, 4—136–161

2 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessed One
Thou givest all.

3 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

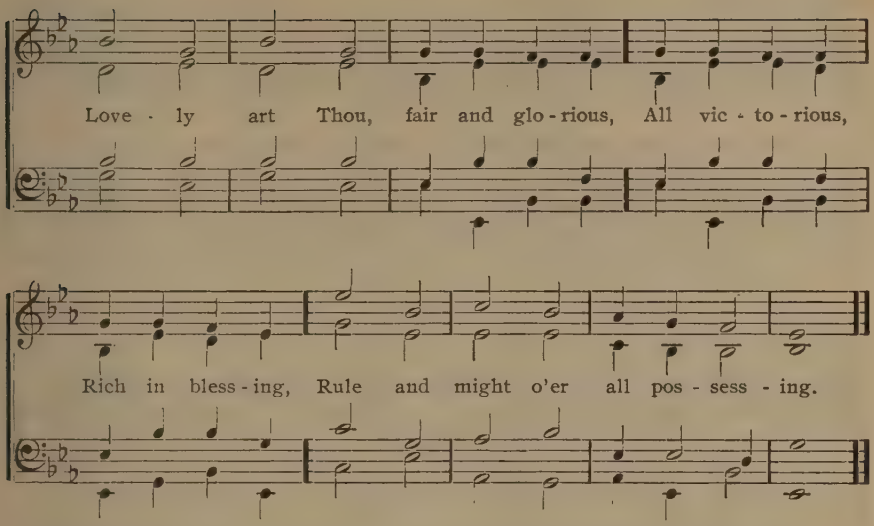
5 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

6 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee
Who givest all.

C. Wordsworth, ab

162 Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern 8,8,7,8,8,7,4,8,4,8

1 { O Morn - ing Star, how fair and bright Thou beam - est
Sweet Root of Jes - se, Dav - id's Son, My King and
forth in truth and light! O Sov - 'reign meek and low - ly! }
Bride-groom, Thou hast won My heart to love Thee sole - ly! }



2 O King high-born, Pearl dearly won,
True Son of God and Mary's Son,
Crown of exceeding glory!
My heart calls Thee a Lily, Lord,
Pure milk and honey is Thy Word,
Thy sweetest Gospel-story.
Rose of Sharon, hail! hosanna!
Heavenly Manna, Feed us ever;
Lord, I can forget Thee never!

3 Clear Jasper, Ruby fervent red,
Deep, deep into my heart now shed
Thy love's pure fire forever;
Fill me with joy, grant me to be
Thy member closely joined to Thee,
Whom naught from Thee may sever;
Toward Thee longing doth possess me:
Come and bless me For Thy gladness,
Eye and heart here join in sadness.

4 But if Thou look on me in love,
There straightway falls from God above
A ray of purest pleasure;
Thy Word and Spirit, flesh and blood,
Refresh myself with heavenly food,
Thou art my hidden Treasure.
Let Thy grace, Lord, warm and cheer me,
O draw near me; Thou hast taught us
Thee to seek, since Thou hast sought us.

5 Lord God, my Father, mighty Shield,
Thou in Thy Son art all revealed
As Thou hast loved and known me:
Thy Son hath me with Him betrothed,
In His own whitest raiment clothed,
He for His bride will own me.
Hallelujah! Life in heaven
Hath He given, With Him dwelling,
Still shall I His praise be telling.

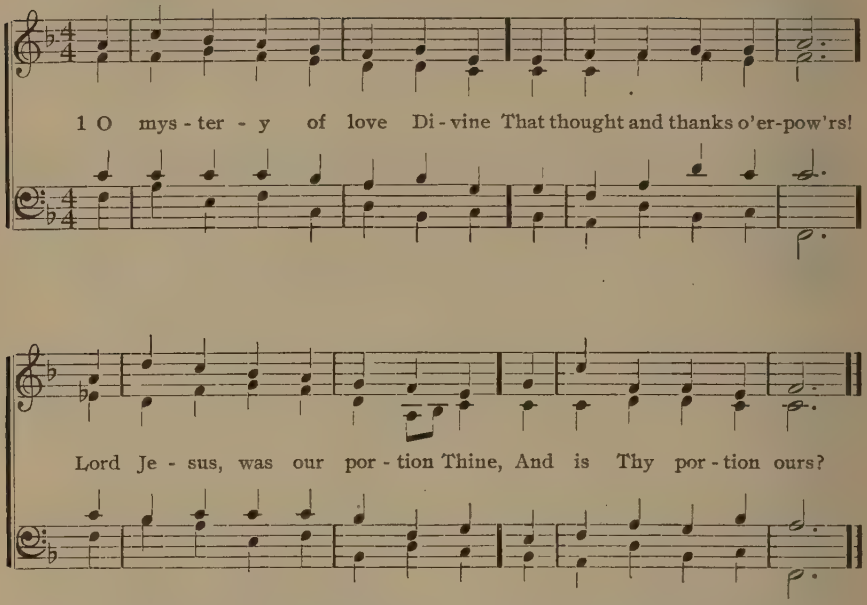
6 Then touch the chords of harp and lute,
Let no sweet music now be mute,
But joyously resounding,
Tell of the marriage-feast, the bride,
The heavenly Bridegroom at her side,
'Mid love and joy abounding;
Shout for triumph, loudly sing ye,
Praises bring ye, Fall before Him,
King of kings, let all adore Him!

7 Here rests my heart, and holds it fast;
The Lord I love is First and Last,
The End and the Beginning!
I welcome death, for I shall rise
Through Him to His own Paradise
Above all tears and sinning,
Amen! Amen! Come, Lord Jesus,
Soon release us! With deep yearning,
Lord, we look for Thy returning!

Dr. Philipp Nicolai, 1597
C. Winkworth, tr. a

163 Albano C. M.

Vincent Novello, 1868



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2 Emmanuel, didst Thou take our place
To set us in Thine own?
Didst Thou our low estate embrace
To lift us to Thy throne?

3 Didst Thou fulfill each righteous deed,
God's perfect will express,
That we, th' unfaithful ones, might plead
Thy perfect faithfulness?

4 On Thy pure soul did dread and gloom
In that drear garden rise?
Are ours the brightness and the bloom
Of Thine own Paradise?

5 For Thee the Father's hidden face?
For Thee the bitter cry?
For us the Father's endless grace,
The song of victory?

6 Our load of sin and misery
Didst Thou, the Sinless, bear?
Thy spotless robe of purity
Do we, the sinners, wear?

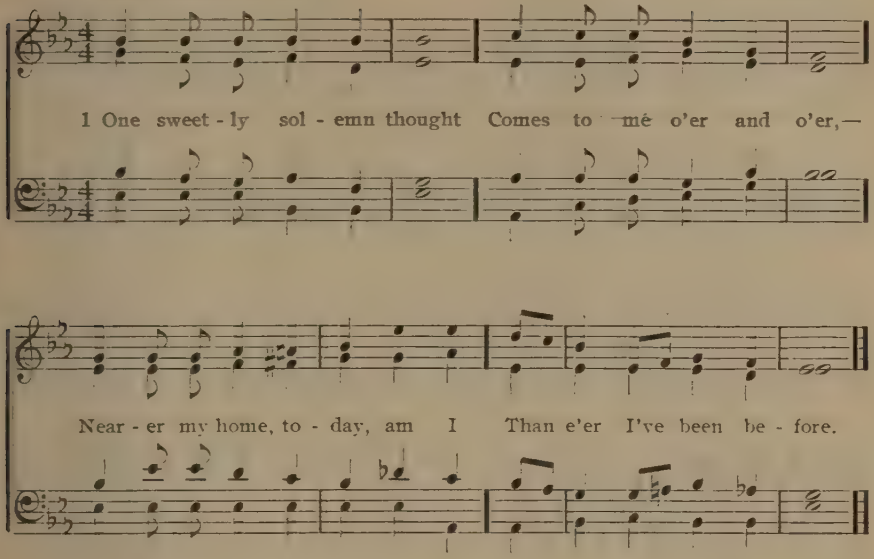
7 Lord Jesus, is it even so?
Have we been lovéd thus?
What love can we on Thee bestow
Who hast exchanged with us?

8 Thou, who our very place didst take,
Dwell in our very heart:
Thou, who Thy portion ours dost make,
Thyself, Thyself, impart.

Thomas H. Gill, 1864

164 Dulce Domum S. M.

R. S. Ambrose



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.

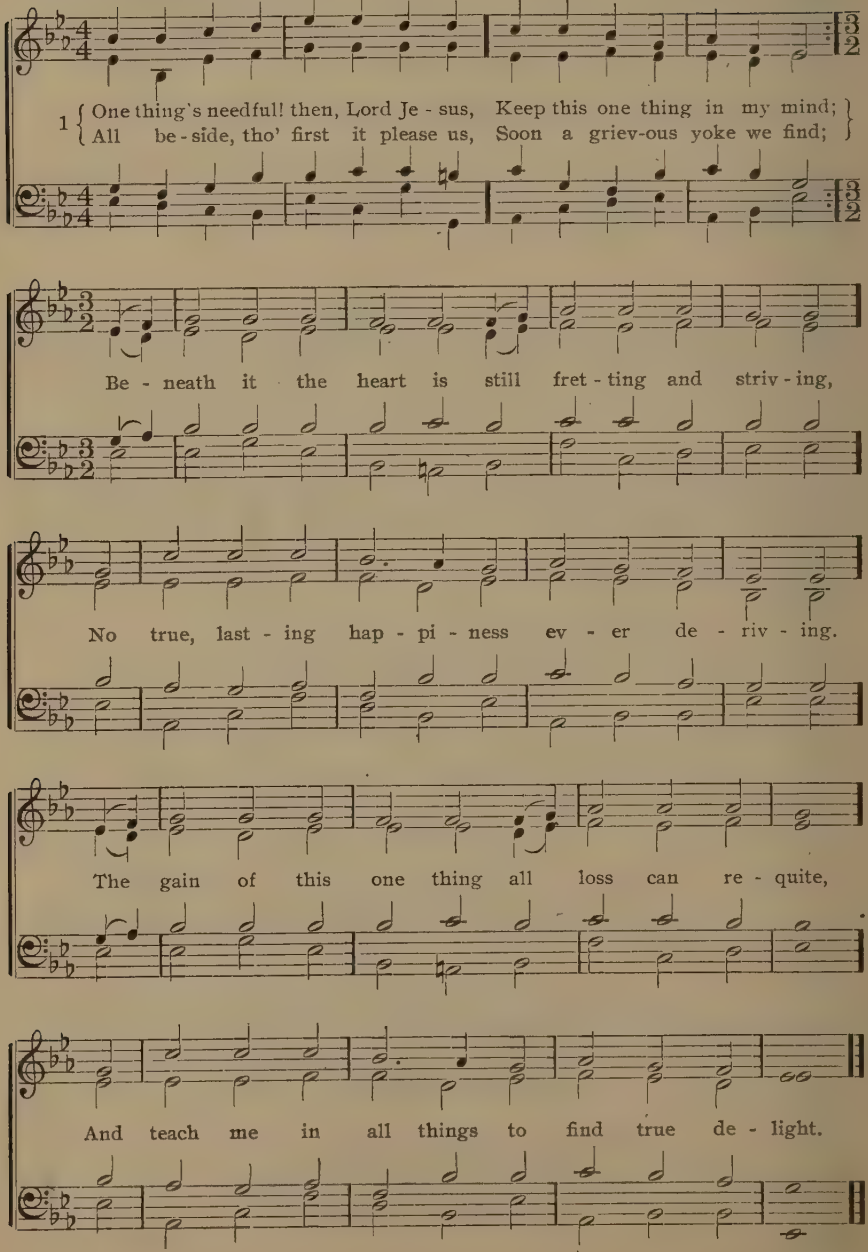
4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 E'en now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen my spirit's faith;
Nor let me stand, at last alone
Upon the shore of death.

Phoebe Cary, 1852

165 Eins ist Noth 8,7,8,7,12,12,11,11


1 One thing's needful! then, Lord Je - sus, Keep this one thing in my mind;
All be - side, tho' first it please us, Soon a griev-ous yoke we find;
Be - neath it the heart is still fret - ting and striv - ing,
No true, last - ing hap - pi - ness ev - er de - riv - ing.
The gain of this one thing all loss can re - quite,
And teach me in all things to find true de - light.

2 Soul, wilt thou this one thing find thee?
Seek not 'midst created things;
What is earthly, leave behind thee,
Over nature stretch thy wings.
For where God and Man both in One are united,
With God's perfect fullness the heart is delighted;
There, there is the worthiest lot and the best,
My One and my All, and my Joy and my Rest.

3 How were Mary's thoughts devoted
Her eternal joy to find,
As intent each word she noted,
At her Savior's feet reclined!
How kindled her heart, how devout was its feeling,
While hearing the lessons that Christ was revealing!
For Jesus all earthly concerns she forgot,
And all was repaid in that one happy lot.

4 Thus my longings, heavenward tending,
Jesus, rest alone on Thee;
Help me, thus on Thee depending,
Savior, come and dwell in me!
Although all the world should forsake and forget Thee,
In love I will follow Thee, ne'er will I quit Thee;
Lord Jesus, both spirit and life is Thy Word;
And is there a joy which Thou dost not afford?

5 Wisdom's highest, noblest treasure,
Jesus, lies concealed in Thee;
Grant that this may still the measure
Of my will and actions be.
Humility there, and simplicity, reigning,
My steps shall in wisdom forever be training.
Oh! if I of Christ have this knowledge divine,
The fullness of heavenly wisdom is mine.

6 Christ, Thou art the sole oblation
That I'll bring before my God;
In His sight I've acceptation
Only through Thy streaming blood.
Immaculate righteousness I have acquired,
Since Thou on the tree of the cross hast expired;
The robe of salvation forever is mine,
In this shall my faith through eternity shine.

7 Let my soul, in full exemption,
Wake up in Thy likeness now;
Thou art made to me redemption,
My sanctification Thou.
Whatever I need for my journey to heaven,
In Thee, O my Savior, is unto me given;
O let me all perishing pleasure forego,
And Thy life, O Jesus, alone let me know.

8 Where should else my hopes be centered?
Grace o'erwhelms me with its flood;
Thou, my Savior, once hast entered
Holiest heaven through Thy blood.
Eternal redemption for sinners there finding,
From hell's dark dominion my spirit unbinding,
To me perfect freedom Thy entrance has brought,
And childlike to cry "Abba, Father," I'm taught.

9 Christ Himself, my Shepherd, feeds me,
Peace and joy my spirit fill;
In a pasture green, He leads me
Forth beside the waters still.
Oh! naught to my soul is so sweet and reviving
As thus unto Jesus alone to be living;
True happiness this, and this only, supplies,
Through faith on my Savior to fasten mine eyes.

10 Therefore, Jesus, my Salvation,
Thou my One, my All, shalt be;
Prove my fixed determination,
Root out all hypocrisy;
Look well if on sin's slippery paths I am hasting,
And lead me, O Lord, in the way everlasting!
This one thing is needful, all others are vain:
I count all but lost that I Christ may obtain.

Johann Heinrich Schroeder, 1697
F. E. Cox, tr. a

166 Paradise 8,6,8,6,6,6,6,6

J. Barnby, 1866

1 O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
Where loy - al hearts and true
Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here:
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I long to sin no more,
I long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

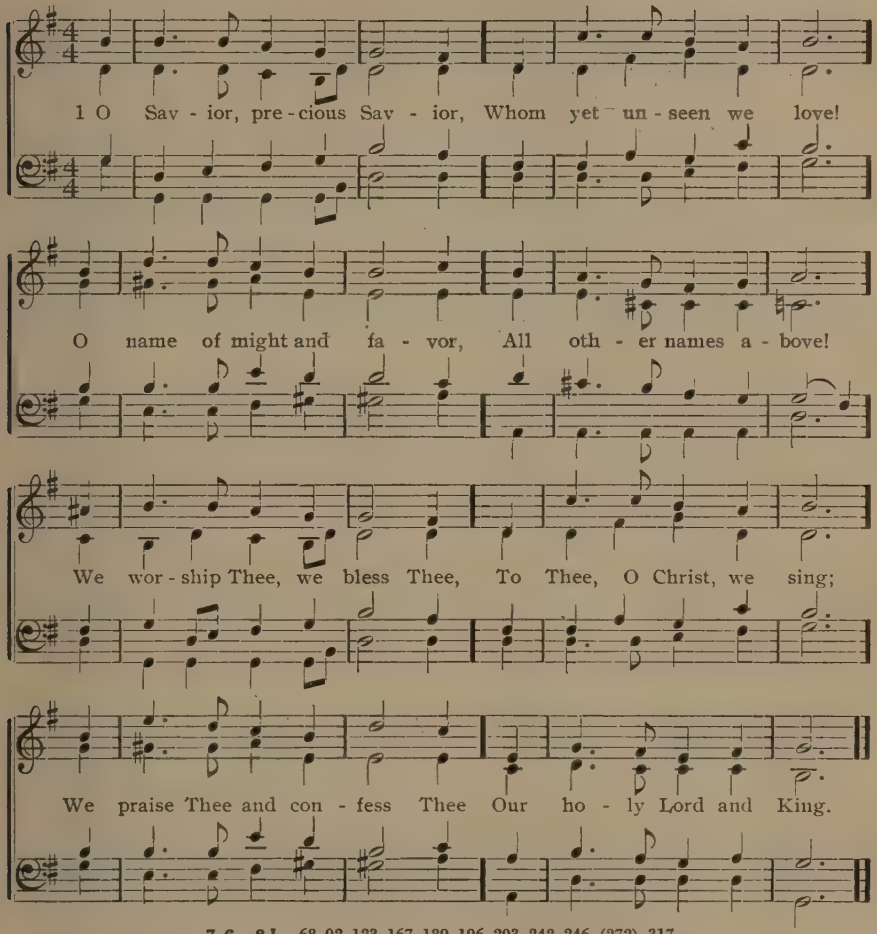
5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

Frederick W. Faber, 1862

167 Crux Christi 7,6 8 L

Arthur H. Mann


1 O Sav - ior, pre - cious Sav - ior, Whom yet un - seen we love!
O name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove!
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King.

7, 6. 8 L—68–92–123–167–189–196–203–242–246–(272)–317

2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

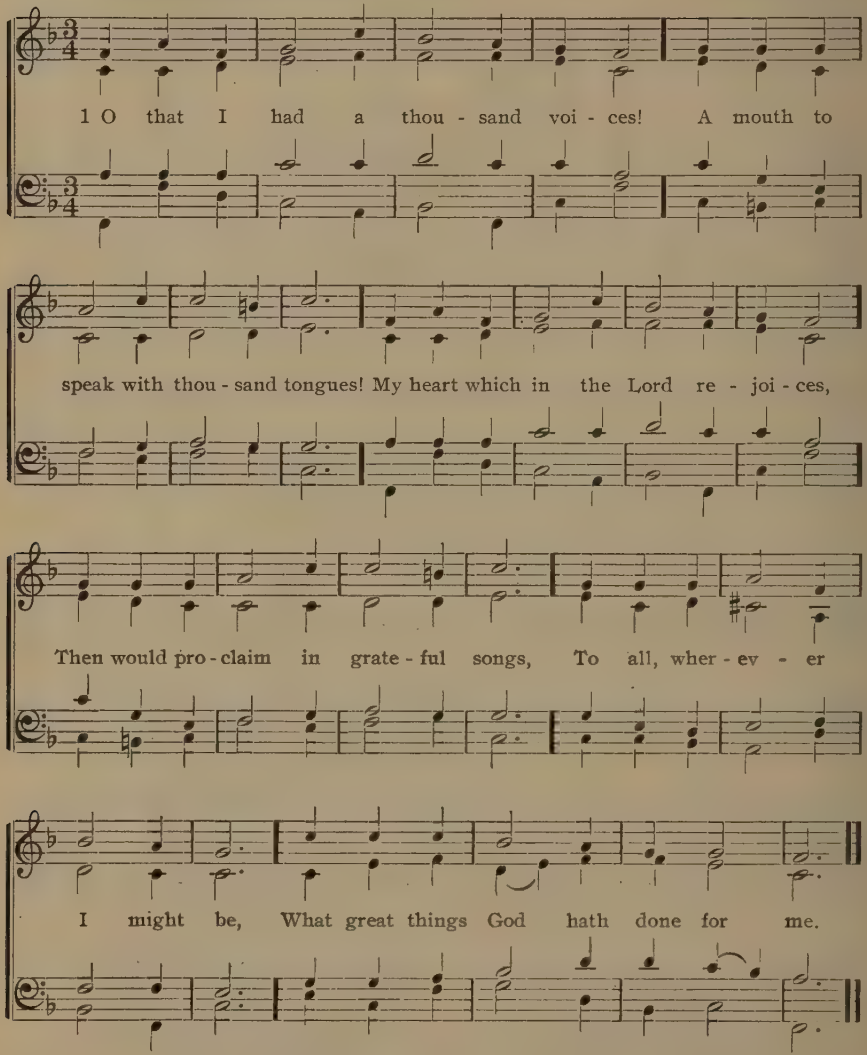
3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration
And everlasting love!
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Savior and our King.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1870

168 O dass ich tausend Zungen 9,8,9,8,8,8

Dretzel, 1731


1 O that I had a thou - sand voi - ces! A mouth to
speak with thou - sand tongues! My heart which in the Lord re - joi - ces,
Then would pro - claim in grate - ful songs, To all, wher - ev - er
I might be, What great things God hath done for me.

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8—90–142–(168)–229–259

2 O that my voice might high be sounding
Far as the widely distant poles;
My blood run quick with rapture bounding,
Long as its vital current rolls,
And every pulse thanksgiving raise,
And every breath a hymn of praise!

3 O all ye powers that God implanted,
Arise, keep silence thus no more,
Put forth the strength that He hath granted,
Your noblest work is to adore;
My soul and body make ye meet
With heartfelt praise your Lord to greet!

4 Ye forest leaves so green and tender,
That dance for joy in summer air;
Ye meadow grasses bright and slender,
Ye flowers so wondrous sweet and fair;
Ye live to show His praise alone,
Help me to make His glory known!

5 O all things that have breath and motion
That throng with life earth, sea, and sky,
Now join me in my heart's devotion,
Help me to raise His praises high;
My utmost powers can ne'er aright
Declare the wonders of His might.

6 Dear Father, endless praise I render
For soul and body strangely joined;
I praise Thee, guardian kind and tender,
For all the noble joys I find
So richly spread on every side,
And freely for my use supplied.

7 What equal praises can I offer,
Dear Jesus, for Thy mercy shown?
What pangs, my Savior, didst Thou suffer,
And thus for all my sins atone!
Thy death alone my soul could free
From Satan, to be blest with Thee.

8 Honor and praise, still onward reaching,
Be Thine too, Spirit of all grace,
Whose holy power and faithful teaching
Give me among Thy saints a place:
Whate'er of good in me may shine
Comes only from Thy light divine.

9 Who grants abundant gifts to bless me?
Who, but Thyself, O God of love?
Who guards my ways lest fears oppress me?
'Tis Thou, Lord God of hosts, above!
And when my sins Thy wrath provoke,
Thy patience, Lord, forbears the stroke.

10 I kiss the rod, too, unrepining,
When God His chastening makes me feel,
My graces call for His refining,
The trial works no lasting ill:
It purifies and makes it known
That He regards me as a son.

11 In life I often have discovered,
With gratitude and glad surprise,
When clouds of sorrows o'er me hovered,
God sent from them my best supplies:
In troubles He is ever near,
And shows me all a Father's care.

12 Why not, then, with a faith unbounded,
Forever in His love confide?
Why not, with earthly griefs surrounded,
Rejoicing still in hope abide?
Until I reach that blissful home
Where doubt and sorrow never come?

13 No more low vanities regarding,
To Thee, in whom I find my rest,
I cry—my inmost soul according,—
"My God, Thou art the highest, best;
Strength, honor, praise, and thanks, and power
Be Thine, both now and evermore!"

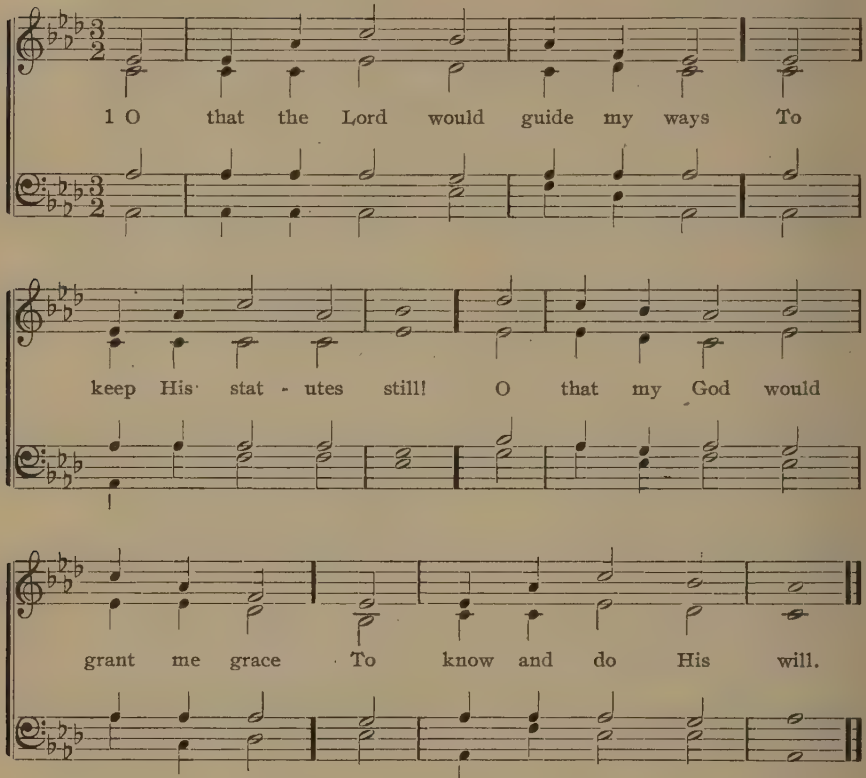
14 Lord, I will tell, while I am living,
Thy goodness forth with every breath,
And greet each morning with thanksgiving,
Until my heart is still in death,
Yea, when at last my lips grow cold,
Thy praise shall in my sighs be told.

15 O Father, deign Thou, I beseech Thee,
To listen to my earthly lays;
A nobler strain in heaven shall reach Thee,
When I with angels hymn Thy praise,
And learn amid their choirs to sing
Loud hallelujahs to my King.

Joh. Menzer, 1704

169 Evan C. M.

W. H. Havergal, 1846



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

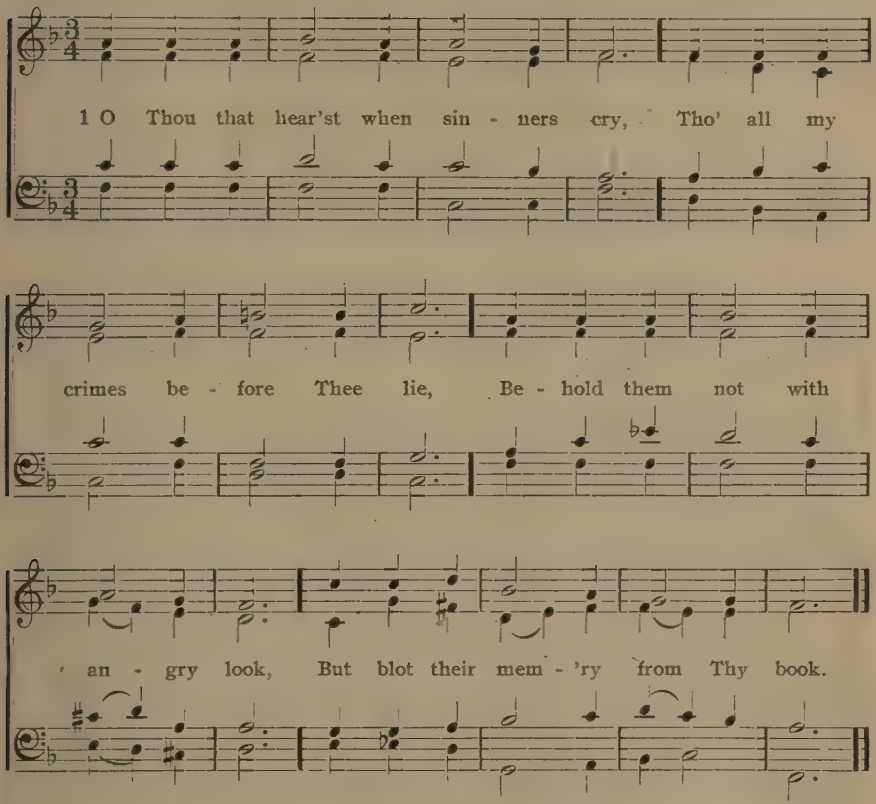
3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep;
And should I e'er forget Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

4 Make me to walk in Thy commands—
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts, 1719 a

170 Penitence L. M.

St. Alban's Tune Book


1 O Thou that hear'st when sin - ners cry, Tho' all my
crimes be - fore Thee lie, Be - hold them not with
an - gry look, But blot their mem - 'ry from Thy book.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

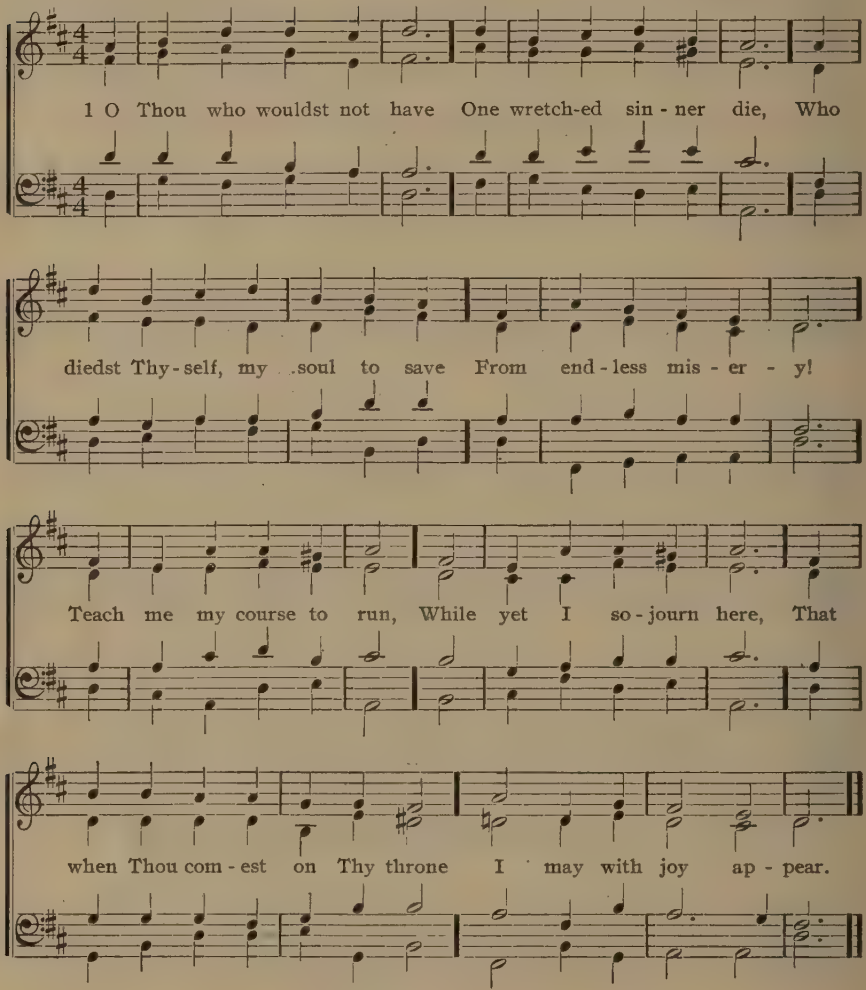
4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let me now come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

6 O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Isaac Watts, 1719 a

171 **Goudimel** S. M. 8 L. Ad. from Goudimel by J. Pearce

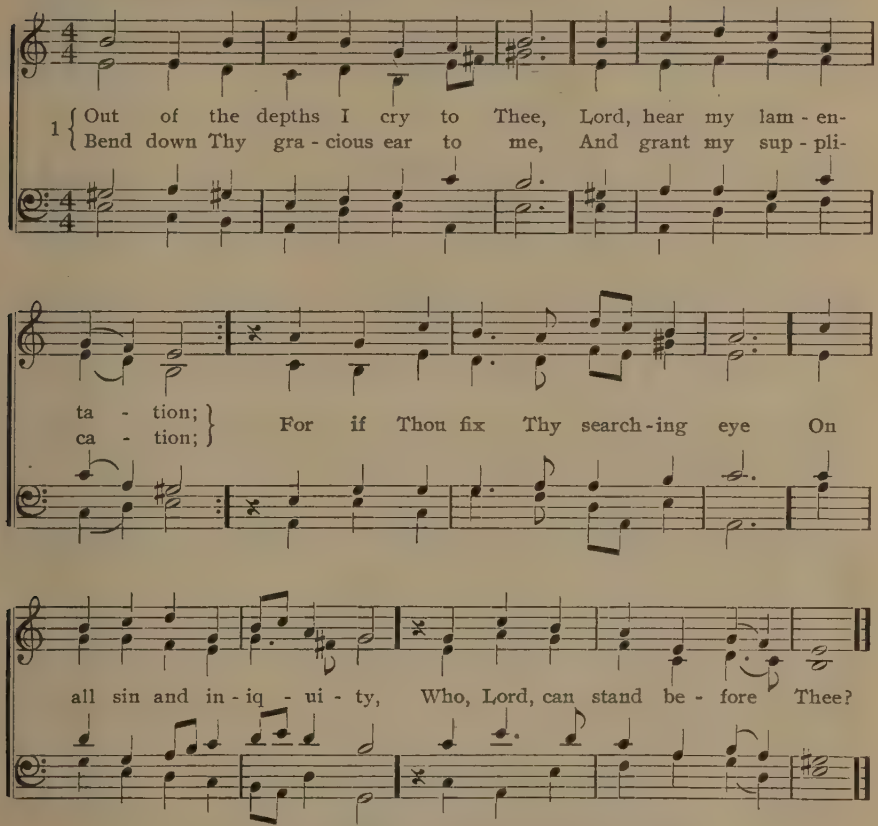

1 O Thou who wouldst not have One wretch-ed sin - ner die, Who
died'st Thy - self, my soul to save From end - less mis - er - y!
Teach me my course to run, While yet I so - journ here, That
when Thou com - est on Thy throne I may with joy ap - pear.

S. M. 8 L.—58–171–257

2 Thou art Thyself the Way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I pass my life's short day
Obedient to Thy will;
So shall I love my God,
Because He first loved me,
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,
Through all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1749 a

172 Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir 8,7,8,7,8,8,7, Luther (?), 1524


1 Out of the depths I cry to Thee, Lord, hear my lam - en-
Bend down Thy gra - cious ear to me, And grant my sup - pli-
ta - tion;
ca - tion;
For if Thou fix Thy search - ing eye On
all sin and in - iq - ui - ty, Who, Lord, can stand be - fore Thee?

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7—30–59–75–89–152–172–178–(193)–237–290

2 But love and grace with Thee prevail,
O God, our sins forgiving;
The best and holiest deeds must fail
Of all before Thee living;
Before Thee none can boasting stand,
But all must fear Thy strict demand,
And live alone by mercy.

3 My hope I rest then on the Lord,
And build not on my merit;
My heart shall trust His gracious Word,
His goodness stays my spirit.
His precious Word assureth me,
He will my Joy and Comfort be;
This is my firm reliance.

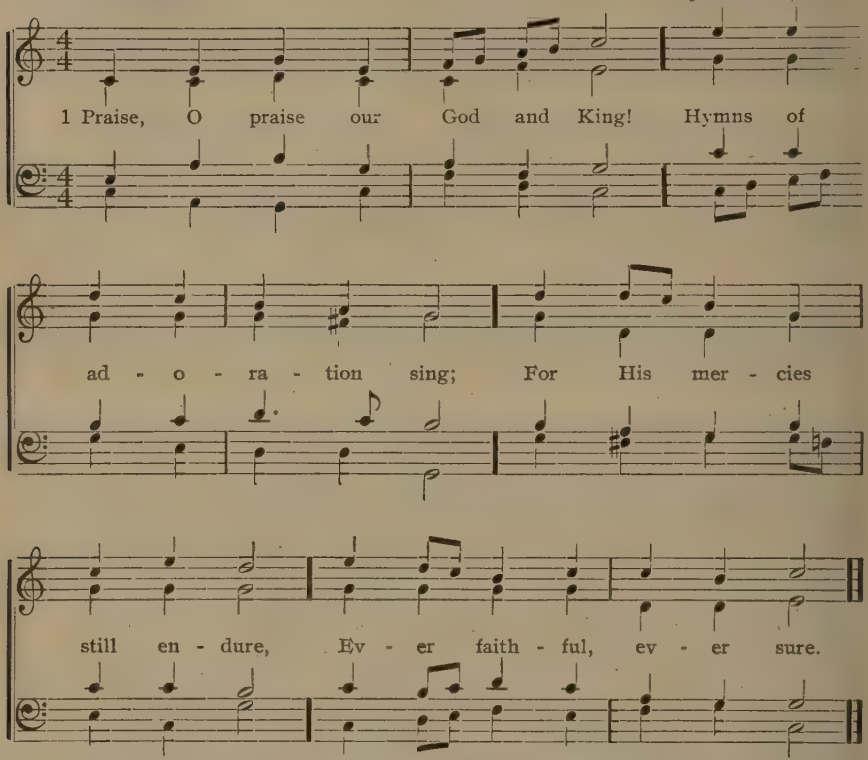
4 And though it tarry till the night,
And till the morn appeareth,
My heart still trusteth in His might,
It doubteth not, nor feareth.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for your God's appearing.

5 Though great our sins and sore our woes,
His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows,
Our utmost need it soundeth.
Our Shepherd is the Lord, and He
At last shall set His Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

Dr. Martin Luther, 1524

173 Monkland 7s

J. B. Wilkes, 1861



7s—54-79-109-173-182-184-186-201-244-282-283-294-295

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise Him for our harvest store,
He hath filled the garner floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

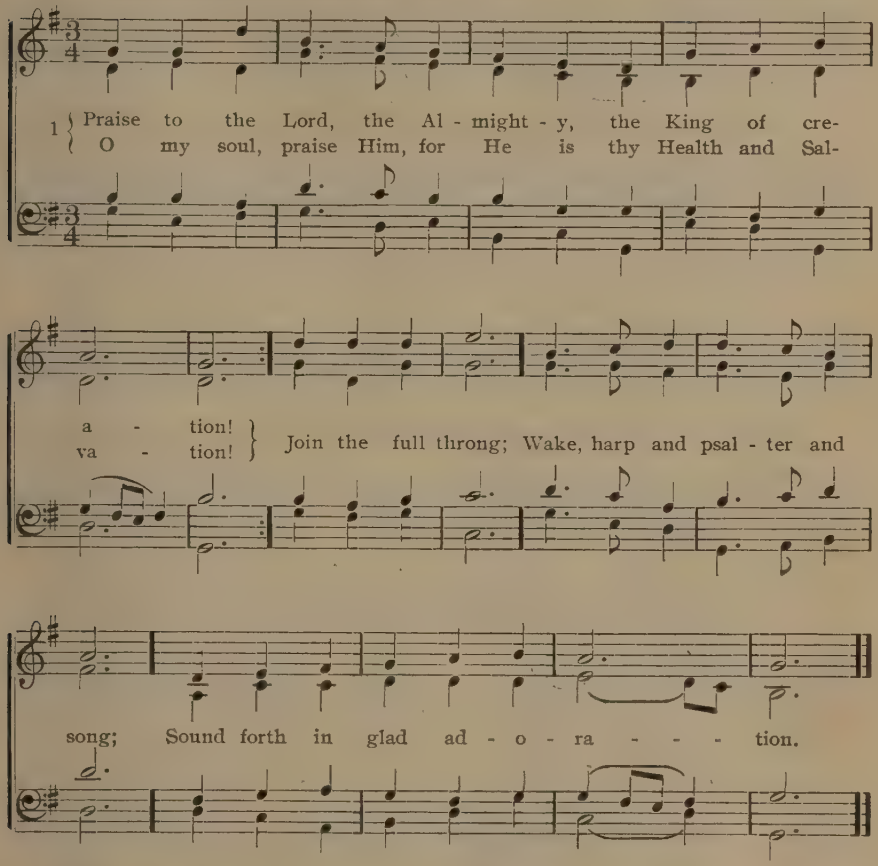
7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Glory to our bounteous King,
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One!

H. W. Baker, 1861

174 Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen 14,14,4,7,8

Stralsund H. B., 1665


1 Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre-
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy Health and Sal-
a - tion!
va - tion!
Join the full throng; Wake, harp and psal - ter and
song; Sound forth in glad ad - o - ra - - - tion.

2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Who, as on wings of an eagle, uplifteth, sustaineth;
Hast thou not seen
How thy desires all have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

3 Praise to the Lord, who hath fearfully, wondrously made thee;
Health hath vouchsafed, and when heedlessly falling hath stayed thee;
What need or grief
Ever hath failed of relief?—
Wings of His mercy did shade thee.

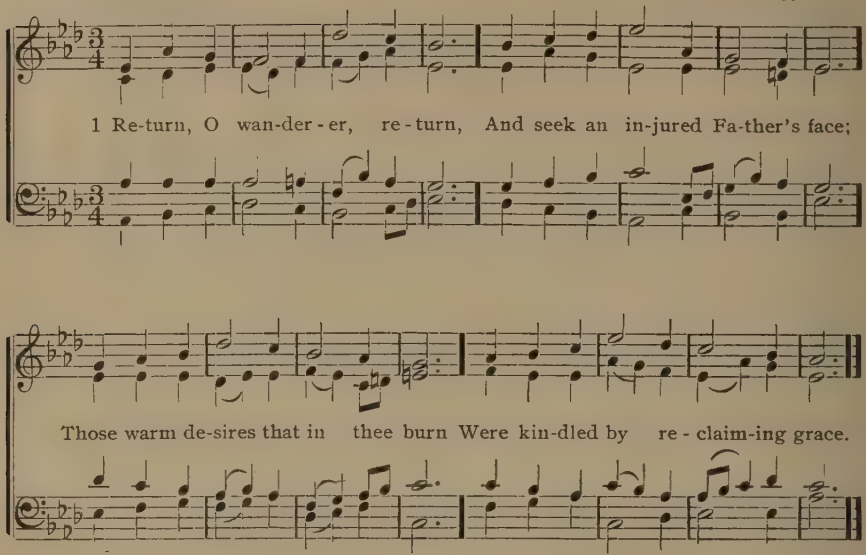
4 Praise to the Lord, who doth visibly bless and defend thee;
Who, from the heavens, the streams of His mercy doth send thee;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee!

5 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
He is thy Light;
Soul, keep it always in sight,
Gladly forever adore Him!

Joachim Neander, 1679

175 Ahends L. M.

H. S. Oakeley, 1873


1 Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn, And seek an in-jured Fa-ther's face;
Those warm de-sires that in thee burn Were kin-dled by re-claim-ing grace.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

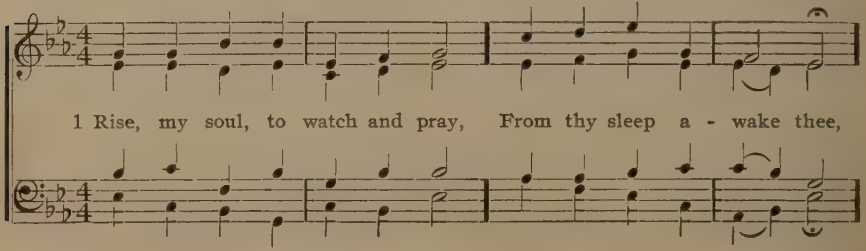
3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
Go to His-bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

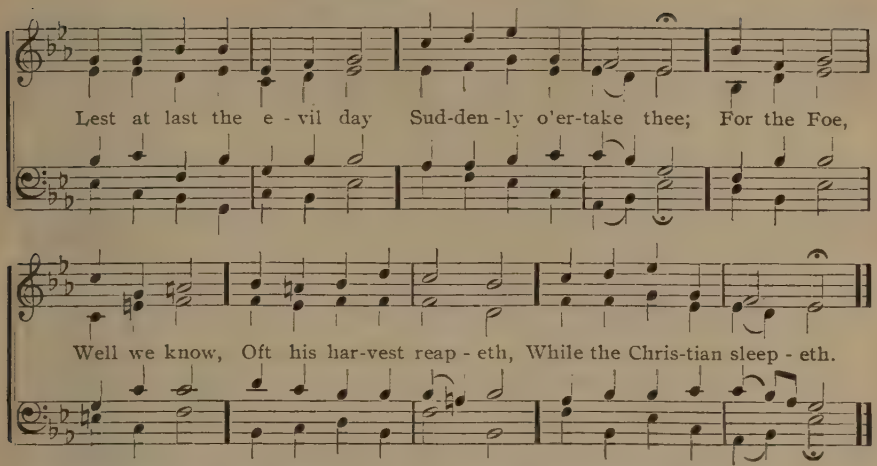
4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

W. B. Collyer, 1812

176 Straf mich nicht in deinem Zorn 7,6,7,6,6,6,6

J. Rosenmueller (?), 1694




Lest at last the e - vil day Sud-den - ly o'er-take thee; For the Foe,
Well we know, Oft his har-vest reap - eth, While the Chris-tian sleep - eth.

2 But first rouse thee, and awake
From secure indifference;
Else will follow in its wake
Woe without deliverance.
O beware! Soul, take care!
Death in sins might find thee,
Ere thou look behind thee.

3 Wake and watch, or else thy night
Christ can ne'er enlighten;
Far off still will seem the light
That thy path should brighten;
God demands Eyes and hands
Open for the offers
He so richly proffers.

4 Watch against the Devil's snares,
Lest asleep he find thee;
For, indeed, no pains he spares
To deceive and blind thee;
Satan's prey Oft are they,
Who are soundly sleeping,
And no good watch keeping.

5 Watch against the world that frowns
Darkly to dismay thee;
Watch, when she thy wishes crowns,
Smiling to betray thee;
Watch and see Thou art free
From false friends that charm thee,
While they seek to harm thee.

6 Watch against thyself, my soul,
See thou do not stifle
Grace that should thy thoughts control,
Nor with mercy trifle;
Pride and sin Lurk within,
All thy hopes to scatter;
List not, when they flatter.

7 But while watching, also see
That thou pray unceasing,
For the Lord must make thee free,
Strength and faith increasing,
So to do Service true;
Let not sloth enslave thee;
Pray, and He will save thee.

8 Yea, indeed, He bids us pray,
Promising to hear us,
E'er to be our Staff and Stay,
Ever to be near us.
Ere we plead Will He heed,
Strengthen, keep, defend us,
And deliverance send us.

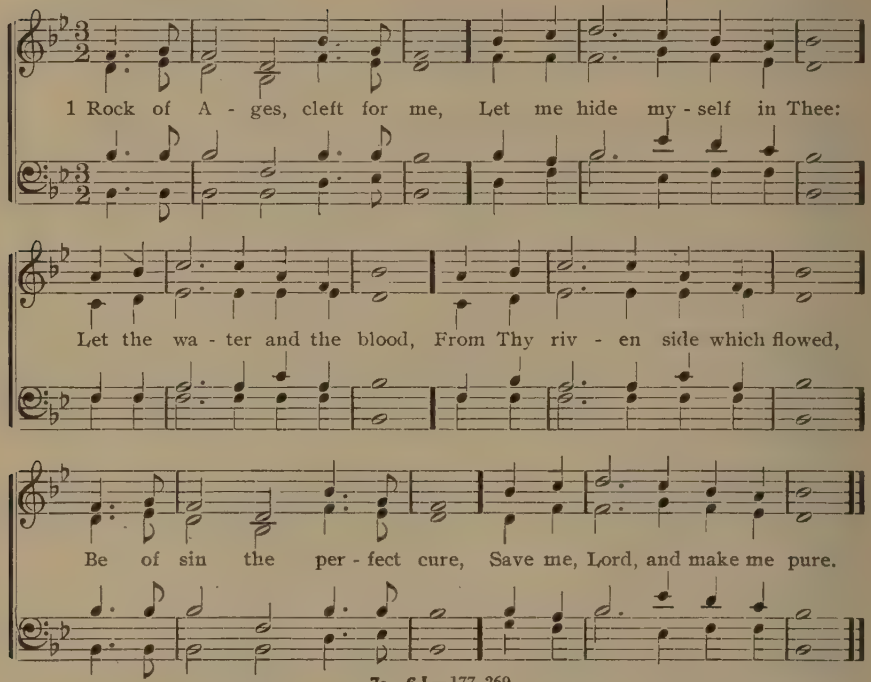
9 Courage then, for all things must
Work for good, and bless us,
If we but in prayerful trust
To His Son address us;
For He will Richly fill,
And His Spirit send us,
Who to Him commend us.

10 Therefore let us watch and pray
Ever without ceasing,
For we know, with every day
Dangers are increasing,
And the end Doth impend;
When the trumpet calleth,
Earth in ruins falleth.

J. Burkhard Freystein, 1704

177 Toplady 7s. 6 L.

T. Hastings, 1830


1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Be of sin the per - fect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

7s. 6 L—177–269

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy Law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

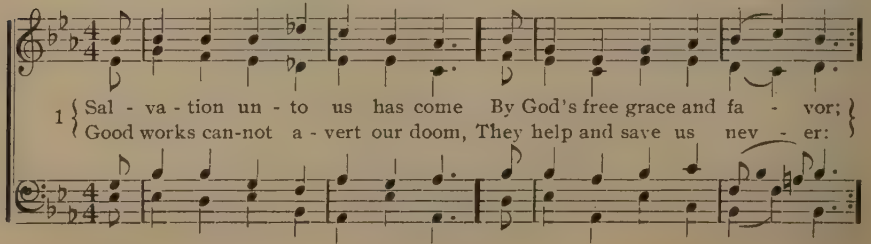
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

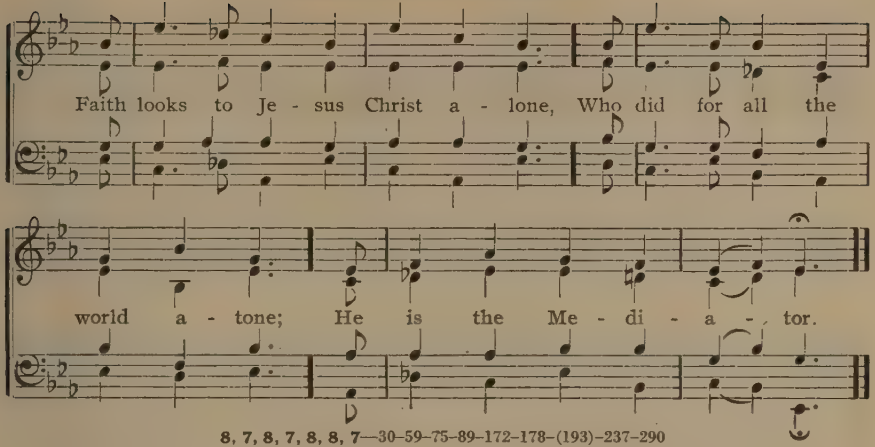
4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776 a

178 Es ist das Heil uns kommen her 8,7,8,7,8,7

J. Walther, 1524





8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7—30–59–75–89–172–178–(193)–237–290

2 What God doth in His Law demand
No man to Him can render,
And so He draws His flaming brand
To punish the offender:
Our flesh has not those pure desires
Which first of all the law requires,
So we're in condemnation.

3 It was a false, misleading dream
That God His Law had given
For us to keep and merit claim
And earn our way to heaven:
God's Law is but a mirror bright
To bring the inbred sin to sight,
That lurks within our nature.

4 By our own strength to put aside
God's wrath, and win His blessing,
Is useless task, by many tried,
Is only guilt increasing:
For God hypocrisy abhors;
Flesh with the spirit ever wars,
For 'tis by nature evil.

5 And yet, the Law fulfilled must be
Or we were lost forever;
Therefore God sent His Son that He
Might us from death deliver;
He all the Law for us fulfilled,
And thus His Father's anger stilled
Which over us impended.

6 Since Christ hath full atonement made
And brought to us salvation,
Each Christian therefore may be glad
And build on this foundation:
Thy grace alone, dear Lord, I plead,
Thy death my life now is indeed,
For Thou hast paid my ransom.

7 Not doubting this, I trust in Thee,
Thy word cannot be broken;
Thou all dost call, "Come unto Me!"
No falsehood hast Thou spoken:
"He that believes and is baptized,
He shall be saved," say'st Thou, O Christ,
"And he shall never perish."

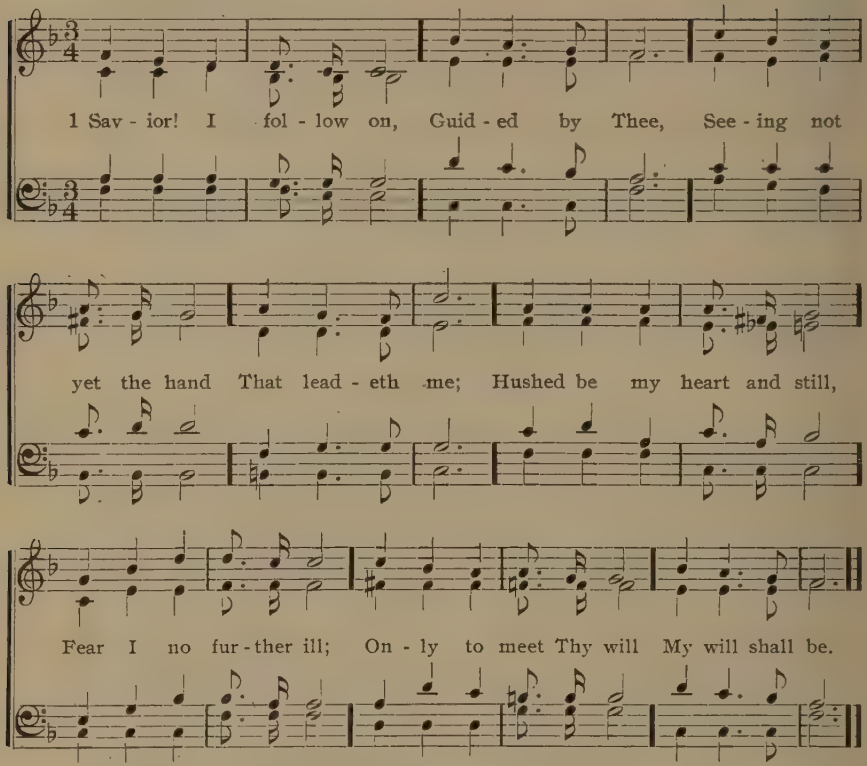
8 He's just 'fore God, and he alone,
Who by this faith is living;
This faith will by good works be known,
To God the glory giving;
Faith gives thee peace with God above,
But thou thy neighbor too wilt love,
If thou art a new creature.

9 The Law reveals the guilt of sin
And makes man conscience-stricken;
The Gospel then doth enter in
The sinful soul to quicken.
Come to the Cross, trust Christ and live;
The Law to you no peace can give
With all its good endeavors.

10 From faith in Christ, whene'er 'tis right,
Good works are surely flowing;
The faith is dead that shuns the light,
No good works ever showing:
By faith alone the just shall live,
Good works alone the proof can give
Of love, which true faith worketh.

Paul Speratus, 1523 ab. Comp. tr. 1910

179 Monroe Place 6,4,6,4,6,6,6,4


1 Sav - ior! I fol - low on, Guid - ed by Thee, See - ing not
yet the hand That lead - eth me; Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no fur - ther ill; On - ly to meet Thy will My will shall be.

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4—96–140–179–180

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But Thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

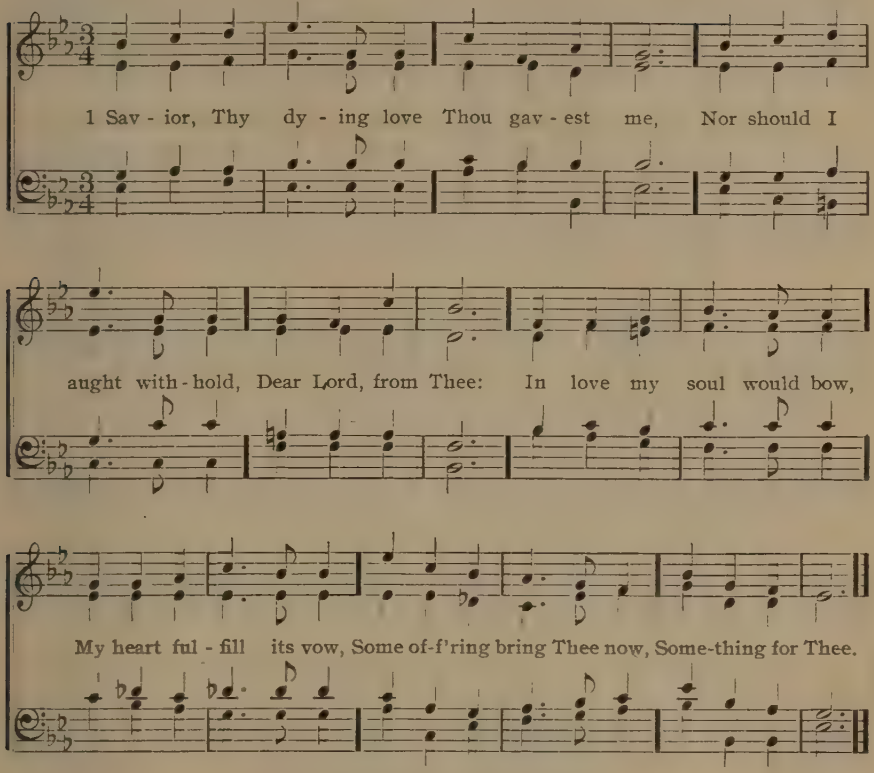
3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent—
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Savior! I long to walk
Closer with Thee;
Led by Thy guiding hand,
Ever to be
Constantly near Thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him who died
Freely for me!

C. S. Robinson

180 Minterton 6,4,6,4,6,6,6,4

J. Barnby, 1892


1 Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
My heart ful - fill its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4—96–140–179–180

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

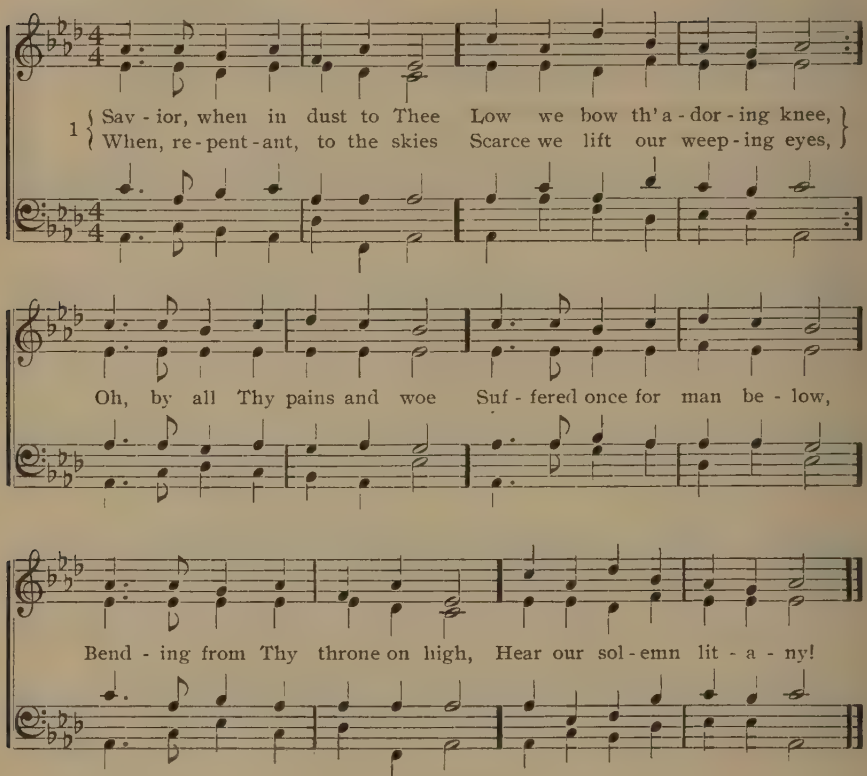
3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

S. D. Phelps, 1867

181 Spanish Chant 7s. 8 L.

Spanish Melody


1 Sav - ior, when in dust to Thee Low we bow th' a - dor - ing knee,
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,
Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny!

7s. 8 L.—107–181–256

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of th' insulting Tempter's power:
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

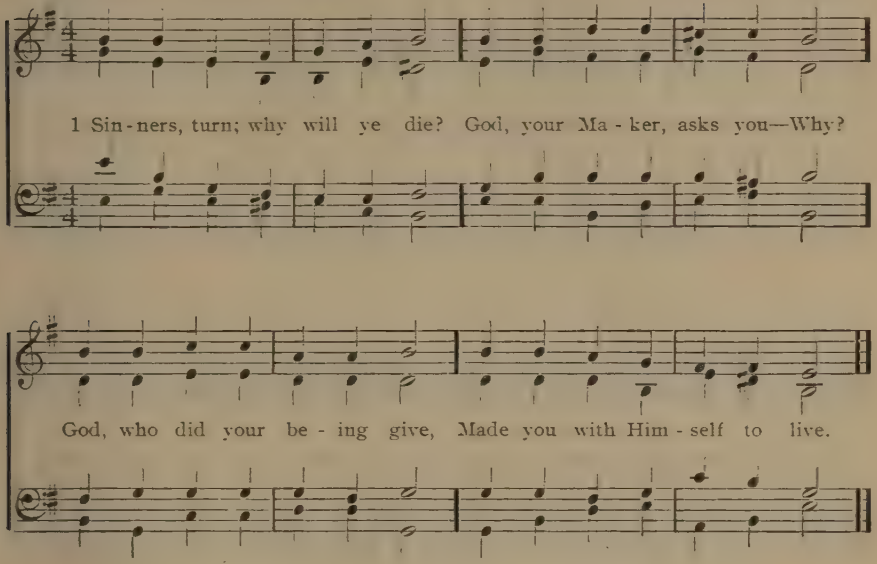
3 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice:
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

Robert Grant, 1815 a

182 Heinlein (Aus der Tiefe) 7s

M. Heinlein, 1676



7s—54-79-109-173-182-184-186-201-244-282-283-294-295

2 He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you—Why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that you might live.

4 Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

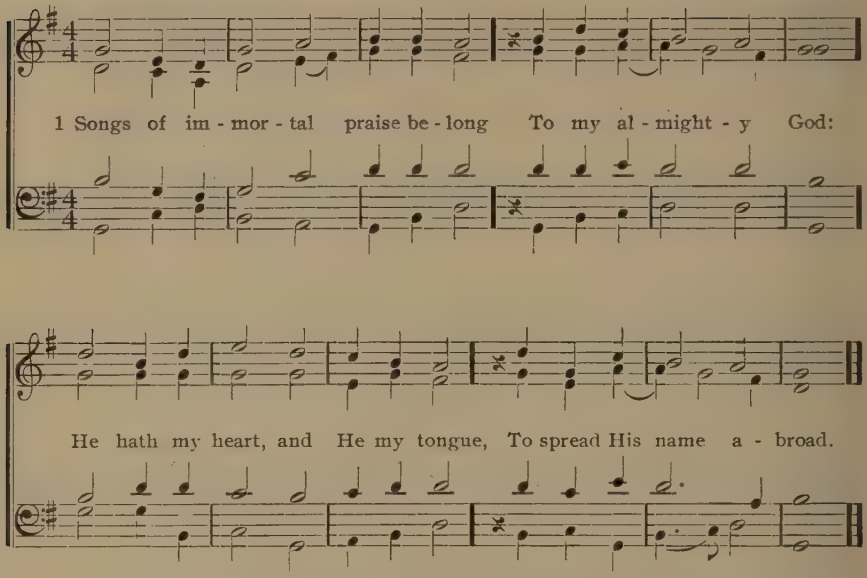
5 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?
He, who all your life-time strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love.

6 Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God and die?

Charles Wesley, 1741

183 Nun danket all und bringet Ehr C. M.

J. Crüger, 1656



8, 6, 8, 6, (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149 150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 How great the works His hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That His first thoughts designed.

4 When He redeemed the sons of men,
He fixed His covenant sure;
The orders that His lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

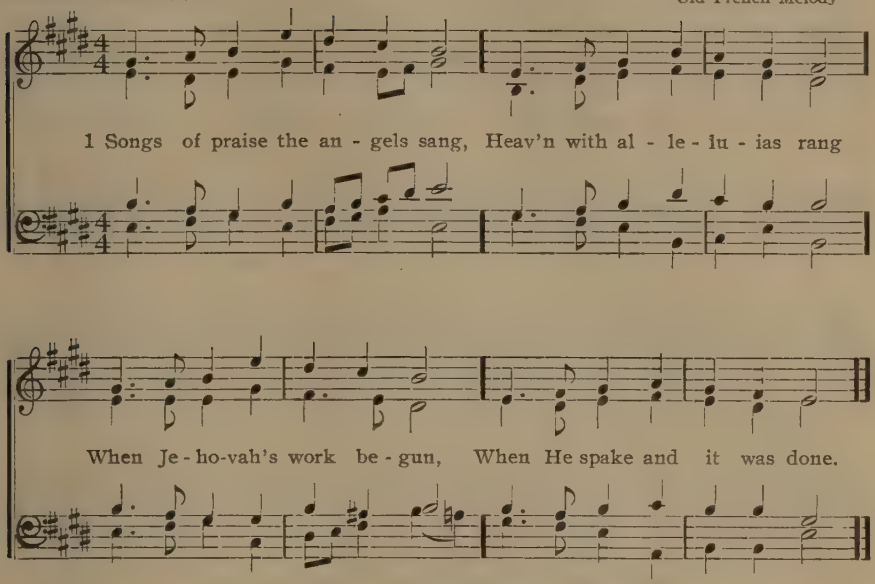
5 Nature and time and earth and skies
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read Thy name!

6 To fear Thy power, to trust Thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys Thy will.

Rev. Isaac Watts

184 Innocents 7s

Old French Melody



7s—54-79-109-173-182-184-186-201-244-282-283-294-295

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No;—the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

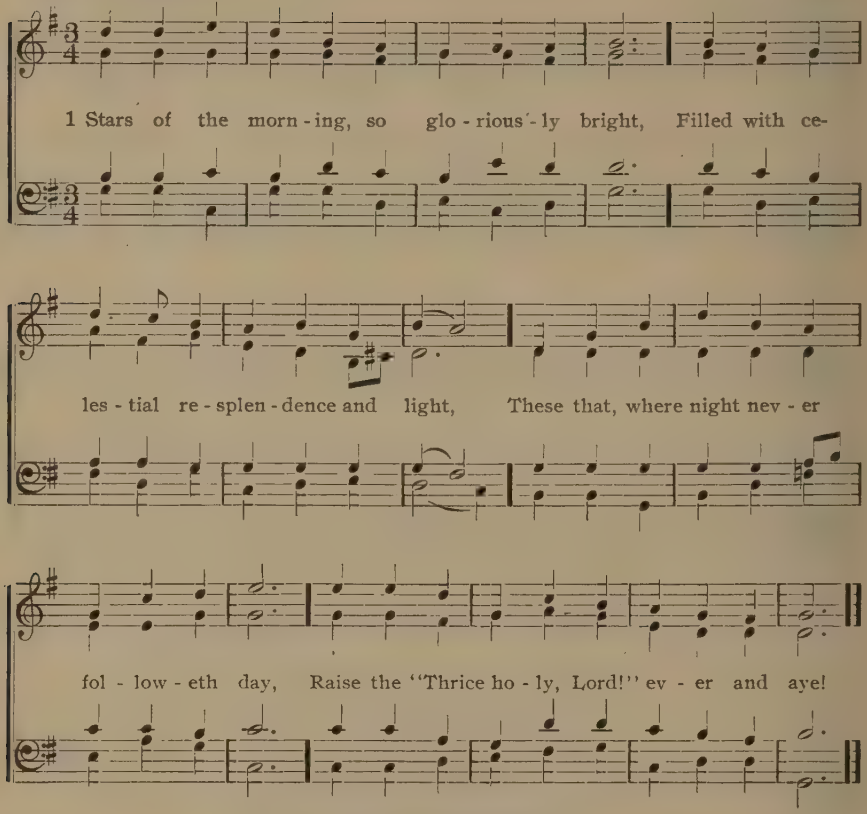
5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1819

185 Trisagion 10s

Henry Smart, 1868


1 Stars of the morn - ing, so glo - rious - ly bright, Filled with ce-
les - tial re - splen - dence and light, These that, where night nev - er
fol - low - eth day, Raise the "Thrice ho - ly, Lord!" ev - er and aye!

10s—11–94–185–212–229–235

2 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
Lord God of Sabaoth! nearest Thy throne:
These are Thy messengers; these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones, man to defend.

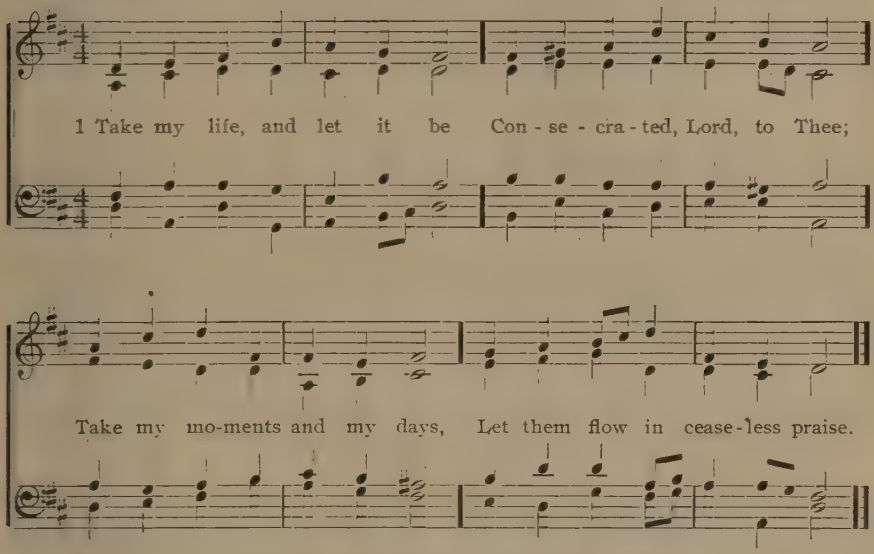
3 When by Thy word earth was first poised in space,
When the far planets first sped on their race,
When was completed the six days' employ,
Then "all the sons of God shouted for joy."

4 Still let them succor us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts! battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.

Joseph of the Studium, c. 850
John Mason Neale, tr. 1862 a

186 Patmos 7s

W. H. Havergal, 1869



7s—54–79–109–173–182–184–186–201–244–282–283–294–295

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

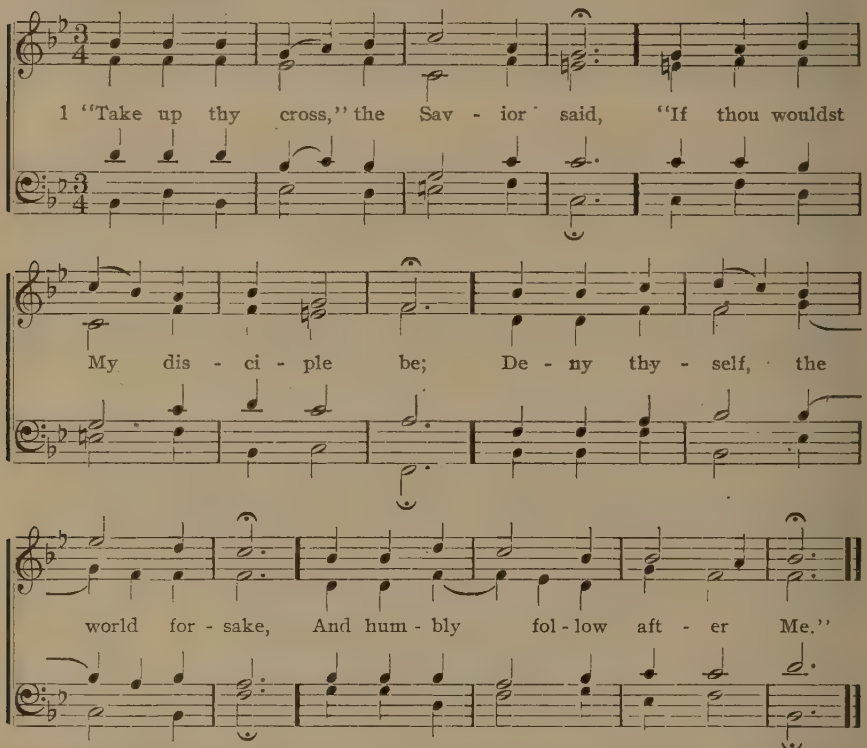
4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

187 Herr Jesu Christ! mein's Lebens Licht L. M.


1 "Take up thy cross," the Sav - ior said, "If thou wouldst
My dis - ci - ple be; De - ny thy - self, the
world for - sake, And hum - bly fol - low aft - er Me."

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm:
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thine heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

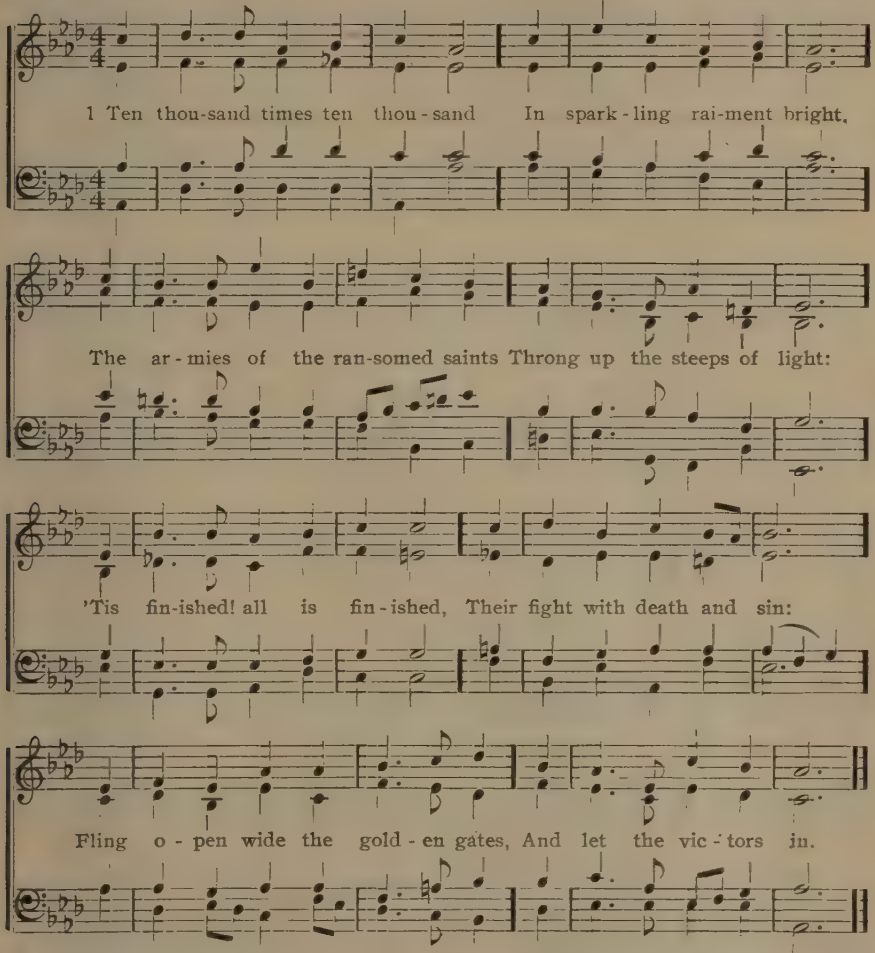
4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross and follow Him,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

C. W. Everest, 1833

188 Alford 7,6,8,6 8 L

J. B. Dykes, 1875


1 Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright,
The ar-mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis fin-ished! all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin:
Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in.

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
Oh, joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

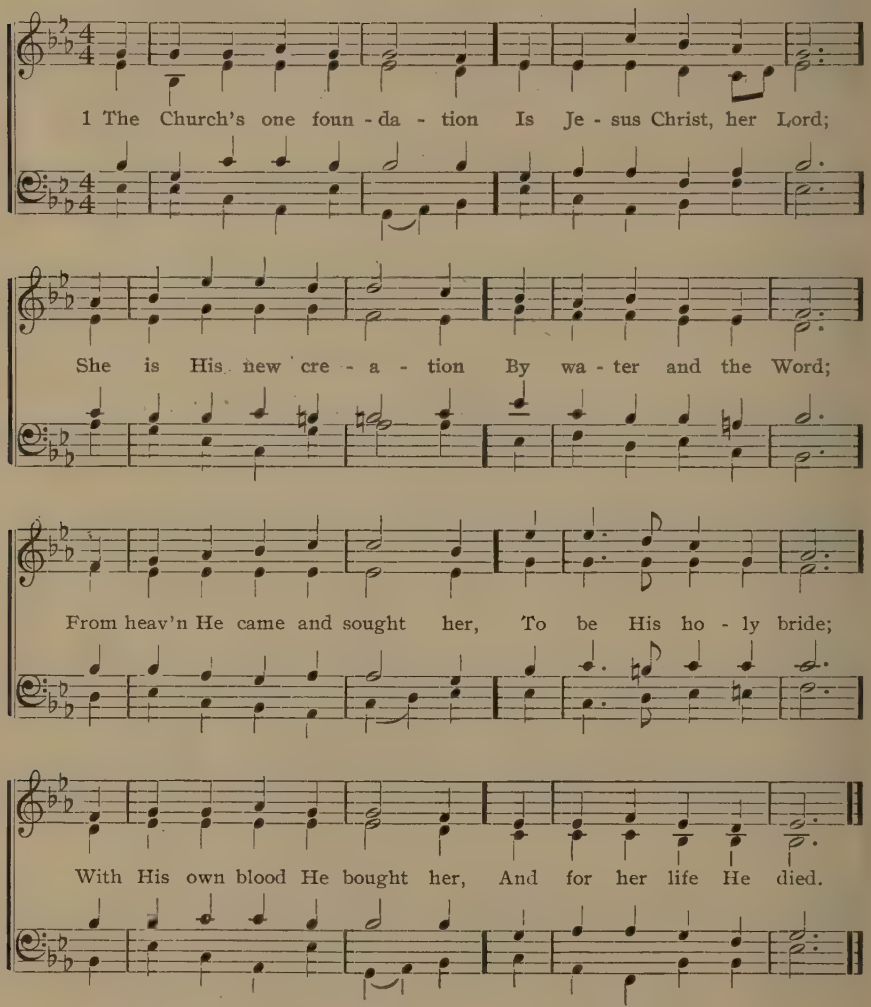
3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign
Thou Prince and Savior, come!

H. Alford, 1867

189 Aurelia 7,6. 8 L.

S. S. Wesley, 1864


1 The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word;
From heav'n He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly bride;
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.

7, 6. 8 L—68–92–123–167–189–196–203–242–246–(272)–317

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

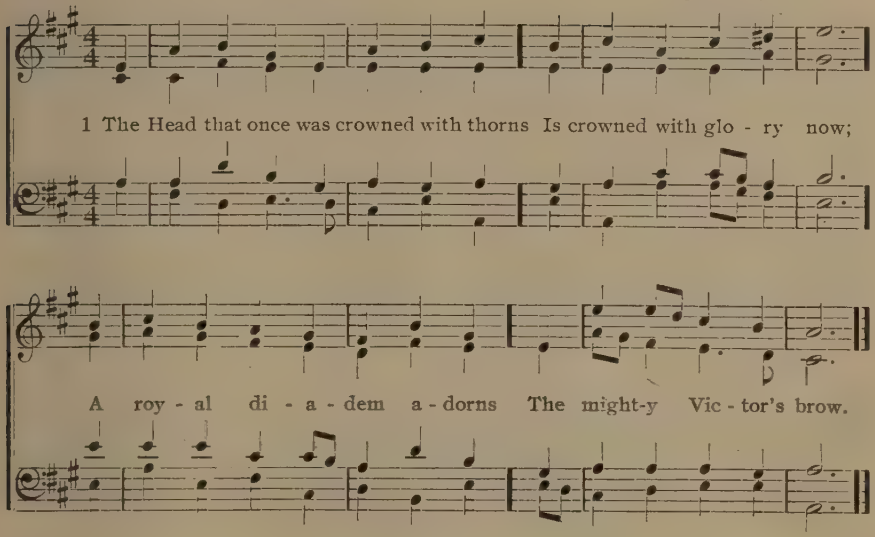
4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. Stone, 1866

190 St. Magnus (Nottingham) C. M.

J. Clarke, 1670–1707



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149 150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

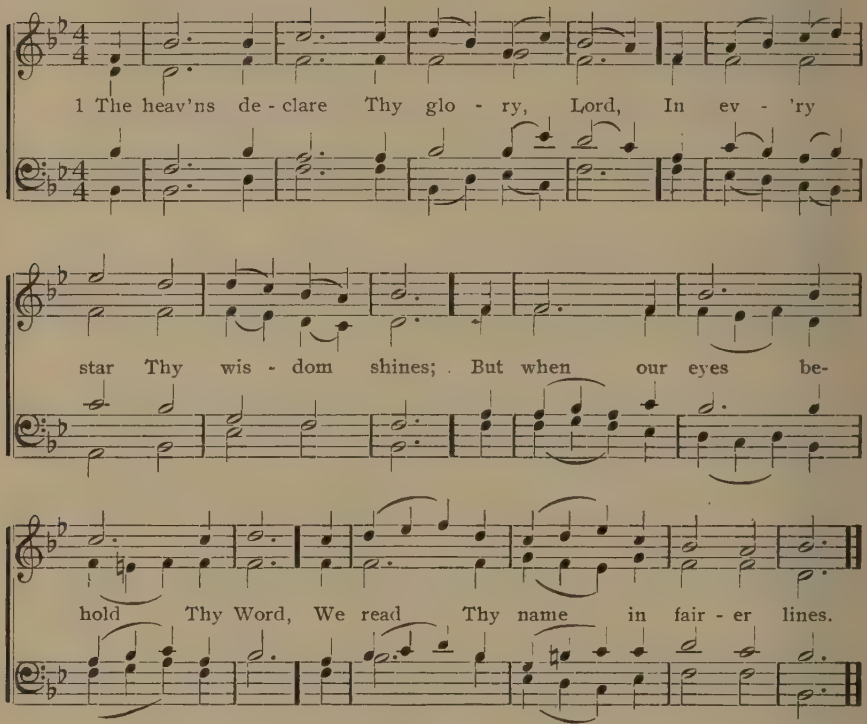
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly, 1820

191 Creation L. M.

Arr. from F. J. Haydn, 1798


1 The heav'ns de - clare Thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - 'ry
star Thy wis - dom shines; But when our eyes be-
hold Thy Word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou didst write
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Thy Gospel-heralds dare not rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

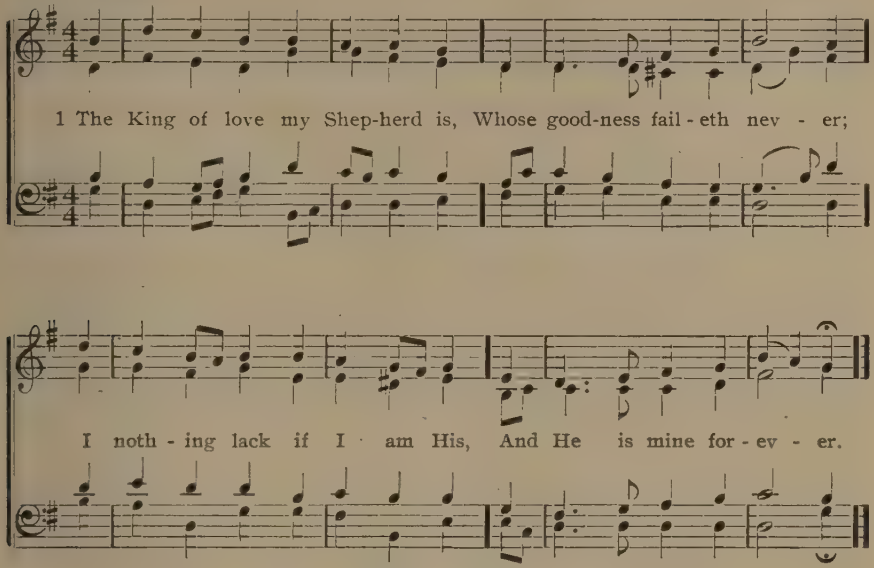
4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
The Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make Thy Word our guide to heaven.

I. Watts, 1719 ab

192 Dominus regit me 8,7

J. B. Dykes, 1868



8, 7, 8, 7—81–98–121–192–233–243–252–311

2 Where streams of living waters flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

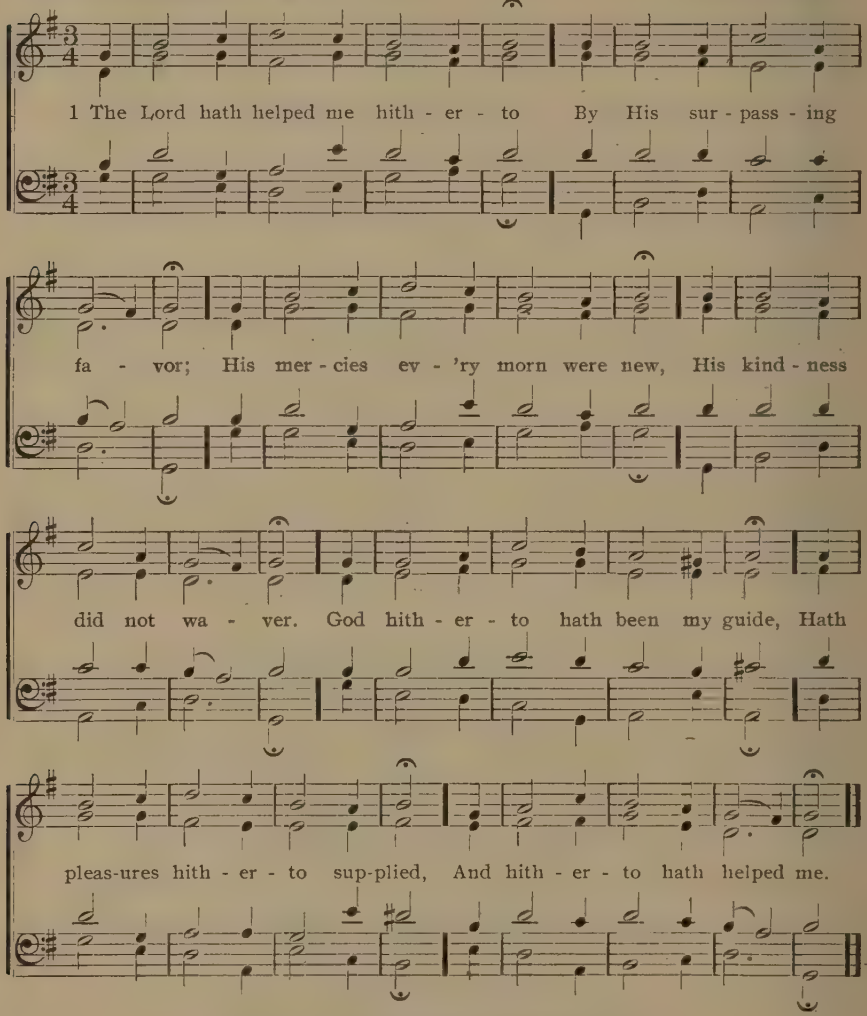
5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And, O the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd! may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Sir H. W. Baker, 1868

193 Allein Gott in der Höh' 8,7,8,7,8,8,7

N. Decius, 1539


1 The Lord hath helped me hith - er - to By His sur - pass - ing
fa - vor; His mer - cies ev - 'ry morn were new, His kind - ness
did not wa - ver. God hith - er - to hath been my guide, Hath
pleas-ures hith - er - to sup-plied, And hith - er - to hath helped me.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7—30–59–75–89–152–172–178–(193)–237–290

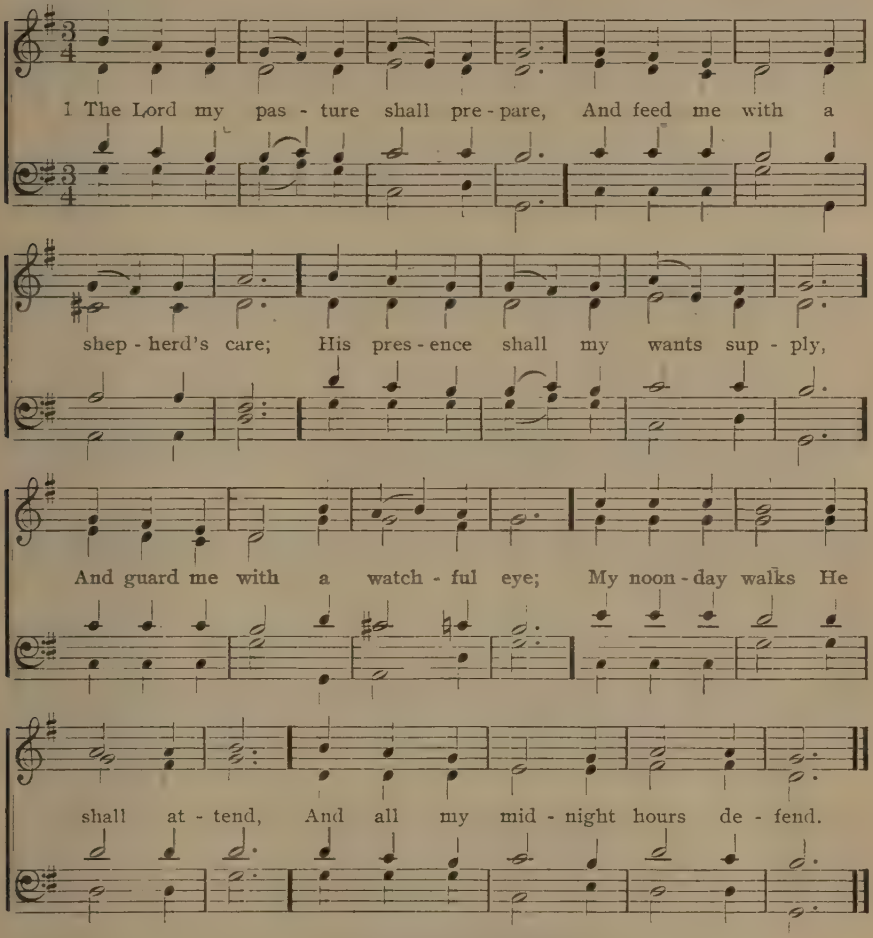
2 I praise and thank Thee, Lord, my God,
For Thine abundant blessing,
Which heretofore Thou hast bestowed
And I am still possessing.
Inscribe this on my memory:
The Lord hath done great things for me,
And graciously hath helped me.

3 Help me in future, God of grace,
Help me on each occasion,
Help me in each and every place,
Help me through Jesus' passion;
Help me in life and death, O God,
Help me through Jesus' dying blood,
Help me as Thou hast helped me!

Emilia Juliana, Countess of Schwarzburg † 1706
A. Crull, tr. 1882

194 St. Catherine L. M. 6 L

James G. Walton


1 The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a
shep - herd's care; His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply,
And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noon - day walks He
shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

L. M. 6 L—41–95–137–194–222

2 While on the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My every wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

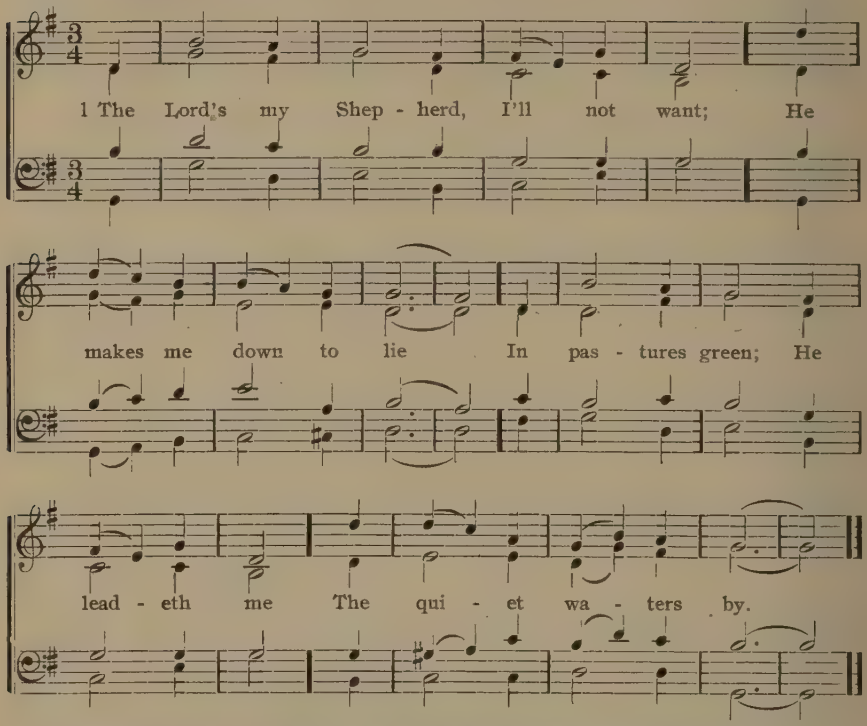
3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

J. Addison, 1712

195 Belmont (Vigils) C. M.

W. Gardiner, 1812



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5-6-7-31-32-34-35-38-45-53-60-65-72-85-86-116-119-122-128-133-135-149
150-153-154-157-159-160-163-169-183-190-195-197-199-206-207-219-235-265-(278)-312

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

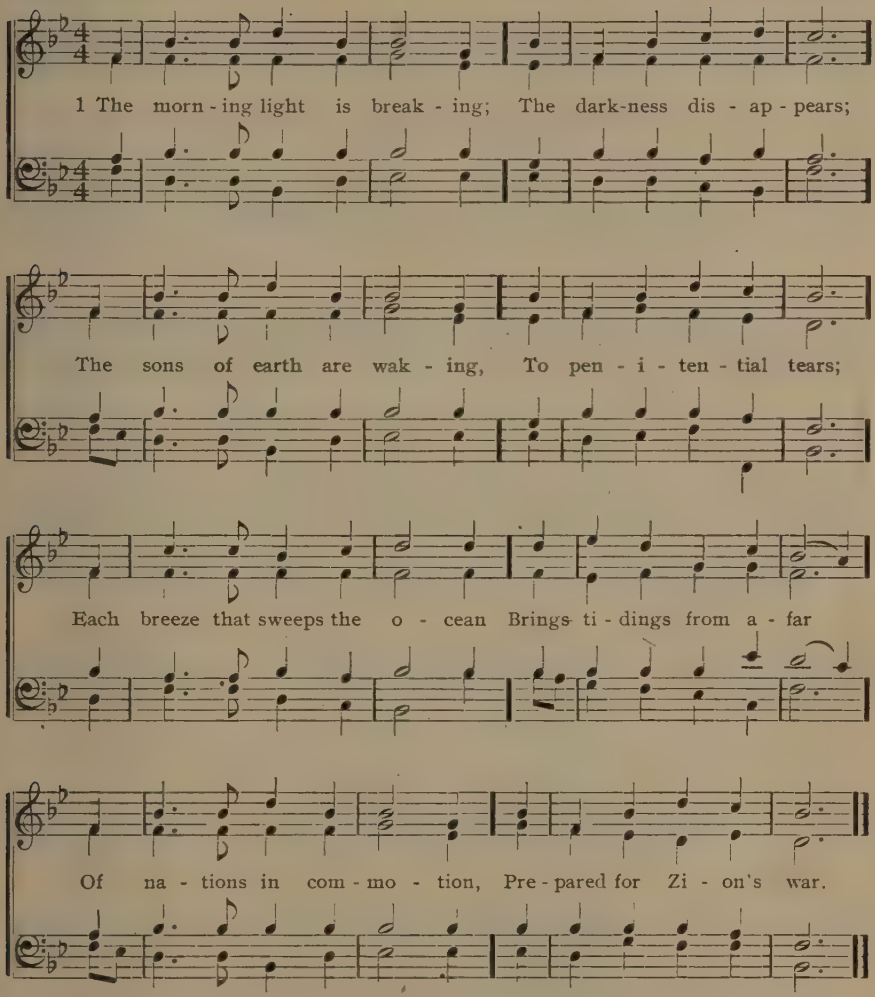
4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes,
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

F. Rous, 1643

196 Webb 7,6. 8 L.

G. J. Webb, 1830


1 The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark-ness dis - ap - pears;
The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

7, 6. 8 L.—68–92–123–167–189–196–203–242–246–(272)–317

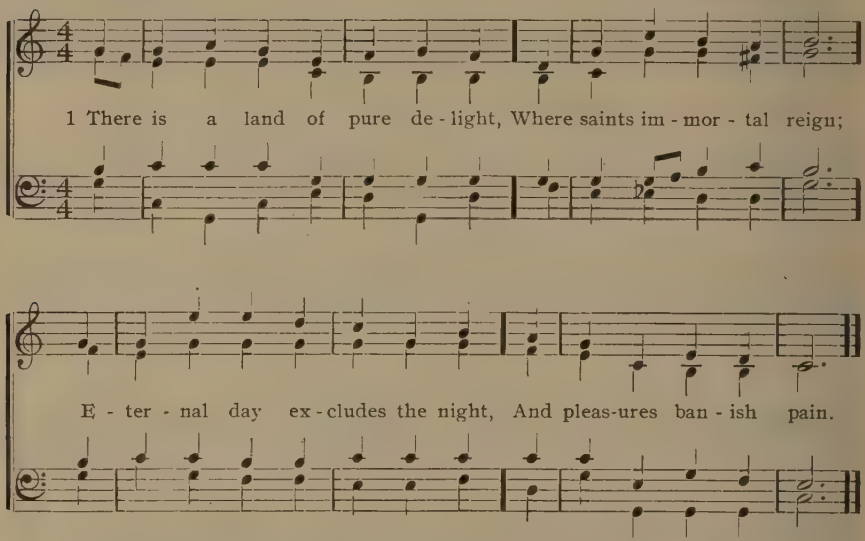
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in Thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

S. F. Smith, 1832

197 Shepherd C. M.

Arthur Sullivan, 1842-1900



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

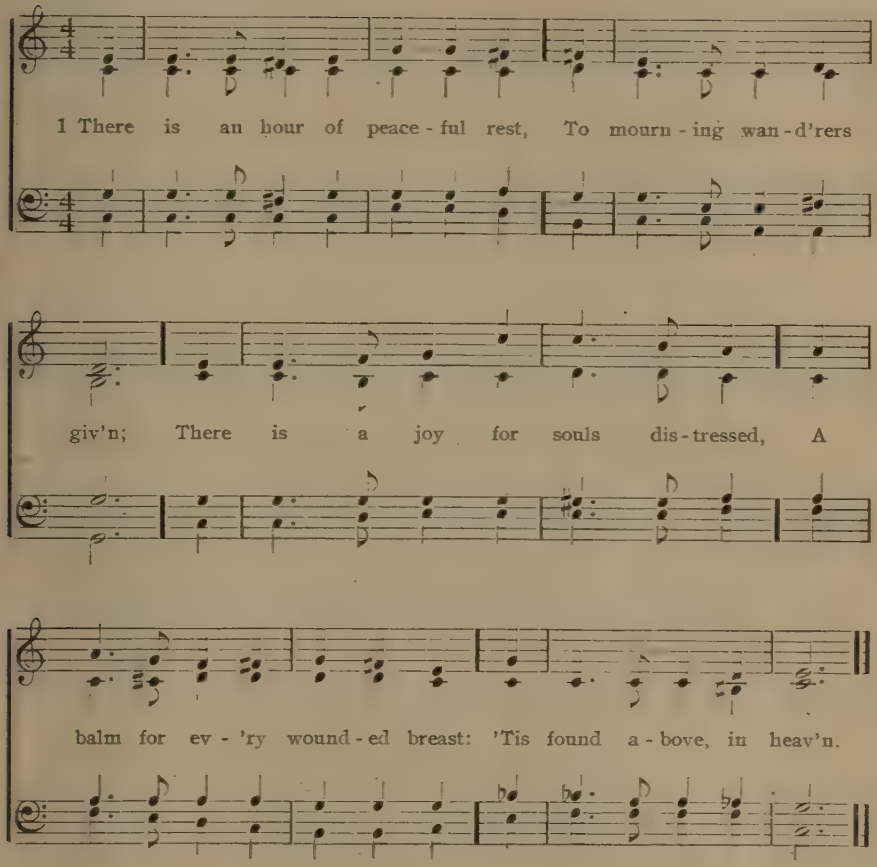
5 O could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1707

198 Elton 8,6,8,8,6

F. C. Maker, 1844—


1 There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn-ing wan-d'rers
giv'n; There is a joy for souls dis-tressed, A
balm for ev-'ry wound-ed breast: 'Tis found a-bove, in heav'n.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

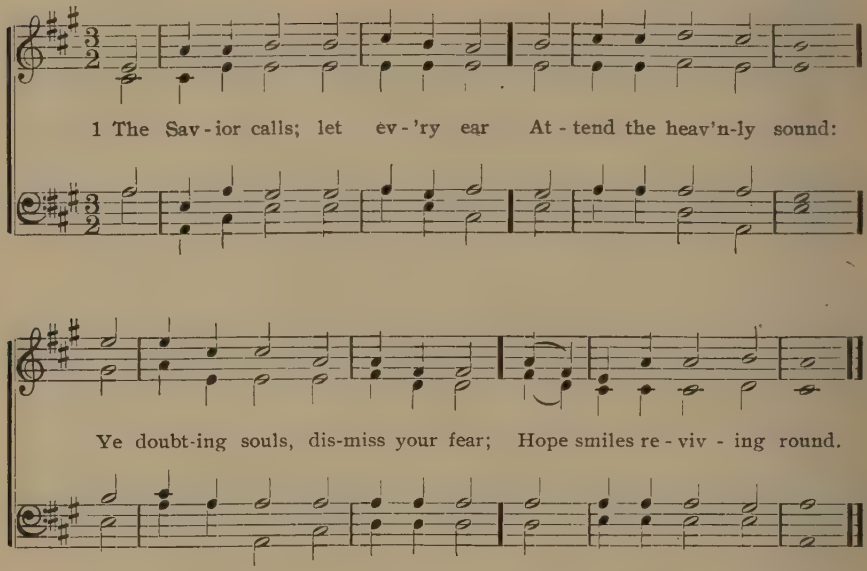
4 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

W. B. Tappan, 1818

199 Azmon C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1828
Arr. from Carl Glaeser



8. 6. 8 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain;
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

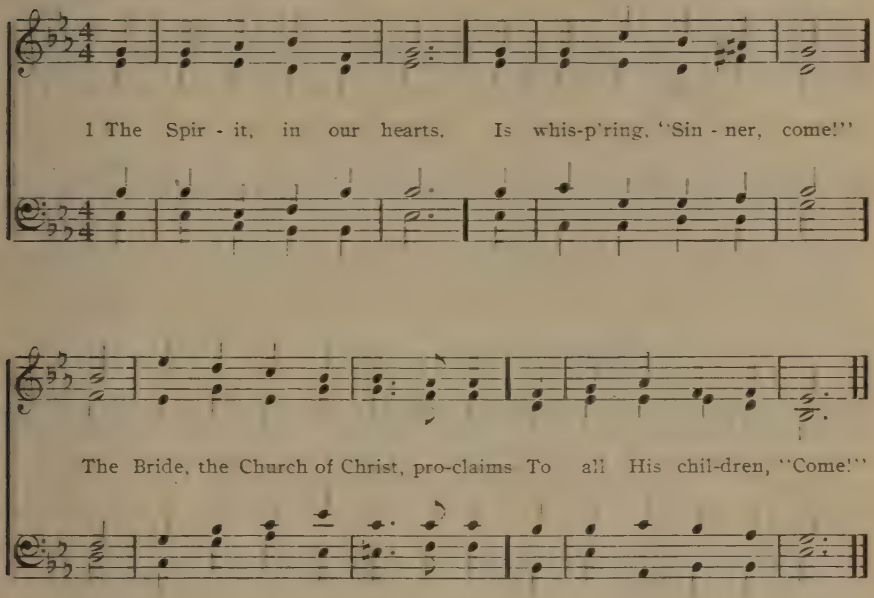
4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Savior, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

Anne Steele, 1760

200 Monsell (St. Andrew) S. M.

J. Barnby, 1866



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–138–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Savior, come.

H. U. Onderdonk, 1826

201 Holley 7s

G. Hews, 1835

7s—54-79-109-173-182-184-186-201-244-282-283-294-295

2 Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

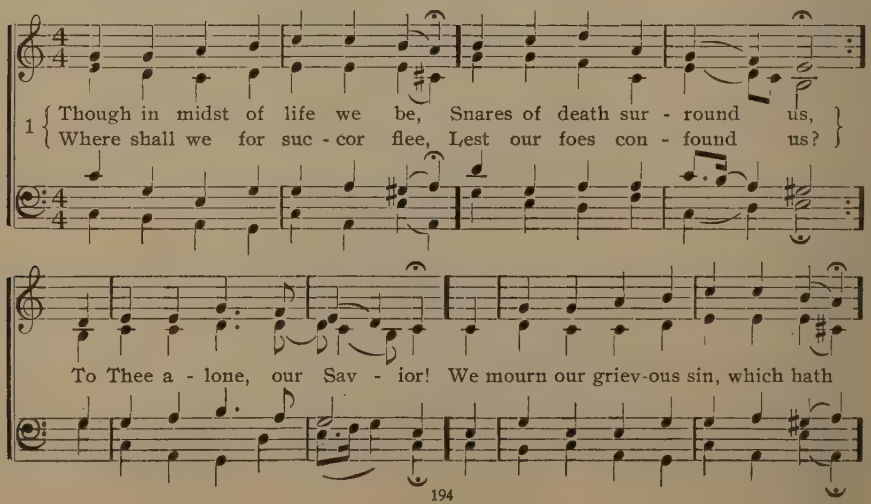
3 Thine forever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Savior, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

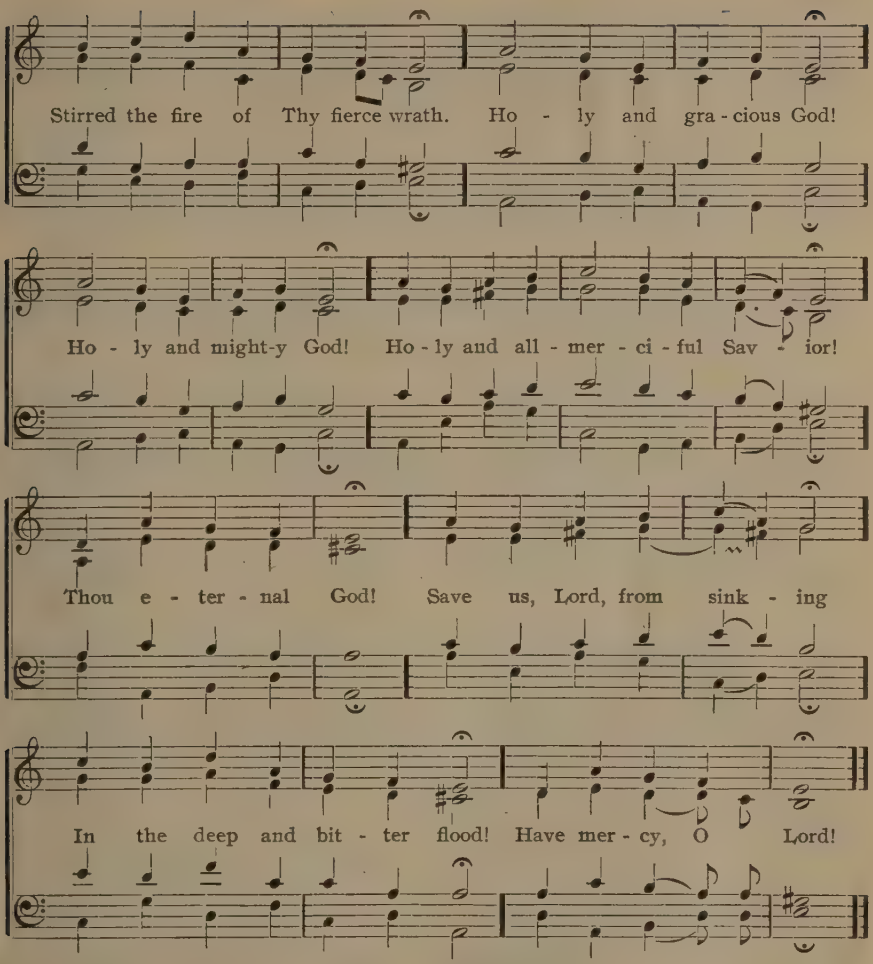
4 Thine forever! Savior, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep!
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude, 1848

202 Mitten wir im Leben sind 7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6,6,9,5,6,7,5


1 { Though in midst of life we be, Snares of death sur - round us,
{ Where shall we for suc - cor flee, Lest our foes con - found us?
To Thee a - lone, our Sav - ior! We mourn our griev-ous sin, which hath

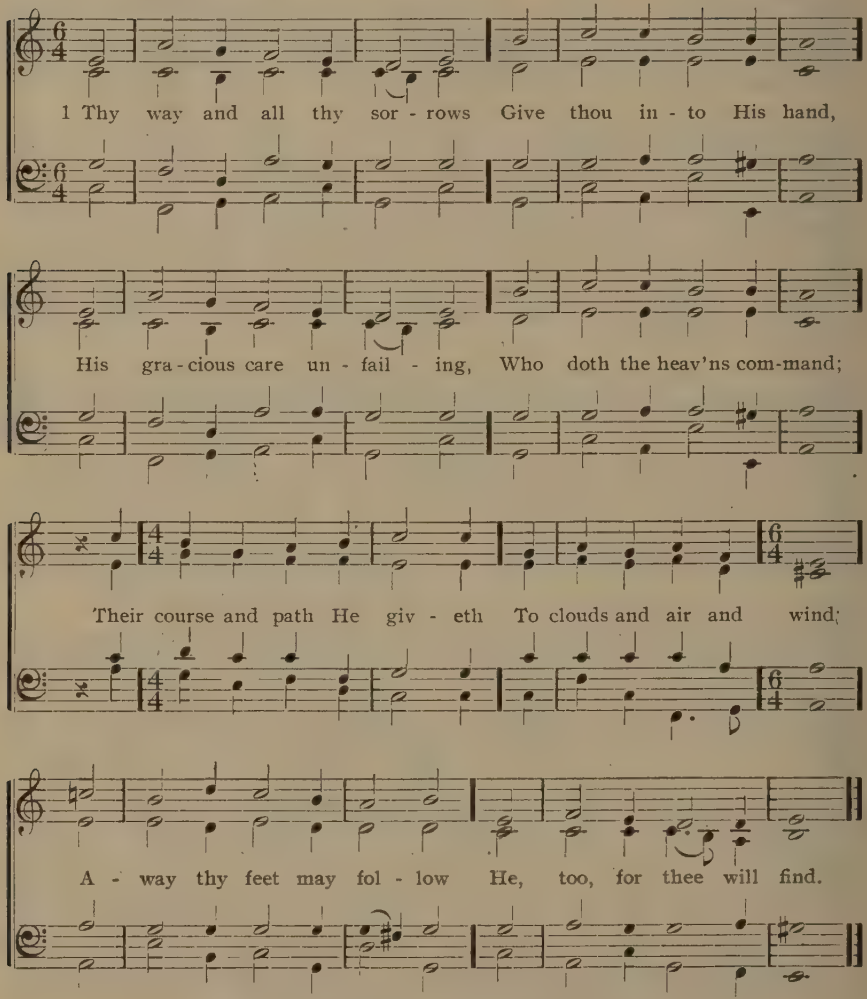

Stirred the fire of Thy fierce wrath. Ho - ly and gra - cious God!
Ho - ly and might-y God! Ho - ly and all - mer - ci - ful Sav - ior!
Thou e - ter - nal God! Save us, Lord, from sink - ing
In the deep and bit - ter flood! Have mer - cy, O Lord!

2 While in midst of death we be,
Hell's grim powers o'ertake us:
Who from such distress will free,
Who secure will make us?
Thou only, Lord canst do it!
It moves Thy tender heart to see
Our great sin and misery:
Holy and gracious God!
Holy and mighty God!
Holy and all-merciful Savior!
Thou eternal God!
Let not hell dismay us
With its deep and burning flood;
Have mercy, O Lord!

3 Into hell's fierce agony
Sin doth headlong drive us:
Where shall we for succor flee,
Who, O who will hide us?
Thou only, blesséd Savior;
Thy precious blood was shed to win
Peace and pardon for our sin:
Holy and gracious God!
Holy and mighty God!
Holy and all-merciful Savior!
Let us not, we pray,
From the true faith's comfort
Fall in our last need away.
Have mercy, O Lord!

M. Luther, 1524

203 Herzlich tut mich verlangen (Befiehl du) 7,6. 8 L. H. Schein, 1627


1 Thy way and all thy sor - rows Give thou in - to His hand,
His gra - cious care un - fail - ing, Who doth the heav'ns com-mand;
Their course and path He giv - eth To clouds and air and wind;
A - way thy feet may fol - low He, too, for thee will find.

7, 6. 8 L—68-92-123-167-189-196-203-242-246-(272)-317

2 On Him be thy reliance,
If thou wouldst prosper well:
To make thy work enduring
Thy mind on Him must dwell.
God yieldeth naught to sorrow
And self-tormenting care:
Naught, naught with Him availeth,
No power save that of prayer.

3 Thy truth and grace, O Father,
Behold and surely know,
Both what is good and evil,
For mortal man below:
And whatsoe'er Thou choosest
Thou dost, great God, fulfill,
And into being bringest
Whate'er is in Thy will.

4 Thy way is ever open;
Thou dost on naught depend;
Thine act is only blessing,
Thy path light without end.
Thy work can no man hinder;
Thy purpose none can stay,
Since Thou to bless Thy children
Through all dost make a way.

5 In vain the powers of darkness
Thy will, O God, oppose:
High over all undoubting,
Thy pleasure onward goes:
Whate'er Thy will resolveth,
Whate'er Thou dost intend,
Its destined work performeth
True to its aim and end.

6 Then hope, my feeble spirit,
And be thou undismayed:
God helps in every trial,
And makes thee unafraid.
Await God's time with pleasure,
Then shall Thine eyes behold
The sun of joy and gladness
His brightest beams unfold.

7 Arise, arise! thy sadness,
Thy cares send far away;
Away each thought afflicting
That on the heart doth prey.
Not in thy hands the guidance
Of all events doth dwell;
God on His throne o'erruleth,
He guideth all things well.

8 Leave all to His direction:
In wisdom He doth reign:
Thy wonder far exceeding,
He will His course maintain:
So He as Him beseemeth
His wonder-working skill,
Shall put away the sorrows,
That now thy spirit fill.

9 Awhile His consolation
He will to thee deny,
And seem as though in spirit
He far from thee would fly;
Awhile distress and anguish
Shall compass thee around,
Nor to thy supplication
An answering voice be found.

10 But if thou ne'er forsake Him,
Thou shalt deliverance find;
Behold all unexpected,
He will thy soul unbind.
He from thy heavy burden
Will soon thy heart set free:
Yea, from that weight no evil
Hath yet befallen thee.

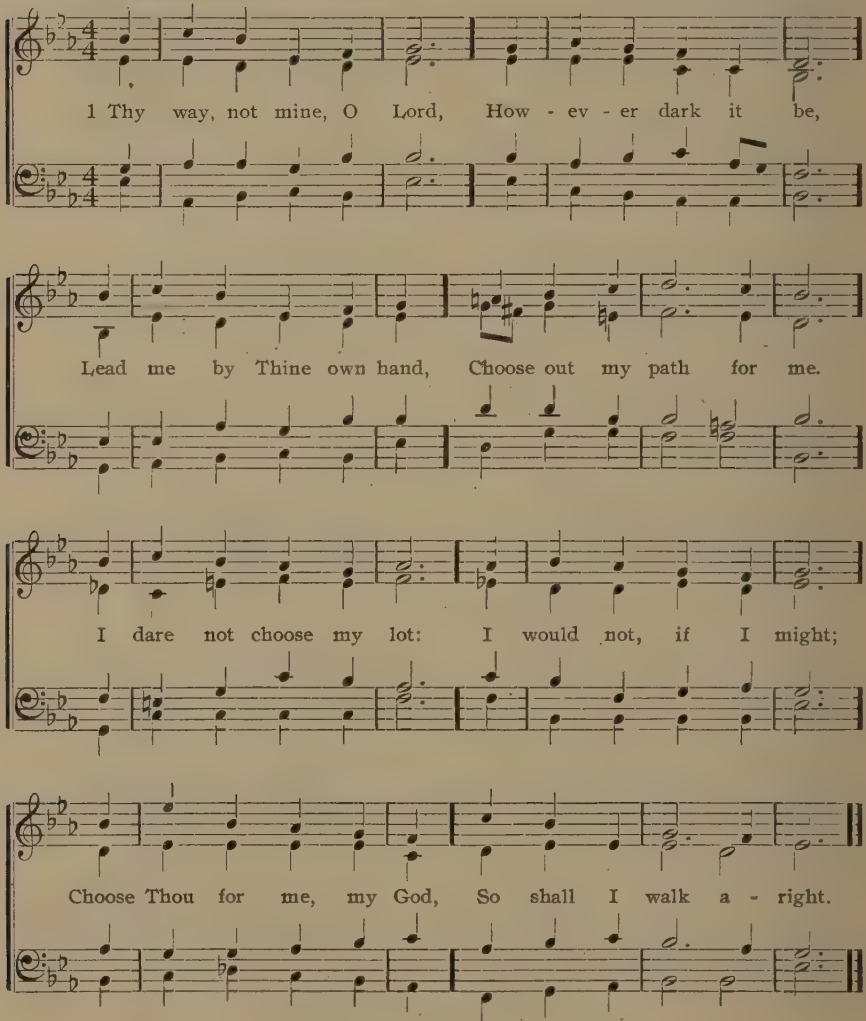
11 Thou child of truth, how blesséd!
A conqueror soon shalt be,
With songs of glad thanksgiving
A crown awaiteth thee.
To thee the palm triumphal
By God's own hand is giv'n,
Thine, to His name who saved thee,
To sing the songs of heaven.

12 Give, Lord, this consummation
To all our hearts' distress,
Our hands, our feet, O strengthen,
In death our spirits bless.
Thy truth and Thy protection
Forevermore we pray:
With these in heavenly glory
Shall end our certain way.

P. Gerhardt, 1656

204 Denby 6s. 8 l.

Charles J. Dale, 1904


1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be,
Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out my path for me.
I dare not choose my lot: I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right.

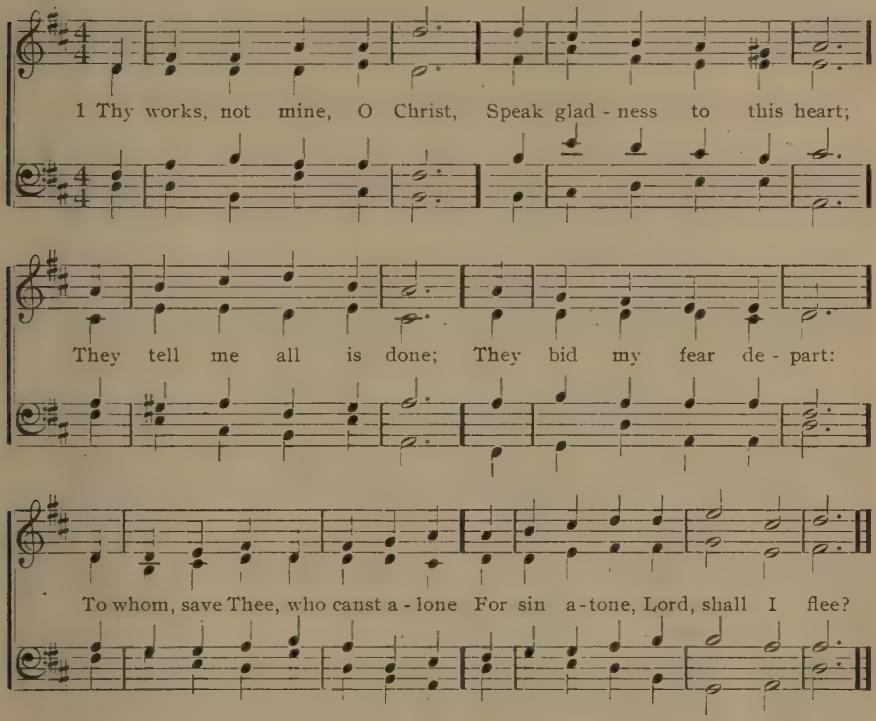
2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray:
Take Thou my cup and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

Horatius Bonar, 1857

205 St. John 6,6,6,6,8,8 (H. M.)

Old English: Parish Choir 1815


1 Thy works, not mine, O Christ, Speak glad - ness to this heart;
They tell me all is done; They bid my fear de - part:
To whom, save Thee, who canst a - lone For sin a - tone, Lord, shall I flee?

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)—9–49–205–208–262–300

2 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God:
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

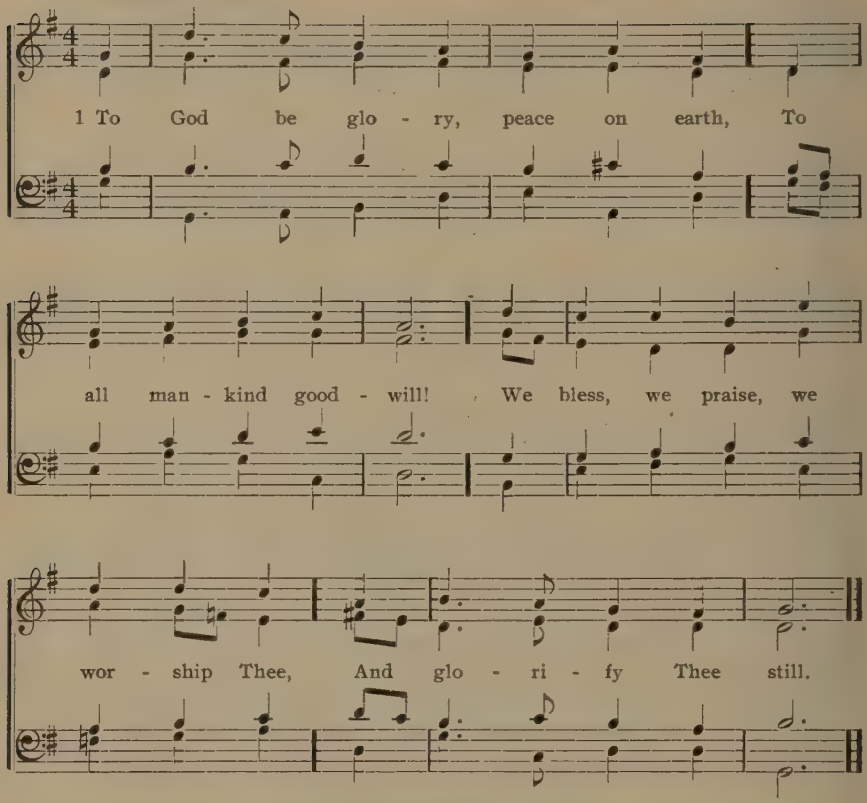
3 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few:
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee:
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

H. Bonar, 1857

206 St. Oswin C. M.

J. B. Dykes



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2 And thanks for Thy great glory give,
That fills our soul with light;
O Lord, our heavenly King, the God
And Father of all might!

3 And Thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun;
O Jesus Christ, Thou Lamb of God,
The Father's only Son:

4 Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins
Of all the world away!
Have mercy, Savior of mankind,
And hear us when we pray!

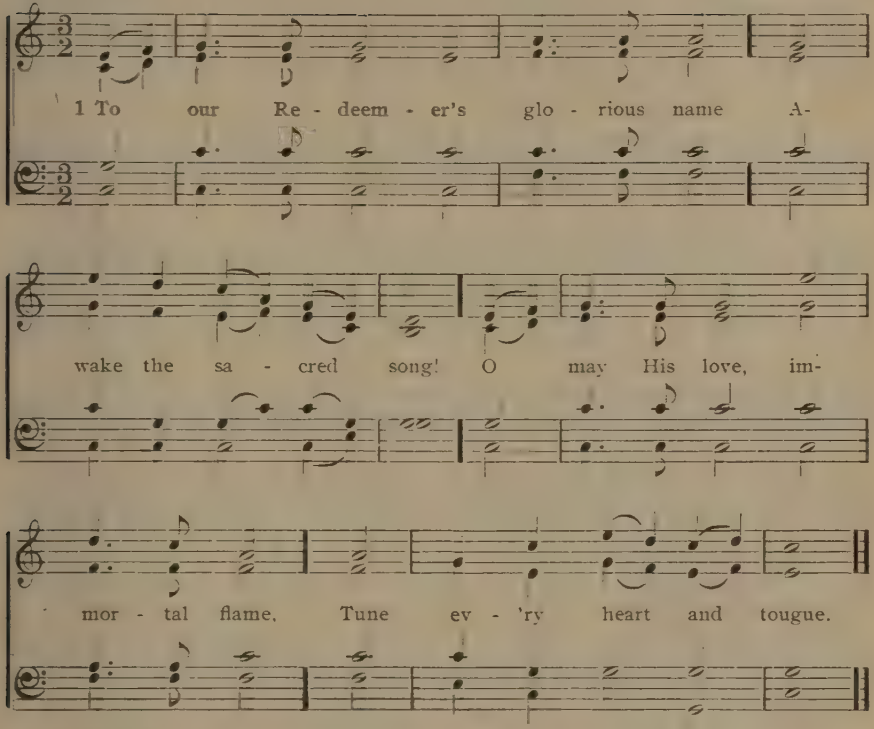
5 O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
Who art the Holy One!

6 Thou only, with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
In glory of the Father art
Most high forevermore.

Supplement to Tate and Brady, 1703 a

207 Heber C. M.

G. Kingsley, 1838



8, 6, 8, 6. (C. M.) —5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149 150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Savior died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love the charming name,
And join the sacred song.

Anne Steele, 1760

208 Belsize 6,6,6,6,8,8 (H. M.)

J. W. Elliott

1 To Thee our God we fly For mer - cy and for grace; Oh,
hear our lone - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face: O Lord, stretch
forth Thy might - y hand, And guard and bless our Fa - ther - land.

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)—9–49–205–208–262–300

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

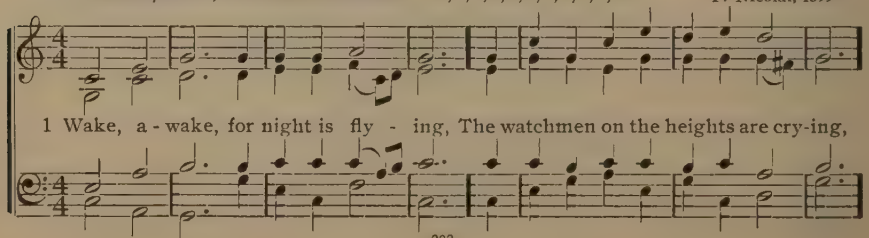
4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

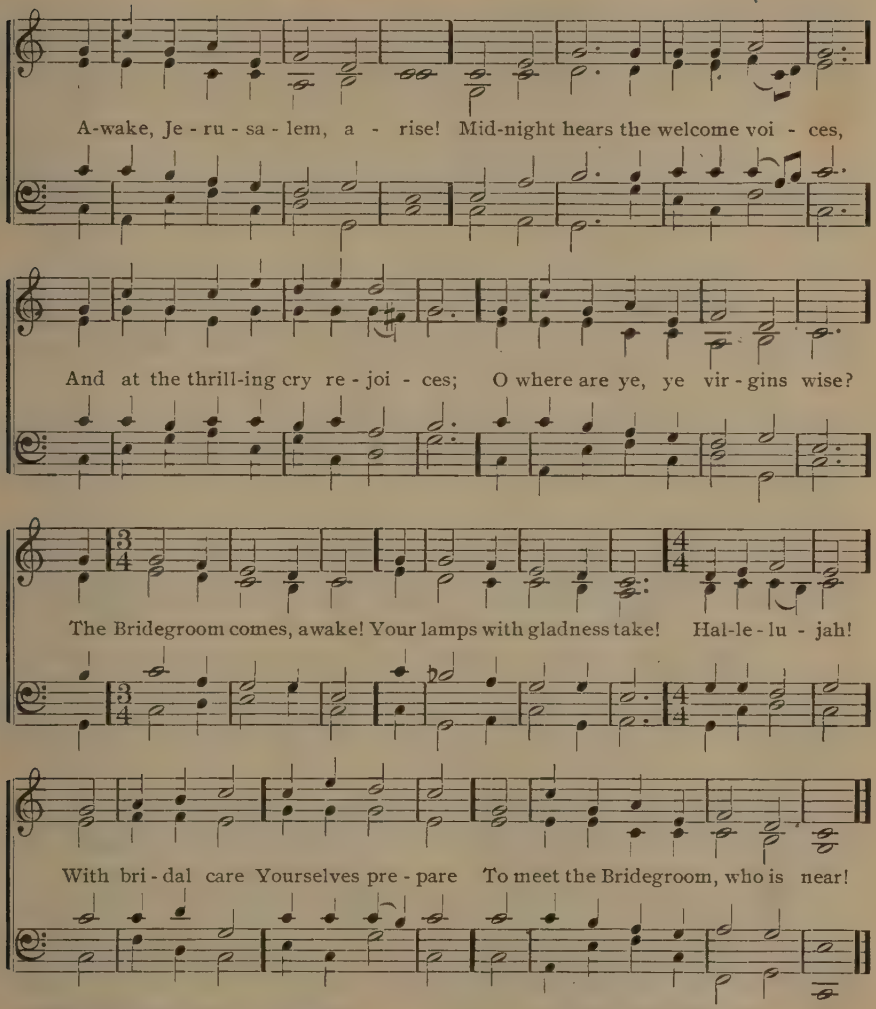
5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

W. W. How, 1871

209 Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme 8,9,8,8,9,8,6,6,4,8,8

P. Nicolai, 1599




A-wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise! Mid-night hears the welcome voi - ces,
And at the thrill-ing cry re - joi - ces; O where are ye, ye vir - gins wise?
The Bridegroom comes, awake! Your lamps with gladness take! Hal-le - lu - jah!
With bri - dal care Yourselves pre - pare To meet the Bridegroom, who is near!

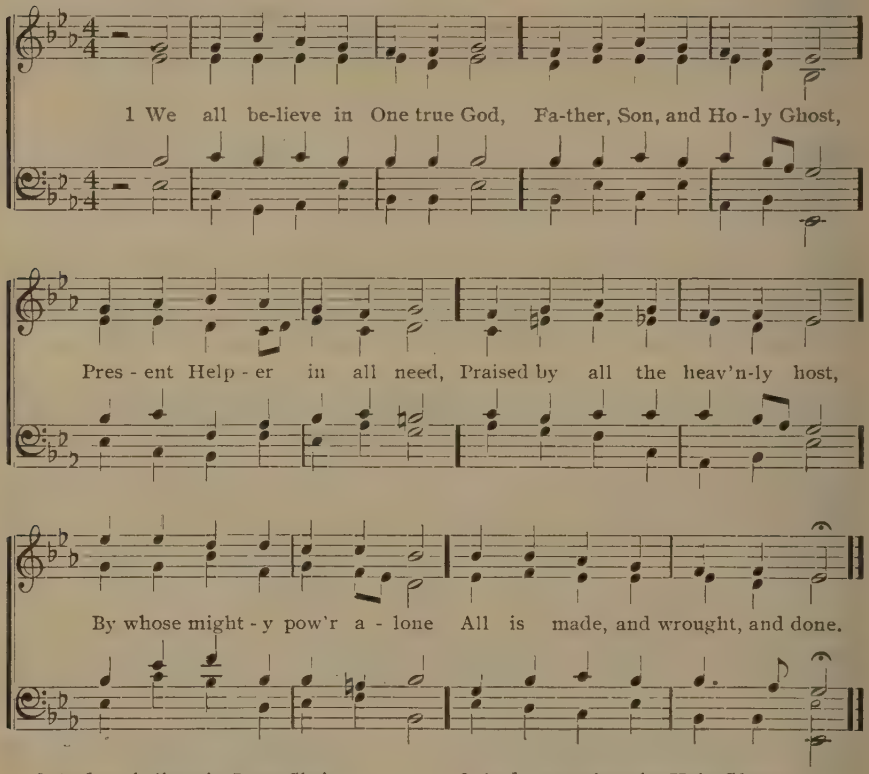
2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Now come, Thou Blesséd One,
Lord Jesus, God's own Son,
Hail! Hosanna!
The joyful call We answer all,
And follow to the nuptial hall.

3 Glory unto Thee be given,
By men and by the host of heaven,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne.
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
Such great glory;
Therefore will we Eternally
Sing hymns of joy and praise to Thee.

Dr. Ph. Nicolai, 1599

210 Wir glauben all an einen Gott 8,7,7,7,7,7

Darmst. H. B., 1699


1 We all be-lieve in One true God, Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,
Pres - ent Help - er in all need, Praised by all the heav'n-ly host,
By whose might - y pow'r a - lone All is made, and wrought, and done.

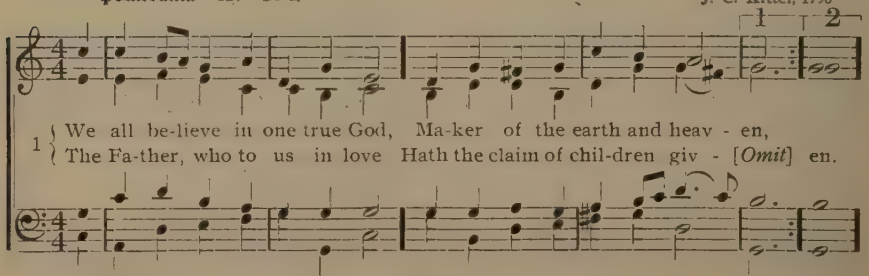
2 And we believe in Jesus Christ,
Son of God, and Mary's Son,
Who from heaven above came down,
And leads us to heaven's throne;
By whose blood and death are we
Rescued from all misery.

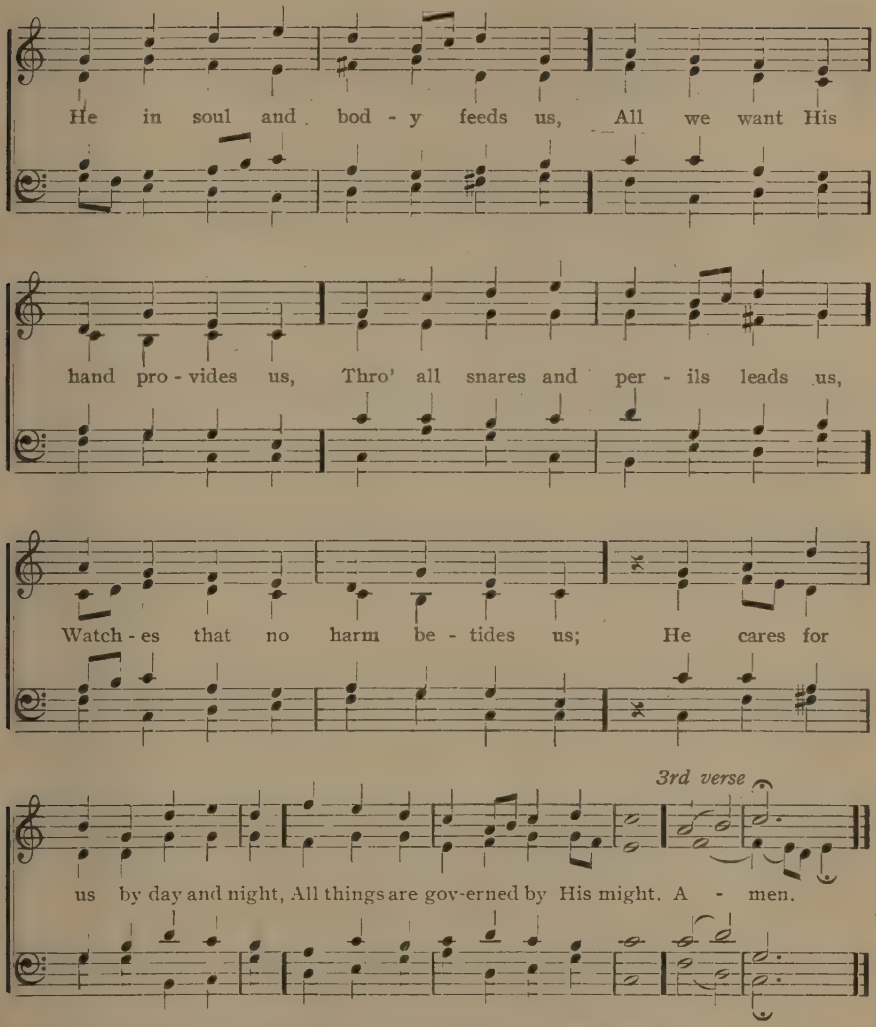
3 And we confess the Holy Ghost,
Who from both fore'er proceeds;
Who upholds and comforts us
In the midst of fears and needs.
Blest and holy Trinity,
Praise forever be to Thee!

Tobias Clausnitzer, † 1684

211 Pomerania 8s. 10 L.

J. C. Kittel, 1790


1 2
1 We all be-lieve in one true God, Ma-ker of the earth and heav - en,
The Fa-ther, who to us in love Hath the claim of chil-dren giv - [Omit] en.


He in soul and bod - y feeds us, All we want His
hand pro - vides us, Thro' all snares and per - ils leads us,
Watch - es that no harm be - tides us; He cares for
3rd verse
us by day and night, All things are gov-erned by His might. A - men.

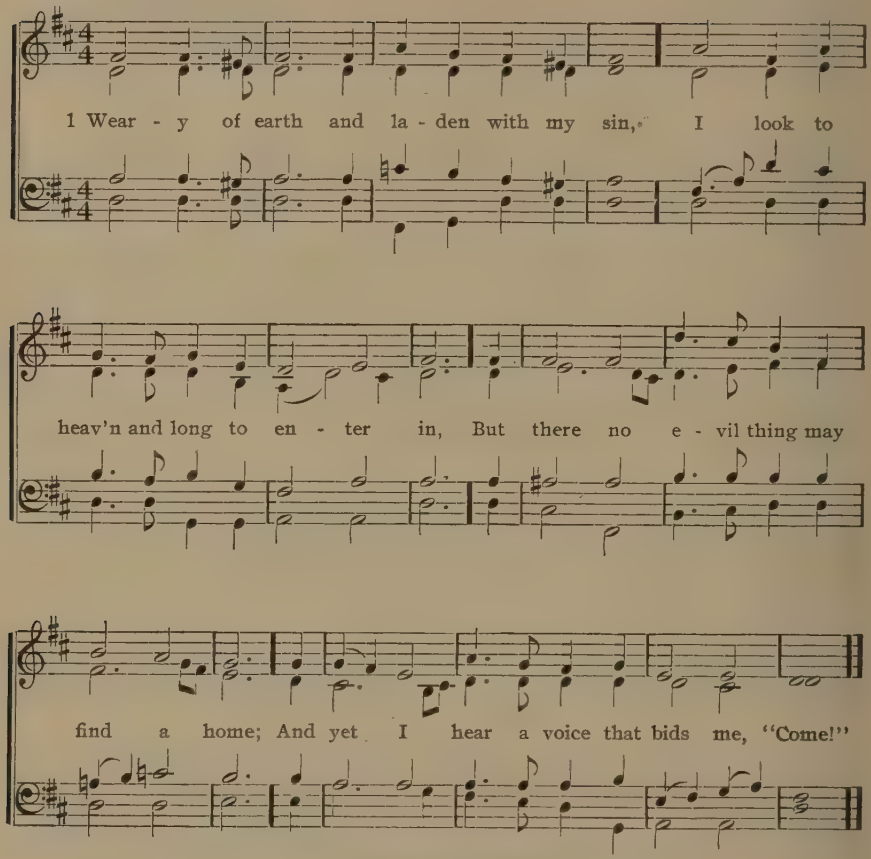
2 And we believe in Jesus Christ,
His own Son, our Lord, possessing
An equal Godhead, throne and might,
Thro' whom comes the Father's blessing;
Conceived of the Holy Spirit,
Born of Mary, virgin-mother,
That lost man might life inherit,
Made true man, our Elder Brother,
Was crucified for sinful men,
And raised by God to life again.

3 We in the Holy Ghost believe,
Who sweet grace and comfort giveth,
And with the Father and the Son
In eternal glory liveth;
Who the Christian Church doth even
Keep in unity of spirit;
Sins are truly here forgiven
Through the blest Redeemer's merit;
All flesh shall rise again, and we
Shall live with God eternally. Amen.

Dr. Martin Luther, 1525

212 Langford 10s. 4 L.

Samuel Langford


1 Wear - y of earth and la - den with my sin, I look to
heav'n and long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil thing may
find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me, "Come!"

10s—11–94–185–212–229–235

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near;
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

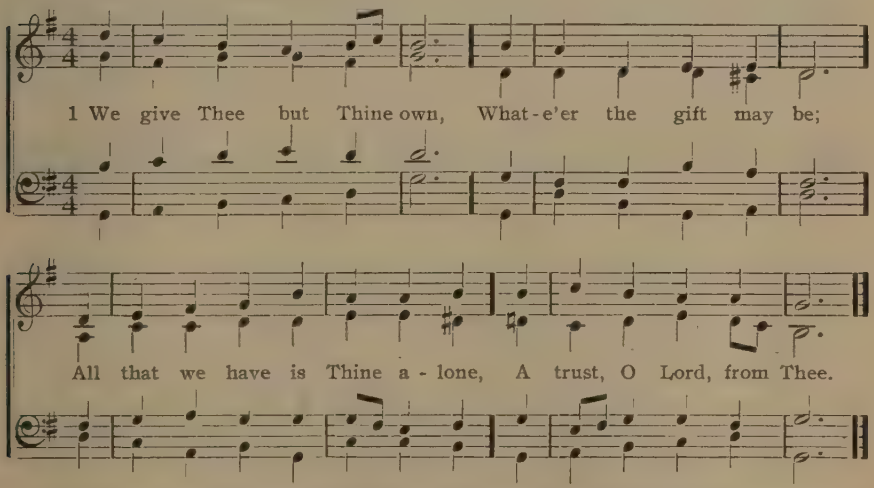
7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

8 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Myself my gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

S. J. Stone, 1866

213 Energy (St. Ethelwald) S. M.

W. H. Monk



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–138–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless—
Is angels' work below.

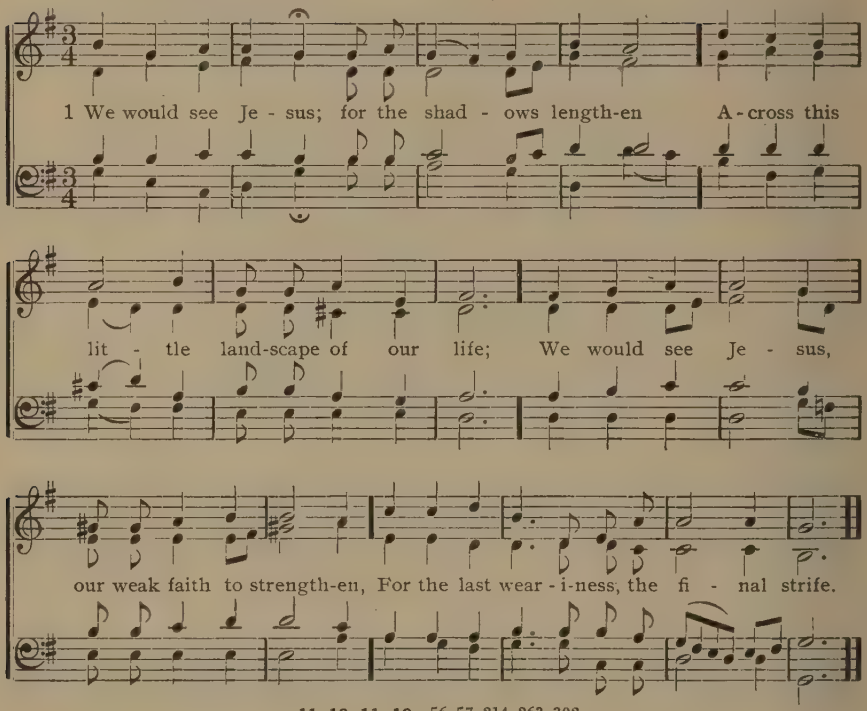
4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

William W. How, 1858 ab

214 Visio Domini 11,10. 4 L.

J. B. Dykes, 1876


1 We would see Je - sus; for the shad - ows length-en A - cross this
lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus,
our weak faith to strength-en, For the last wear - i-ness, the fi - nal strife.

11, 10, 11, 10—56-57-214-263-302

2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

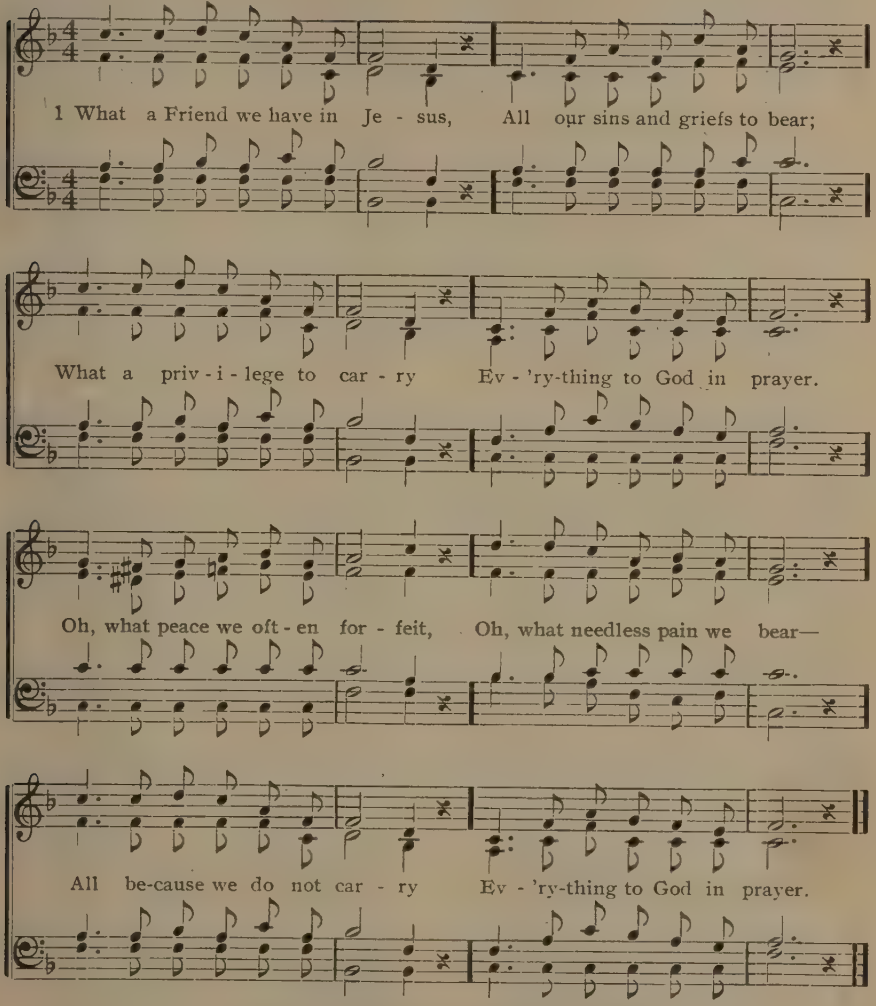
5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

Anna Warner, 1832

215 Friend 8,7. 8 L.

Charles C. Converse


1 What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.

8, 7. 8 L—78–82–83–105–111–(129)–215–277–289

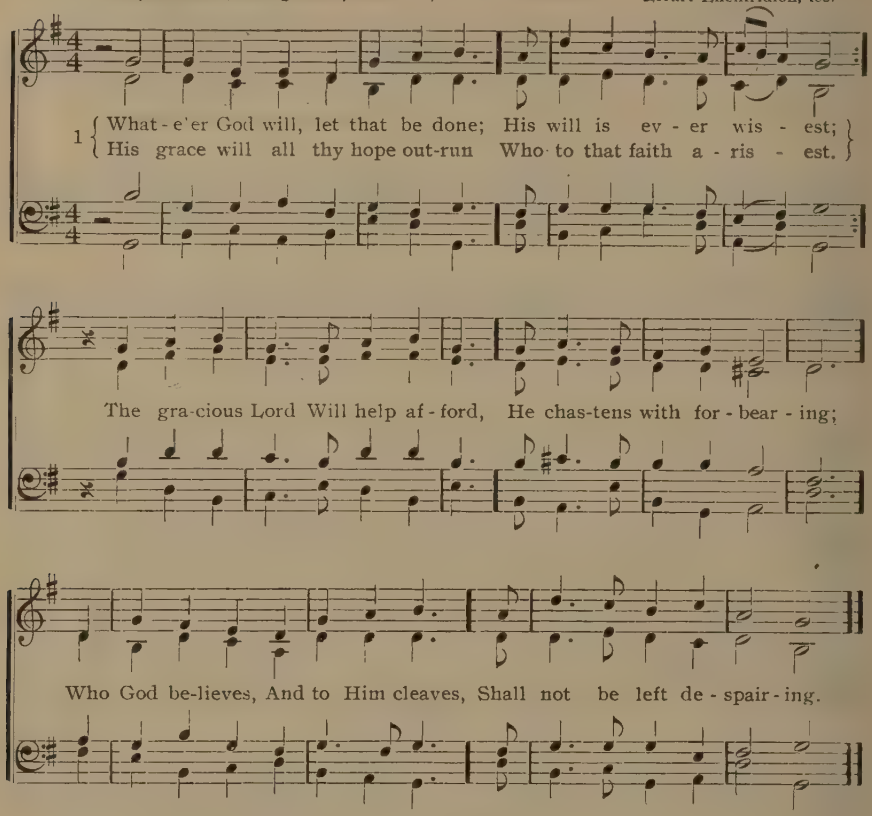
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven, 1855

216 O Herre Gott, dein göttlich Wort 8,7. 8 L. Iambic

Erfurt Enchiridion, 1527


1 What-e'er God will, let that be done; His will is ev-er wis-est;
His grace will all thy hope out-run Who to that faith a-ris-est.
The gra-cious Lord Will help af-ford, He chas-tens with for-bear-ing;
Who God be-lieves, And to Him cleaves, Shall not be left de-spair-ing.

2 My God is my sure Confidence,
My Hope and my Existence;
His counsel is beyond my sense,
Yet I'll not make resistance.
His Word declares The very hairs
Upon my head are numbered;
His mercy large Holds me in charge,
With care that never slumbered.

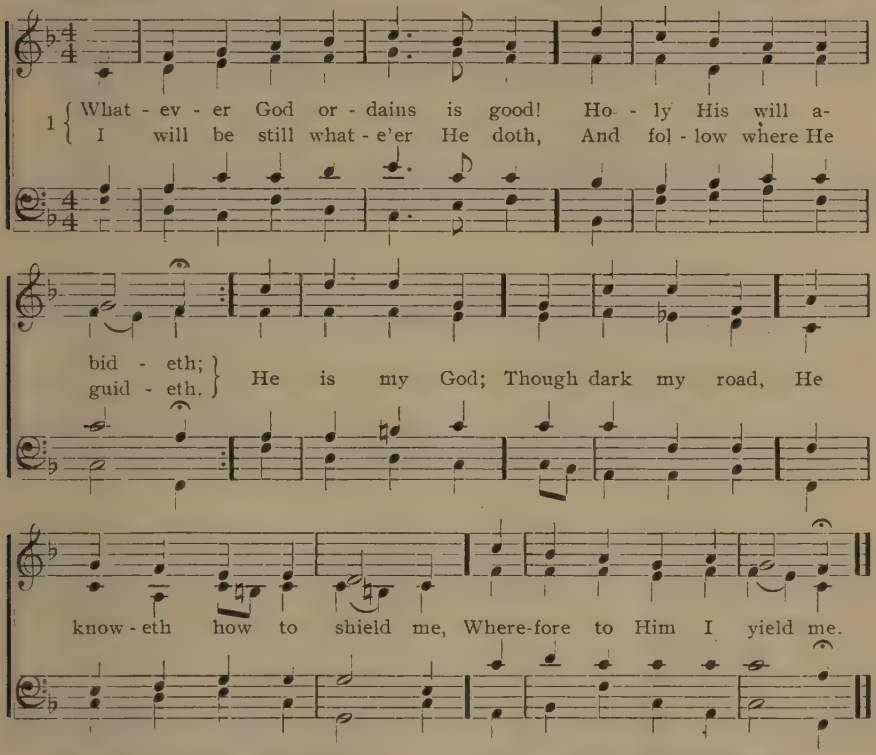
3 The time has come when, at His will,
My life in this world ceases;
I think upon it, and am still,
Let come whate'er He pleases.
To Him I trust My soul, my dust,
When flesh and spirit sever,
The Christ we sing Has plucked the sting
Away from death forever.

4 Yet one thing, Lord, I ask of Thee,
O grant my supplication:
When Satan sorely tempteth me,
Save me from desperation.
O God, my Lord, True to Thy Word,
Do Thou my soul deliver!
Who doth believe, He shall receive:
Thy name be praised forever!

Anon. N. L. Frothingham, tr. a

217 Was Gott tut, das ist wohlgetan 8,7,8,7,8,7,7

G. Gastorius, 1670


1 What - ev - er God or - dains is good! Ho - ly His will a-
I will be still what - e'er He doth, And fol - low where He
bid - eth;
guid - eth.
He is my God; Though dark my road, He
know - eth how to shield me, Where-fore to Him I yield me.

2 Whatever God ordains is good!
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path,
I know He will not leave me,
And take content What He hath sent;
His hand that sends my sadness
Will turn my tears to gladness.

3 Whatever God ordains is good!
His loving thought attends me:
No poisoned draught the cup can be
That my Physician sends me,
But medicine due; For God is true,
Of doubt, then, I'll divest me,
And on His goodness rest me.

4 Whatever God ordains is good!
My Life, my Light can never
Intend me harm; then, to His care
I give myself forever
In weal or woe; For well I know,
Some day I shall see clearly,
That God did love me dearly.

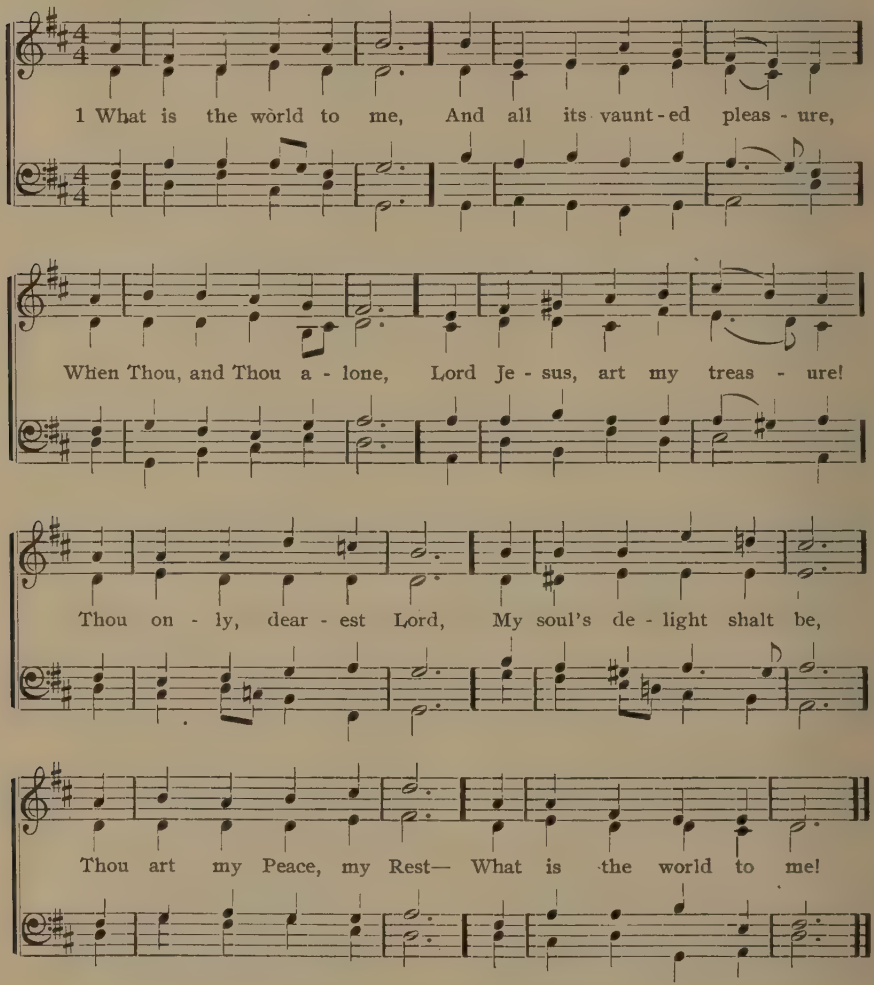
5 Whatever God ordains is good!
Though now this cup in drinking
May bitter to my taste appear,
I take it all unshrinking;
For to my heart God will impart
A timely balm of healing,
And end each painful feeling.

6 Whatever God ordains is good!
Here shall my stand be taken;
Though sorrow, need or death be mine,
Yet am I not forsaken;
My Father's care Is round me there,
His arms embrace and shield me;
Then to my God I yield me.

Samuel Rodigast, 1675

218 Was frag ich nach der Welt 6,7,6,7,6,6,6,6

A. Fritzsch, 1675


1 What is the world to me, And all its vaunt-ed pleas-ure,
When Thou, and Thou a-lone, Lord Je-sus, art my treas-ure!
Thou on-ly, dear-est Lord, My soul's de-light shalt be,
Thou art my Peace, my Rest— What is the world to me!

6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6—144–155–218–223

2 The world is like the smoke,
A fleeting exhalation,
A shadow faint and dim
Of very short duration;
My Jesus doth abide,
Though all things fade and flee;
My everlasting Rock—
What is the world to me!

3 The world strives to be praised
And honored by the mighty,
Nor will at all reflect
How frail they are and flighty;
But what I glory in
Above all things, is He,
My Jesus, He alone—
What is the world to me!

4 The world seeks after wealth,
And unto Mammon offers
Its all, content if gold
Is hoarded in its coffers;
I know a higher good,
Which e'er my joy shall be;
My Jesus is my Wealth—
What is the world to me!

5 The world is sorely grieved,
If ever it is slighted,
As though an enemy
Its honor would have blighted;
Christ, I bear Thy reproach,
While thus it pleaseth Thee!
I'm honored by my Lord—
What is the world to me!

6 The world cannot extol
Too highly sinful pleasures,
And foolishly resigns
For them the heavenly treasures.
Let others love the world,
To please their vanity:
I love the Lord, my God—
What is the world to me!

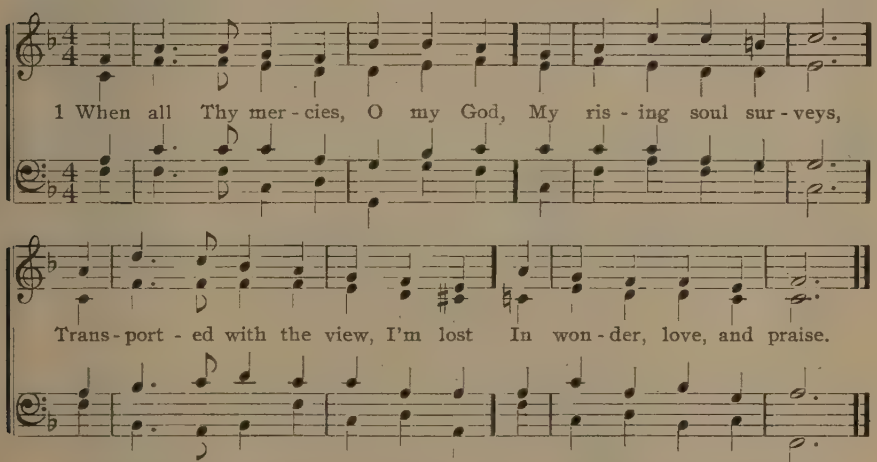
7 What is the world to me!
It rapidly must vanish;
With all its gorgeous pomp
Pale death it cannot banish;
Its riches pass away,
And all its joys must flee,
But Jesus doth abide—
What is the world to me!

8 What is the world to me!
My Jesus is my Treasure,
My Life, my Wealth, my All,
My Friend, my Love, my Pleasure,
My heavenly Happiness
And Bliss eternally;
Once more, then, I would say,
What is the world to me!

G. Michael Pfefferkorn, 1667
A. Crull, tr.

219 Winchester Old C. M.

Este's Psalter, 1592



8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5-6-7-31-32-34-35-38-45-53-60-65-72 85-86-116-119-122-128-133-135-149
150-153-154-157-159-160-163-169-183-190-195-197-199-206-207-219-255-265-(278)-312

2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

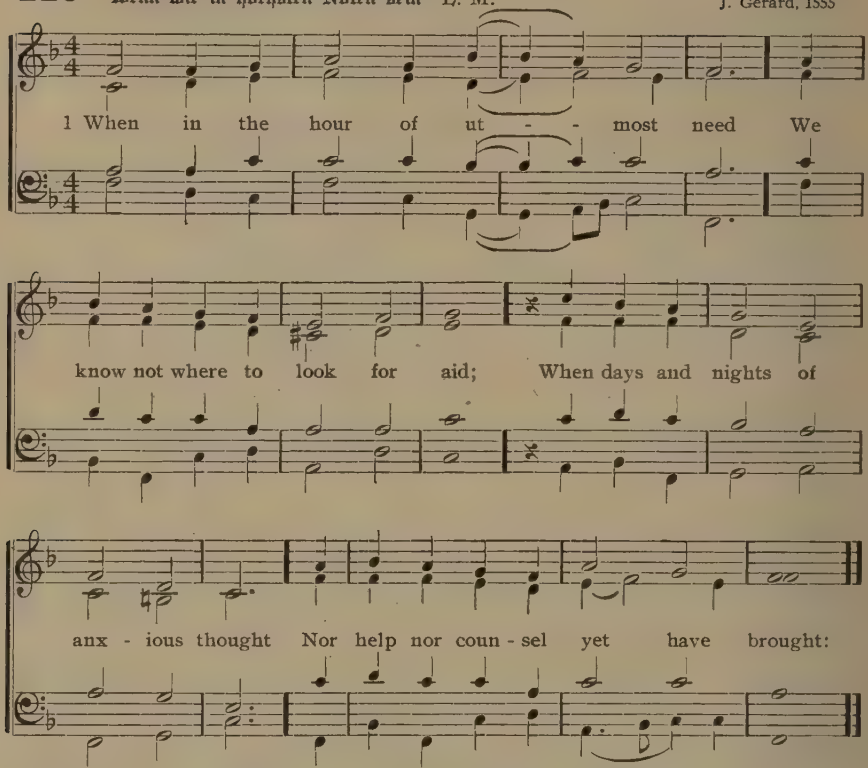
4 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercies shall adore.

5 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

J. Addison, 1712 ab

220 Wenn wir in höchsten Nöten sein L. M.

J. Gerard, 1555


1 When in the hour of ut - - most need We
know not where to look for aid; When days and nights of
anx - ious thought Nor help nor coun - sel yet have brought:

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
For rescue from our misery;

3 To Thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore with bitter sighs,
And seek Thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.

4 For Thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to Thee,
Through Him whose name alone is great,
Our Savior and our Advocate.

5 And thus we come, O God, to-day,
And all our woes before Thee lay;
For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand,
Perils and foes on every hand.

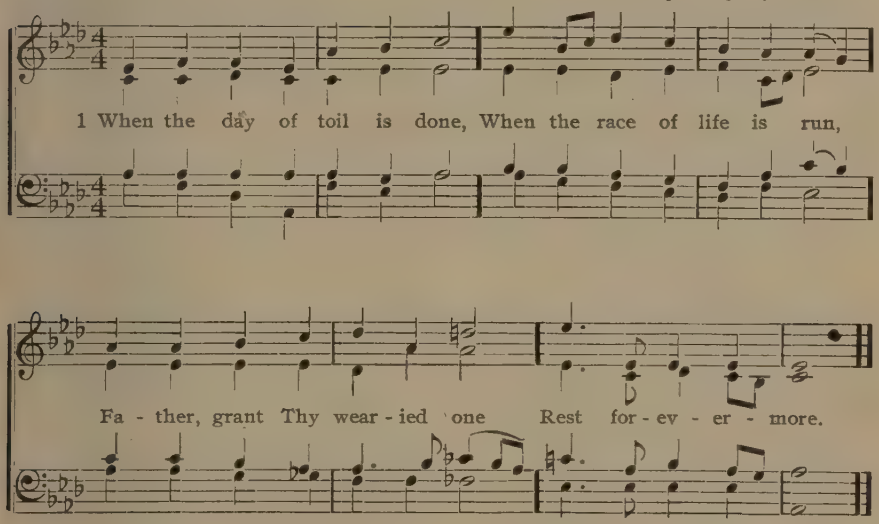
6 Ah! hide not for our sins Thy face,
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace,
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill,—

7 That so with all our hearts we may
Once more our glad thanksgivings pay,
And walk obedient to Thy Word,
And now and ever praise Thee, Lord.

Paul Eber, 1547
C. Winkworth, tr.

221 **Vesperi Lux** 7,7,7,5

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876



7, 7, 7, 5—113–221

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious Word fulfilled,—
"Peace forevermore."

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
Light forevermore.

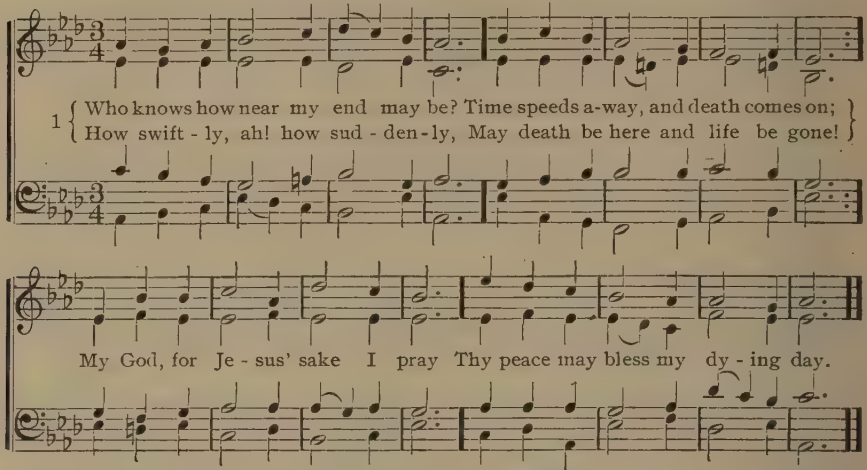
4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us where all tears are dried,
Joy forevermore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love forevermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,—
Life forevermore.

J. Ellerton, 1871

222 Wer weiss, wie nahe mir mein Ende L. M. 6 L. Chr. Moeck, † 1818 (Ad. by P.)


1 Who knows how near my end may be? Time speeds a-way, and death comes on;
How swift - ly, ah! how sud - den - ly, May death be here and life be gone!
My God, for Je - sus' sake I pray Thy peace may bless my dy - ing day.

L. M. 6 L.—41–95–137–194–222

2 The world that smiled when morn was come
May change for me ere close of eve;
So long as earth is still my home
In peril of my death I live:
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

3 Teach me to ponder oft my end,
And ere the hour of death appears,
To cast my soul on Christ, her Friend,
Nor spare repentant cries and tears:
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

4 And let me now so order all,
That ever ready I may be
To say with joy, Whate'er befall,
Lord, do Thou as Thou wilt with me:
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

5 Let heav'n to me be ever sweet,
And this world bitter let me find,
That I, mid all its toil and heat,
May keep eternity in mind:
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

6 O Father, cover all my sins
With Jesus' merits, who alone
The pardon that I covet wins
And makes His long-sought rest my own:
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

7 His sorrows and His cross I know
Make death-beds soft, and light the grave,
They comfort in the hour of woe,
They give me all I fain would have:
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

8 From Him can naught my soul divide,
Nor life nor death can part us now;
I thrust my hand into His side,
And say, My Lord and God art Thou!
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

9 In holy Baptism long ago
I joined me to the living Vine;
Thou lovest me in Him, I know,
In Him Thou dost accept me Thine:
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

10 And I have eaten His own flesh
And drunk His blood,—nor can I be
Forsaken now, nor doubt afresh,
I am in Him, and He in me:
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

11 Then death may come, or tarry yet,
I know in Christ I perish not,
He never will His own forget,
He gives me robes without a spot:
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

12 And thus I live in God at peace,
And die without a thought of fear,
Content to take what God decrees,
For through His Son my faith is clear;
His faith shall be in death my stay,
And peace shall bless my dying day.

Emilie Juliane, Countess of Scharzburg-Rudolstadt, 1686
C. Winkworth, tr. 1858 a

223 Ach Gott, verlass mich nicht 6,7,6,7,6,6,6,6 German, 1648

1 Why do the hea - then rage? What are the na - tions dream - ing?
In vain a - gainst the Lord And His A - noint - ed schem - ing,
Kings of the earth a - rise, And leaguéd ru - lers say:
"Come, let us break their bands, And cast their cords a - way."

6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6—144–155–218–223

2 He who is throned in heaven
Derides their preparation;
The Lord upon them pours
His scornful indignation:
Soon shall His voice of wrath
Their souls with terror thrill,
"Yet I have set My King
On Zion's holy hill."—

3 Now will I cry aloud
And tell the Lord's great token:
"Thou art My Son," He saith:
To me the word was spoken:
"Yea, Thee have I this day
Begotten: ask of Me,
And Thine the heathen, Thine
Earth's utmost parts shall be:

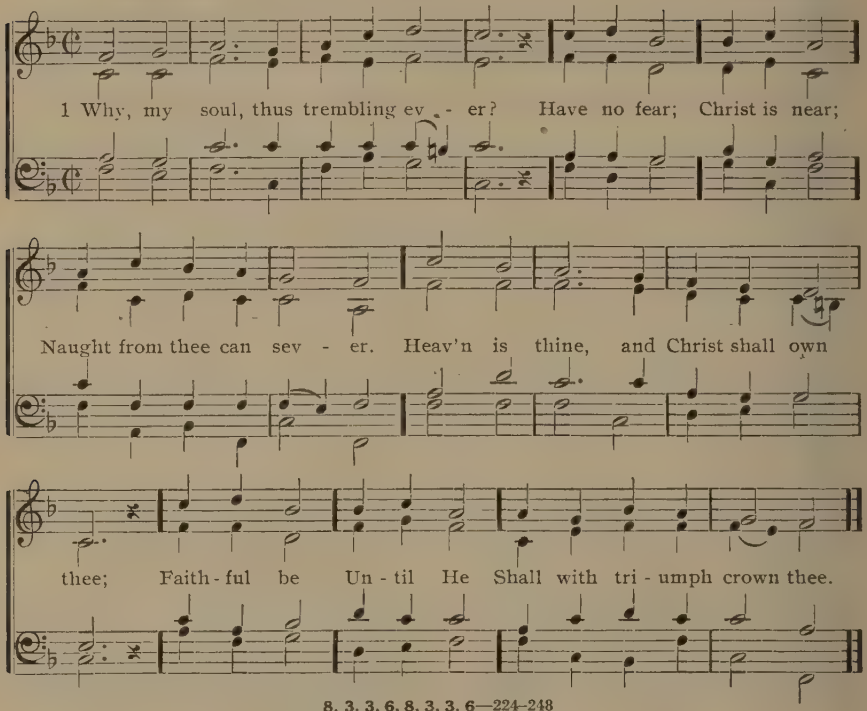
4 "Beneath Thine iron rod
Thy foemen shall be shattered,
As by the potter's hand
The broken shreds lie scattered."
Be wise, then, O ye kings,
Ye earthly judges, hear;
Serve ye the Lord with awe,
Rejoice with trembling fear.

5 Bow down and kiss the Son,
Lest, if His wrath awaken,
Ye fail and fade away,
Forevermore forsaken.
Soon may His anger burn,
A lightly kindled flame;
Then blesséd are all they
That trust His holy name.

B. H. Kennedy, 1860

224 Warum sollt ich mich denn grämen 8,3,3,6,8,3,3,6

J. G. Ebeling, 1666


1 Why, my soul, thus trembling ev - er? Have no fear; Christ is near;
Naught from thee can sev - er. Heav'n is thine, and Christ shall own
thee; Faith-ful be Un-til He Shall with tri-umph crown thee.

8, 3, 3, 6, 8, 3, 3, 6—224–248

2 Painful cross if He should send me,
Shall I faint
With complaint,
Lest the grief should end me?
He hath borne the cross before me:
Soon no pain
Shall remain,
Only peace be o'er me.

3 Hopeful, cheerful, and undaunted,
Everywhere
They appear
Who in Christ are planted:
Death itself cannot appall them:
They rejoice
When the voice
Of their Lord doth call them.

4 Death cannot destroy forever:
From our fears,
Cares and tears,
Soon shall it deliver.
Doors of grief and gloom it closes
While the soul,
Free and whole,
With the saints reposes.

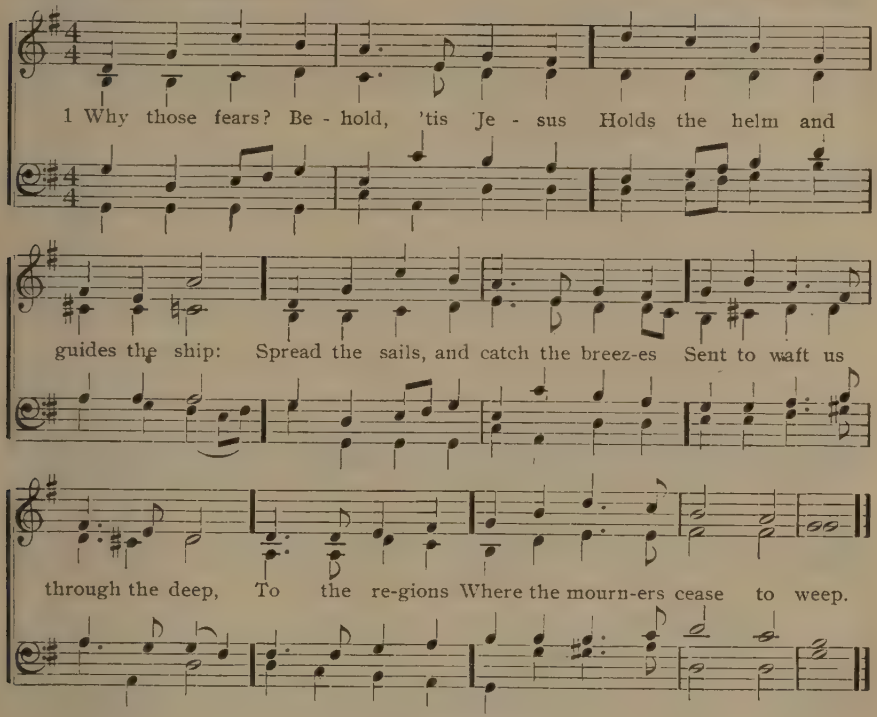
5 Lord, my Shepherd, take me to Thee!
I am Thine,
Thou art mine,
Even ere I knew Thee.
I am Thine, for Thou hast bought me:
Lost I stood,
But Thy blood
Free salvation brought me.

6 Thou art mine, and, for my guiding,
Be Thy bright
Shining light
In my heart abiding!
Savior dear! let me, attaining
To Thy side,
There abide,
With Thee ever reigning!

P. Gerhardt, 1653

225 Orient Morning 8,7,8,7,4,7

A. H. Mann, 1885


1 Why those fears? Be - hold, 'tis Je - sus Holds the helm and
guides the ship: Spread the sails, and catch the breez-es Sent to waft us
through the deep, To the re-gions Where the mourn-ers cease to weep.

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7—70–77–225–228

2 Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

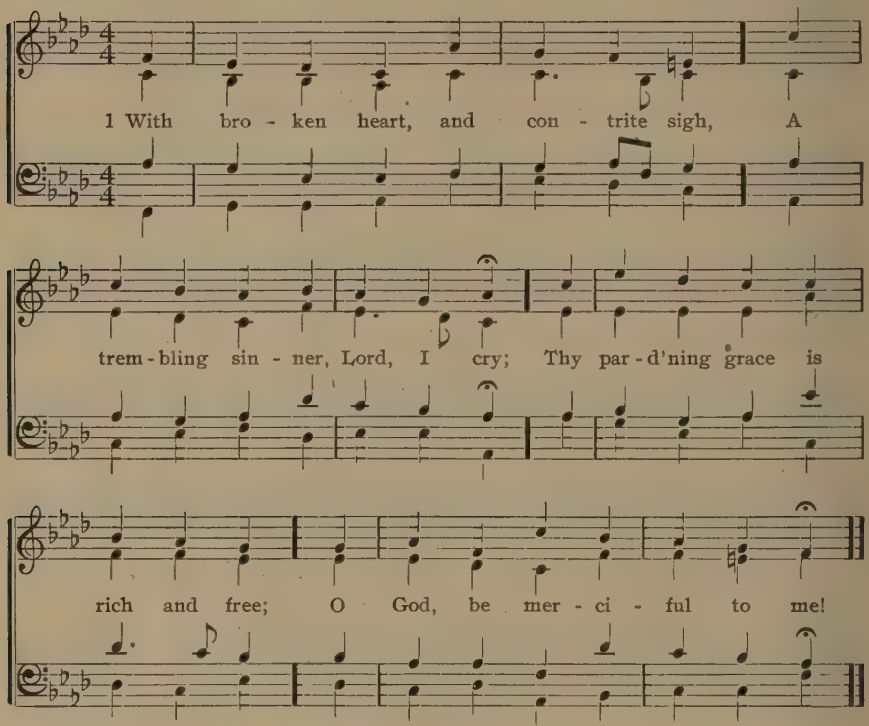
3 Led by that, we leave the ocean;
Led by that, the storms defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

4 O what pleasures there await us:
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

T. Kelly, 1809

226 St. Luke L. M.

J. F. Lampe, 1746


1 With bro - ken heart, and con - trite sigh, A
trem - bling sin - ner, Lord, I cry; Thy par - d'ning grace is
rich and free; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His Cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

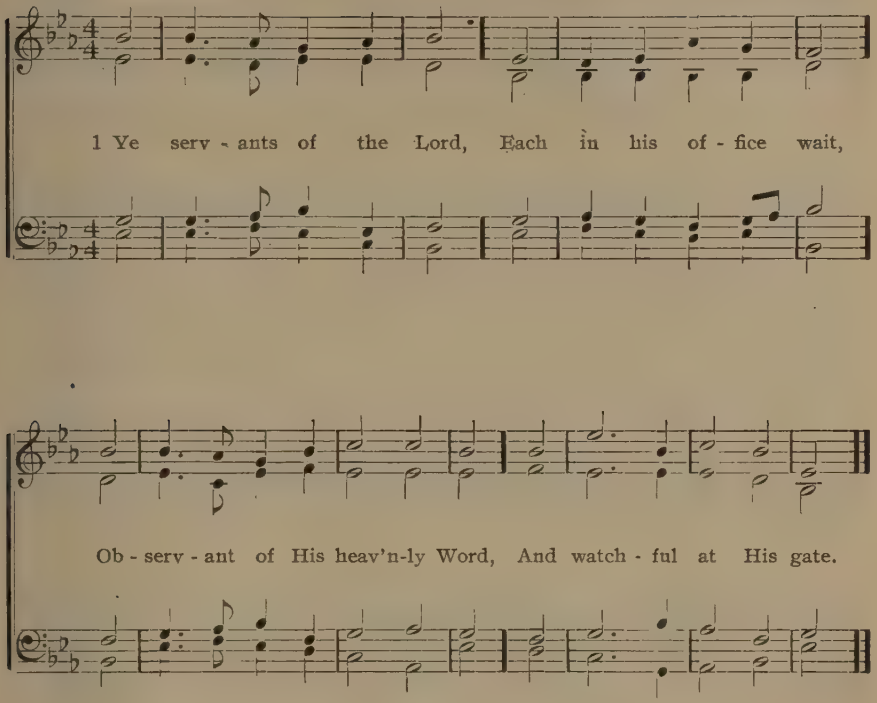
4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be
God has been merciful to me!

C. Elven, 1852

227 Olney S. M.

Lowell Mason



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–61–67–74–76–99–104–108–138–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

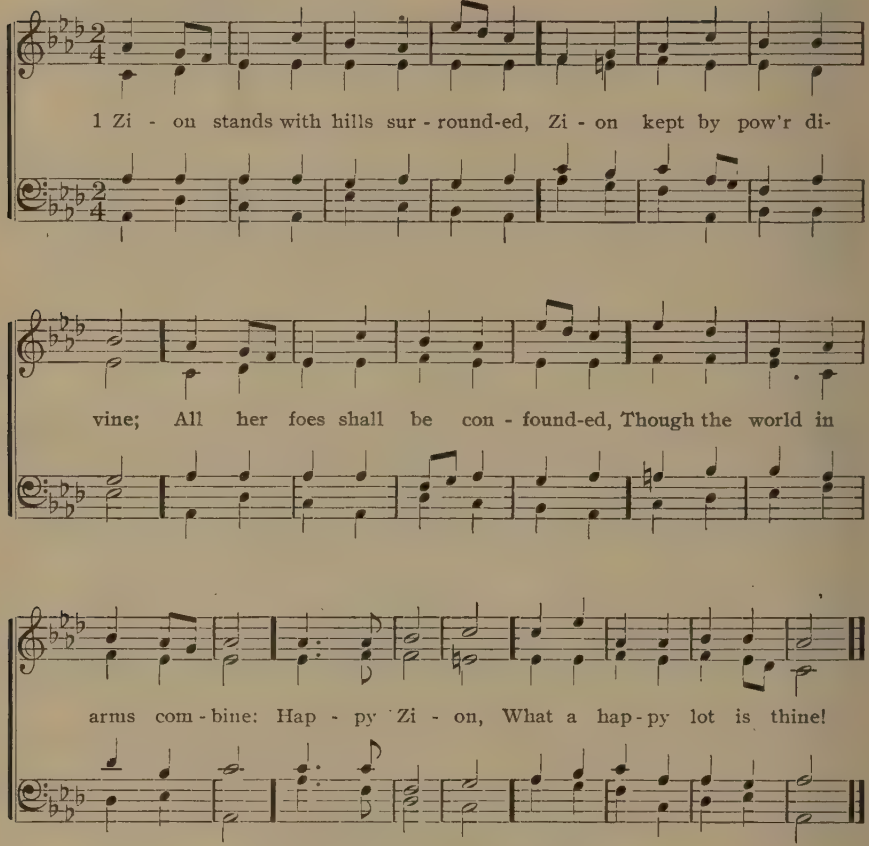
3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

P. Doddridge, 1755

228 Zion (Holborn) 8,7,8,7,4,7

T. Morley


1 Zi - on stands with hills sur - round-ed, Zi - on kept by pow'r di-
vine; All her foes shall be con - found-ed, Though the world in
arms com - bine: Hap - py Zi - on, What a hap - py lot is thine!

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7—70–77–225–228

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Brothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove:
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

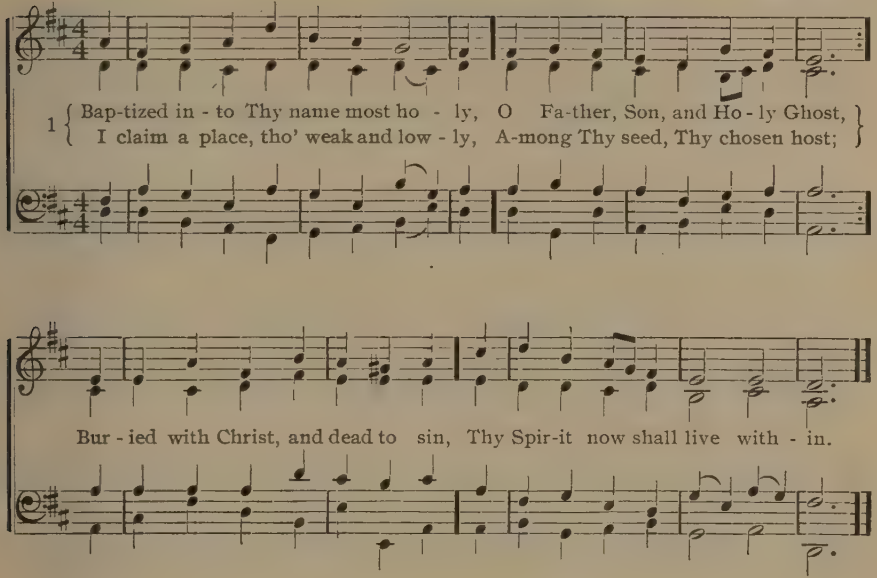
3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting Light.

Thomas Kelly, 1806

Baptism and Children

229 Doles 9,8,9,8,8,8

Doles, 1785


1 Bap-tized in - to Thy name most ho - ly, O Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,
I claim a place, tho' weak and low - ly, A-mong Thy seed, Thy chosen host;
Bur - ied with Christ, and dead to sin, Thy Spir-it now shall live with - in.

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8—90–142–(168)–229–259

2 My loving Father, Thou dost take me
To be henceforth Thy child and heir;
My faithful Savior, Thou dost make me
The fruit of all Thy sorrows share;
Thou, Holy Ghost, wilt comfort me,
When darkest clouds around I see.

3 And I have vowed to fear and love Thee,
And to obey Thee, Lord, alone;
I felt Thy Holy Spirit move me,
And freely pledged myself Thine own,
Renouncing sin to keep the faith,
And war with evil unto death.

4 My faithful God, Thou failest never,
Thy covenant surely will abide;
O cast me not away forever,
Should I transgress it on my side;
If I have sore my soul defiled,
Yet still forgive, restore Thy child.

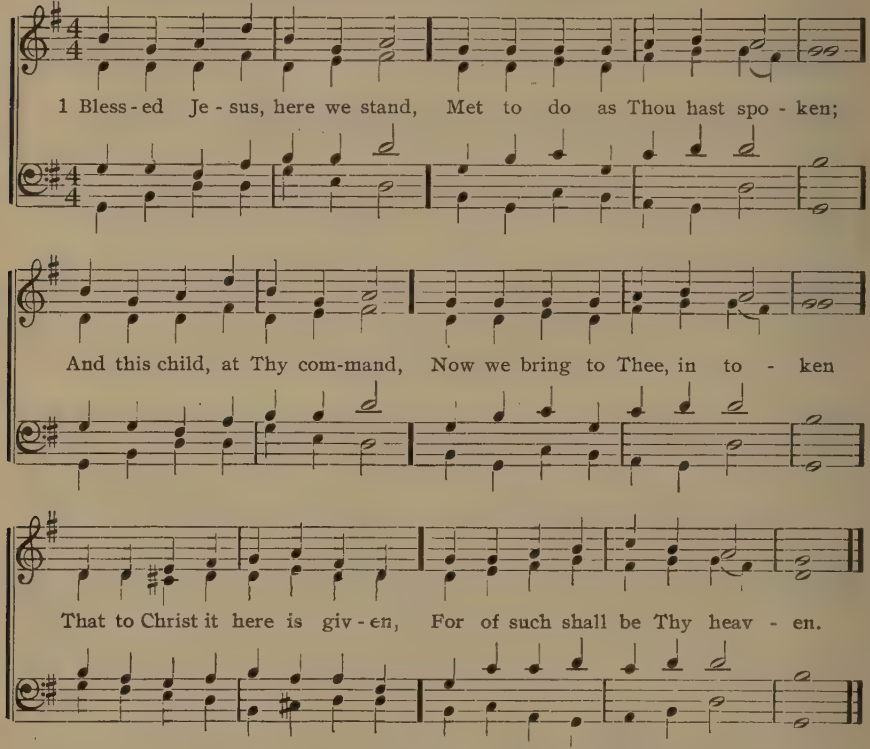
5 Yea, all I am, and love most dearly,—
To Thee I offer new the whole;
O let me make my vows sincerely,
Take full possession of my soul;
Let naught within me, naught I own,
Serve any will but Thine alone.

6 Depart, depart! thou Prince of Darkness!
No more by thee I'll be enticed:
Mine is indeed a tarnished conscience,
But sprinkled with the blood of Christ.
Away, vain world! O sin, away!
Lo! I renounce you all this day.

7 And never let my purpose falter,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
But keep me faithful to Thine altar,
Till Thou shalt call me from my post;
So unto Thee I live and die,
And praise Thee evermore on high.

J. J. Rambach, 1735
C. Winkworth, tr. a

230 Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier 7,8,7,8,8


1 Bless-ed Je-sus, here we stand, Met to do as Thou hast spo-ken;
And this child, at Thy com-mand, Now we bring to Thee, in to-ken
That to Christ it here is giv-en, For of such shall be Thy heav-en.

2 Yes, Thy warning voice is plain,
And we would obey it duly:
"He who is not born again,
Heart and life renewing truly,
Born of water and the Spirit,
Will My kingdom ne'er inherit."

3 Therefore hasten we to Thee;
Take the pledge we bring, O take it!
Let us here Thy glory see,
And in tender pity make it
Now Thy child, and leave it never,
Thine on earth, and Thine forever.

4 Wash it, Jesus, in Thy blood,
From the sin-stain of its nature;
Let it rise from out this flood
Clothed in Thee, a new-born creature;
May it, washed as Thou hast bidden,
In Thine innocence be hidden.

5 Turn its darkness into light,
To Thy grace receive and save it;
Heal the Serpent's venomed bite,
In the font where now we lave it;
Here let flow a Jordan river,
And from leprosy deliver.

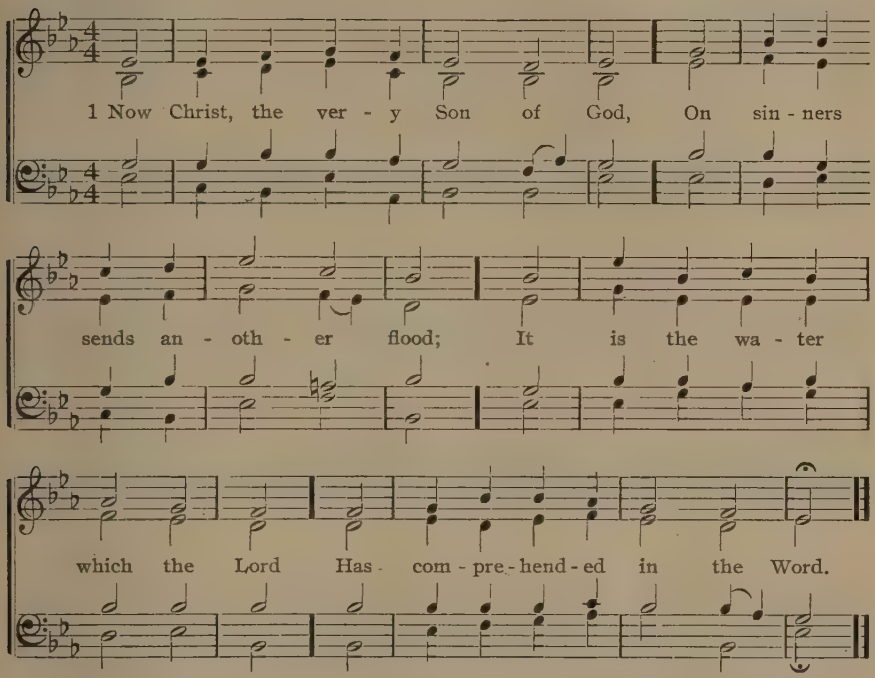
6 Make it, Head, Thy member now;
Shepherd, take Thy lamb and feed it;
Prince of Peace, its peace be Thou;
Way of life, to heaven lead it;
Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
Graft by faith in Thee forever.

7 Now into Thy heart we pour
Prayers, that from our hearts proceeded;
Let our sighing heavenward soar,
Let our warm desires be heeded;
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of heaven.

Benj. Schmolck, 1704

231 Uxbridge L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 This flood, to cleanse sin's leprosy,
Mere earthly water cannot be;
But water and God's gracious Word
Conjoined, this saving bath afford.

3 "Go ye," says Christ, "My Word proclaim,
Baptize the nations in God's name;
All who are baptized and believe,
My full salvation shall receive."

4 God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To be baptized invites the host;
He will be present, though unseen,
From all their sins to wash them clean.

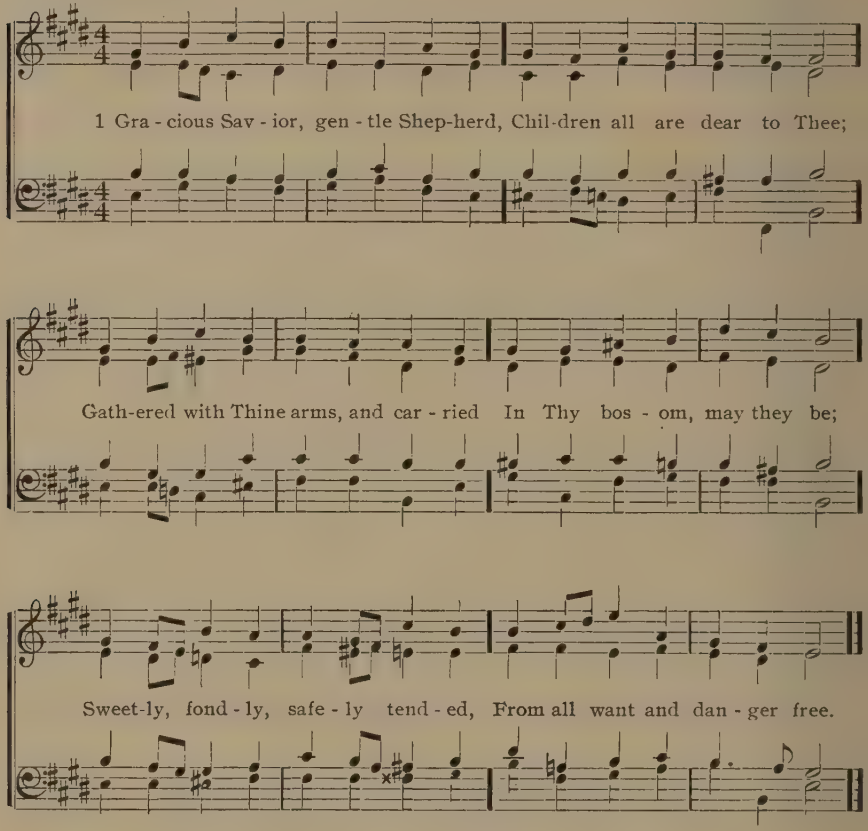
5 So, too, by our repentance, must
The old man, with his sins and lust,
Be daily drowned, and then arise
A new man, righteous, pure, and wise.

6 That by the water and the Word
We're born again, we thank Thee, Lord!
In life and death Thine let us be,
And Thine in all eternity.

17th Century
C. H. L. Schuette, tr.

232 Spes Unica 8,7. 6 L

Cooper Perry, 1889


1 Gra - cious Sav - ior, gen - tle Shep-herd, Chil-dren all are dear to Thee;
Gath-ered with Thine arms, and car - ried In Thy bos - om, may they be;
Sweet-ly, fond - ly, safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan - ger free.

8, 7, 6 L—8-50-148-232

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy warning love directed,
May they walk the narrow way;
Thus direct them, thus defend them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

3 Cleanse their hearts from sinful folly
In the stream Thy love supplied,
Mingled stream of blood and water
Flowing from Thy wounded side;
And to heavenly pastures lead them,
Where Thine own still waters glide.

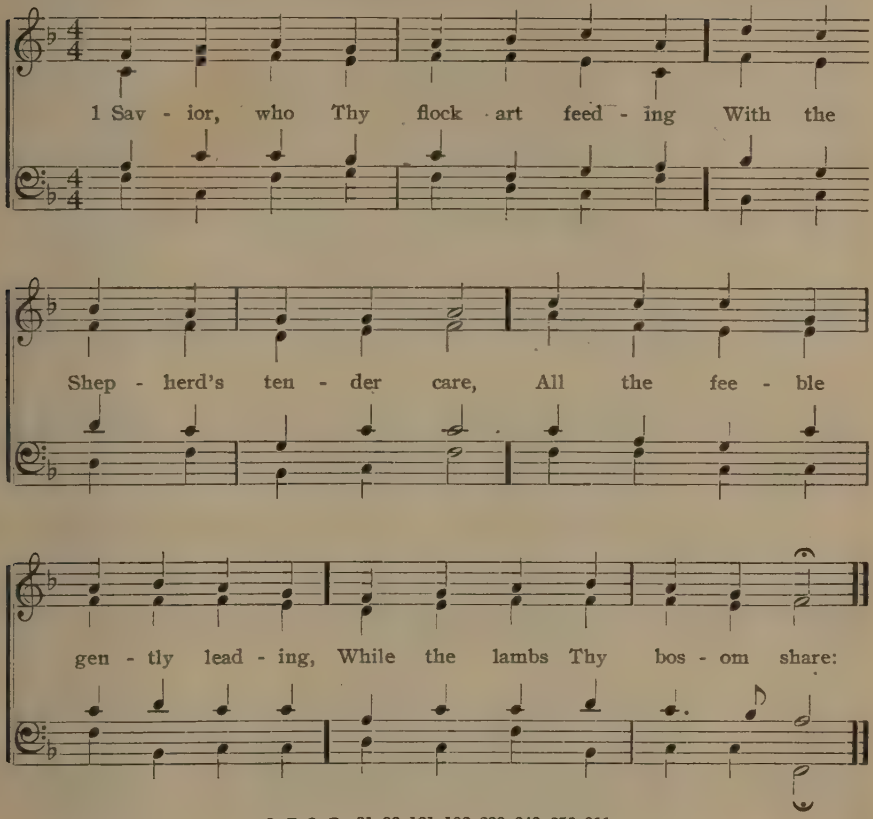
4 Let Thy holy Word instruct them;
Fill their minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy powerful grace constrain them
To approve whate'er is right;
Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
Let them prove Thy burden light.

5 Taught to lisp Thy holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts, unfeignéd,
Glad thank-offering may they bring·
Then with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise their Lord and King.

Jane E. Leeson, 1857

233 Batty (Ringe recht) 8,7,8,7

Thommen, 1745


1 Sav - ior, who Thy flock art feed - ing With the
Shep - herd's ten - der care, All the fee - ble
gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bos - om share:

8, 7, 8, 7—81–98–121–192–233–243–252–311

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy Word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

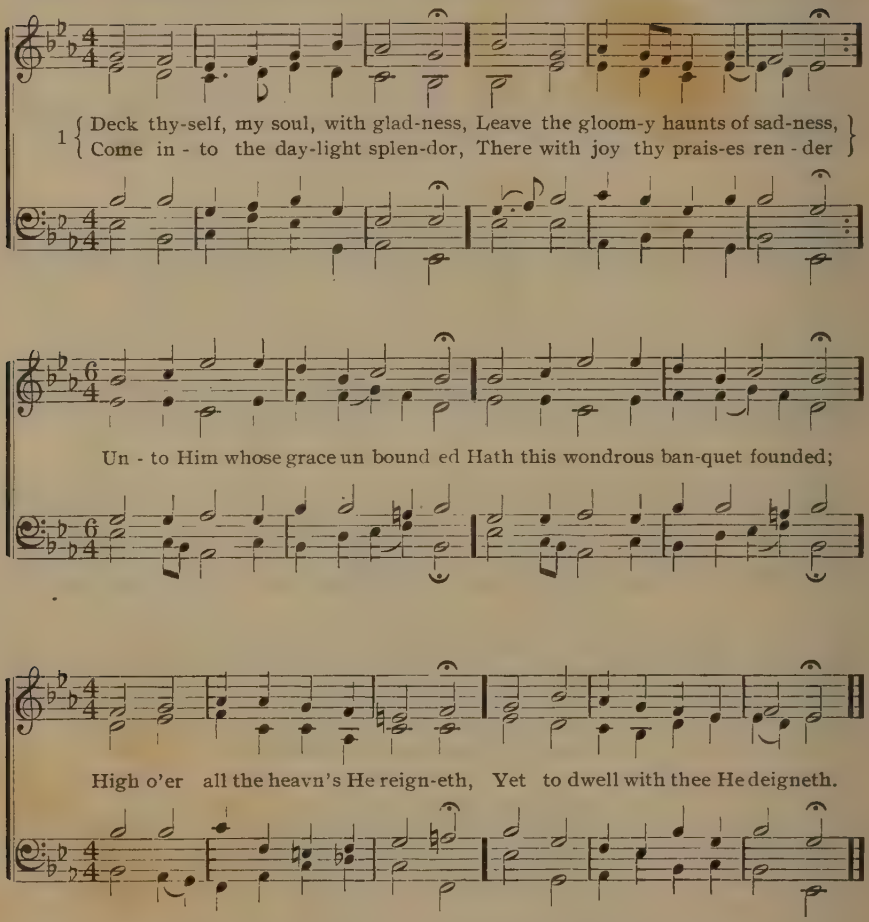
3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness. so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

4 Then within Thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

W. A. Muehlenberg, 1826

Communion

234 Schmücke dich L. M. 8 l. Trochaic


1 Deck thy-self, my soul, with glad-ness, Leave the gloom-y haunts of sad-ness,
Come in - to the day-light splen-dor, There with joy thy prais-es ren - der
Un - to Him whose grace un bound ed Hath this wondrous ban-quet founded;
High o'er all the heavn's He reign-eth, Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

2 Hasten as a bride to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him,
For with words of life immortal
Now He knocketh at thy portal;
Haste to ope the gates before Him,
Saying, while thou dost adore Him,
"Suffer, Lord, that I receive Thee,
And I nevermore will leave Thee."

3 He who costly goods desireth
To obtain, much gold requireth;
But to freely give the treasure
Of Thy love is Thy good pleasure;
For on earth there is no coffer
Which as payment we might offer
For this cup Thy blood containing,
And this manna on us raining.

4 Ah, how hungers all my spirit
For the love I do not merit!
Oft have I, with sighs fast thronging,
Thought upon this food with longing.
In the battle well-nigh worsted,
For this cup of life have thirsted,
For the Friend, who here invites us
And to God Himself unites us.

5 Now I sink before Thee lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling, awe and wonder,
On Thy mighty works I ponder;
How, by mystery surrounded,
Depths no man hath ever sounded,
None may dare to pierce, unbidden,
Secrets that with Thee are hidden.

6 Nay, though reason here doth ponder,
It can never reach this wonder,
That this bread is never lessened,
Though it nourish thousands present,
And that Christ His blood is giving
With the wine we are receiving.
O, these mysteries unsounded
Are by God alone expounded!

7 Sun, who all my life dost brighten,
Light, who dost my soul enlighten,
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
Fount, whence all my being floweth—
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessed food from heaven,
For our good, Thy glory, given.

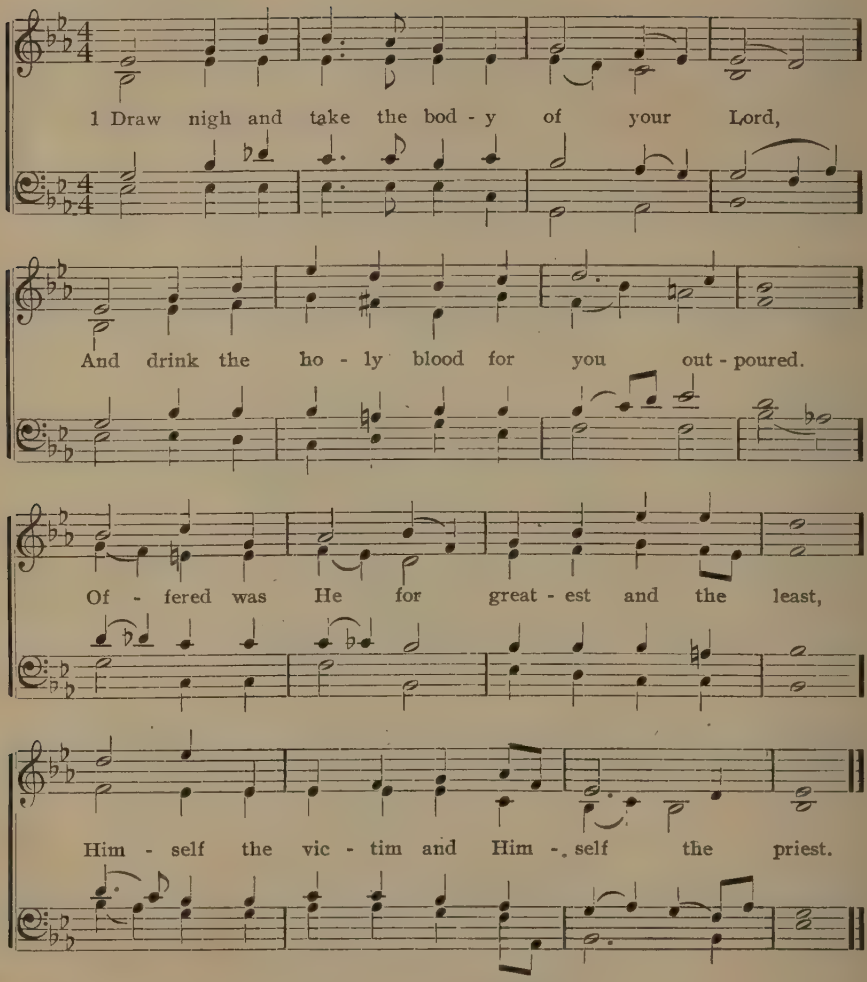
8 Lord, Thy fervent love hath driven
Thee to leave Thy throne in heaven,
For us on the cross to languish
And to die in bitter anguish,
To forego all joy and gladness,
And to shed Thy blood in sadness,
Which we drink now; grant that never
We forget Thy love, dear Savior!

9 Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee,
Let me gladly here obey Thee,
Never to my hurt invited,
Be Thy love with love requited.
From this banquet let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep love's treasure;
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me
As Thy guest in heav'n receive me.

J. Franck

235 Pax Dei 10s

J. B. Dykes, 1868


1 Draw nigh and take the bod - y of your Lord,
And drink the ho - ly blood for you out - poured.
Of - fered was He for great - est and the least,
Him - self the vic - tim and Him - self the priest.

10s. 4 L—11-94-185-212-229-235

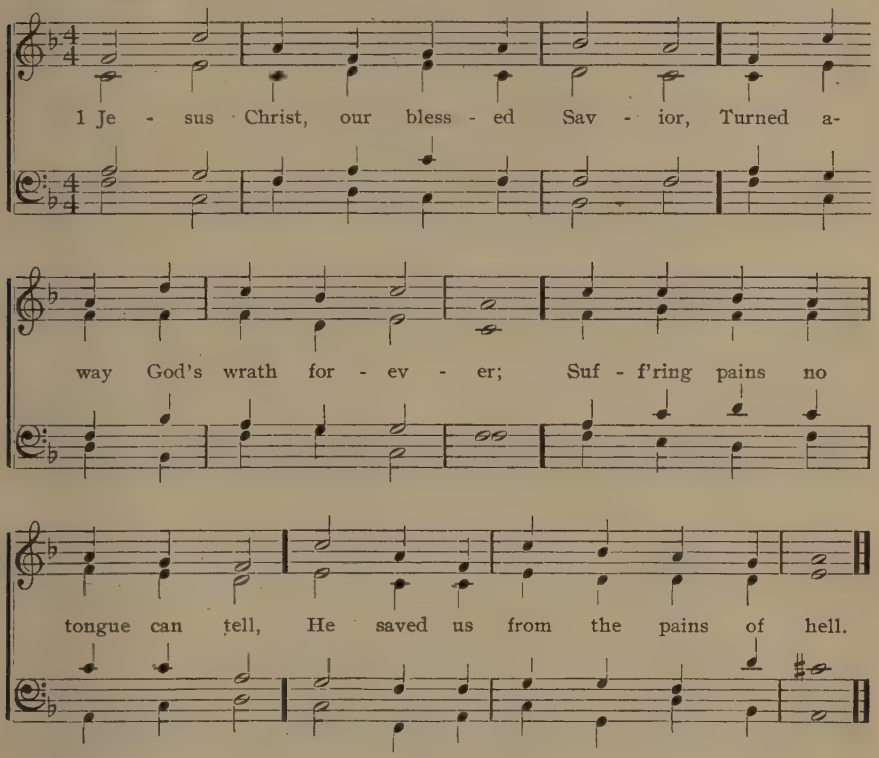
2 He that in this world rules His saints, and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;
With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

3 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the pledges of salvation here.
O Judge of all, our only Savior Thou,
In this Thy feast of love be with us now.

Latin, c 680
J. M. Neale, tr. 1851 a

236 Jesus Christus, unser Heiland, der 8,8,7,8

Kluge, 1535


1 Je - sus Christ, our bless - ed Sav - ior, Turned a-
way God's wrath for - ev - er; Suf - f'ring pains no
tongue can tell, He saved us from the pains of hell.

2 To remind us that, to save us,
He hath died, His flesh He gave us,
With this bread, a quickening food,
And with this wine, His precious blood.

3 Whoso to this board repaireth,
Take good heed how He prepareth;
Death instead of life shall he
Receive who comes unworthily.

4 Thou shalt hold with faith unshaken,
That this food is to be taken
By the sick who are distressed,
By those whose heart is sin-oppressed.

5 Christ says: Come, ye heavy-laden,
I your weary hearts will gladden;
They that are yet strong and well,
Despise the best physician's skill.

6 Couldst thou earn thine own salvation,
Useless were my death and passion;
This feast is not spread for thee,
If thine own helper thou wilt be.

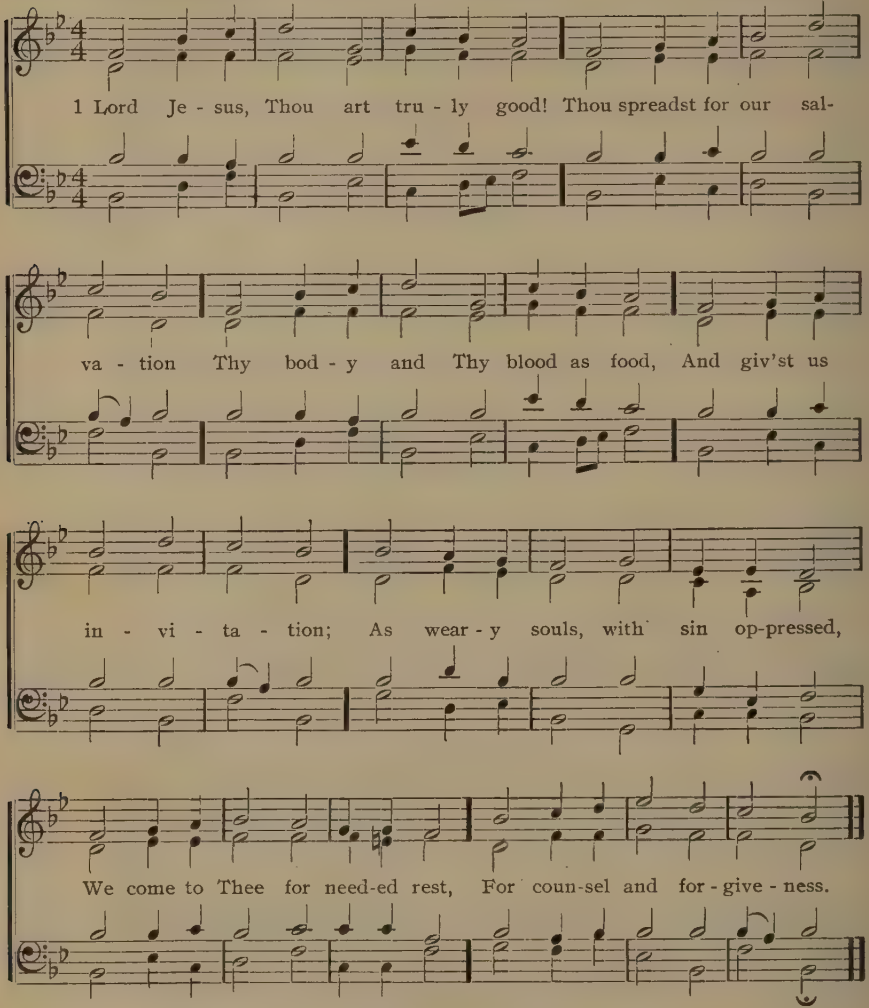
7 If thou this believest truly,
And confession makest duly,
Thou a welcome guest art here,
This heavenly food thy soul shall cheer.

8 But the fruits must not be missing,
Love thy neighbor without ceasing,
That true love let him receive,
Which here to thee thy God doth give.

John Hus
Dr. Martin Luther, tr.

237 Herr Jesu Christ, du hast bereit 8,7,8,7,8,8,7

P. Sohren, 1668


1 Lord Je - sus, Thou art tru - ly good! Thou spreadst for our sal-
va - tion Thy bod - y and Thy blood as food, And giv'st us
in - vi - ta - tion; As wear - y souls, with sin op-pressed,
We come to Thee for need-ed rest, For coun-sel and for - give - ness.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7—30–59–75–89–152–172–178–(193)–237–290

2 Although Thou didst ascend to heaven,
Where angels bow before Thee,
And now to mortals 'tis not given
By sight here to adore Thee,
Until begins Thy judgment grand,
When we before Thy throne shall stand,
And cheerfully behold Thee:

3 Yet art Thou ever with us, Lord,
And with Thy congregation,
And not confined—so says Thy Word—
To any habitation.
Firm as a rock Thy Word still stands,
Unshaken by the enemies' hands,
Though they be e'er so cunning.

4 Thou say'st: "This is My body; eat,
And orally receive Me!
This is My blood; drink all of it,
And henceforth never leave Me!"
What Thou hast spoken, true must be:
Thou art almighty, and with Thee
Impossible is nothing.

5 Although my reason cannot see
How in so many places
Thy body at one time may be,
Yet faith Thy Word embraces.
How it can be, I leave to Thee,
Thy Word alone sufficeth me,
For Thou wilt that we trust it.

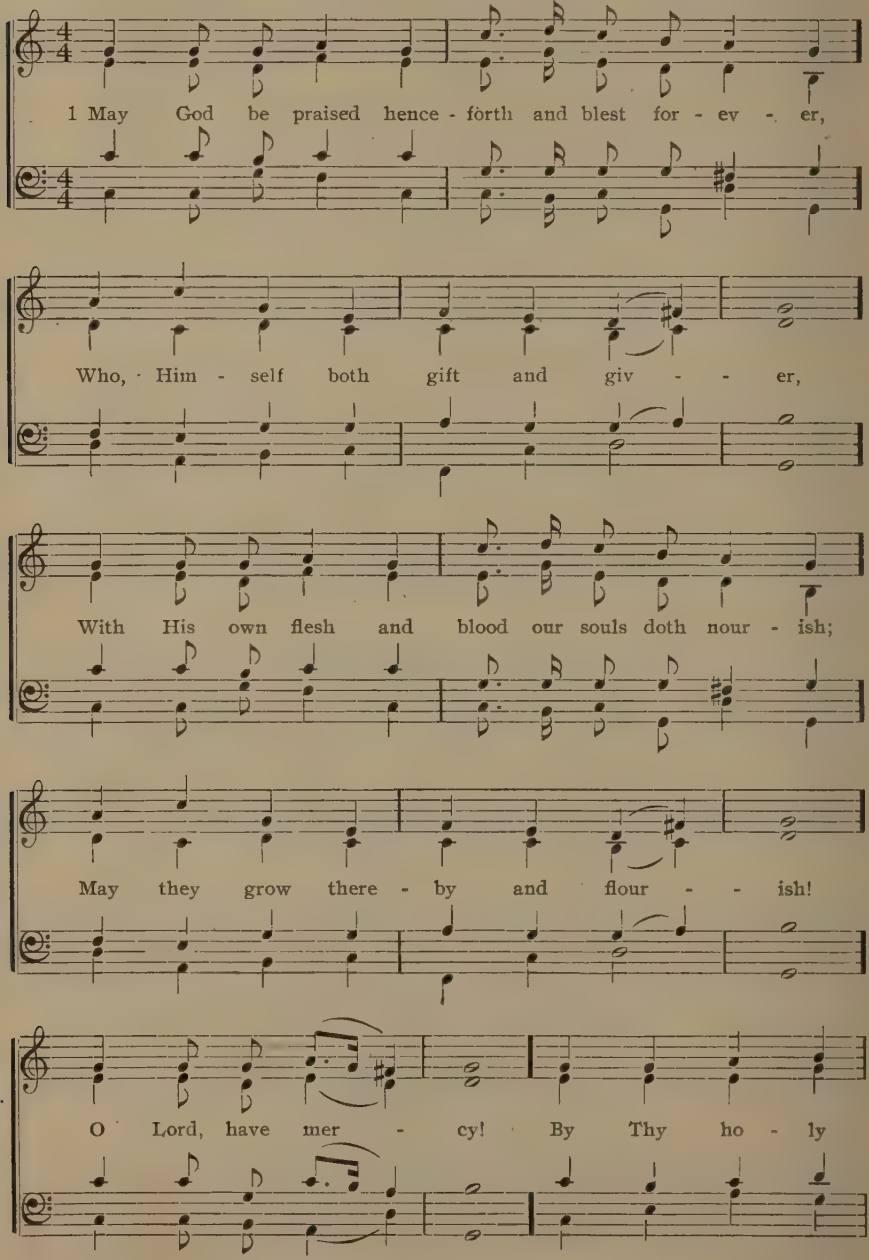
6 Lord, I believe in simple trust,
Strength in my weakness give me,
For I am naught but sinful dust,
Nor of Thy Word bereave me!
Thy Baptism, Supper, and Thy Word,
My consolation are, O Lord,
For they contain my treasure.

7 Grant that we worthily receive
Thy Supper, Lord, our Savior,
That for our sins we truly grieve,
And prove by our behavior
That we obtained Thy saving grace,
And trust in it throughout our days;
Then will our life be godly.

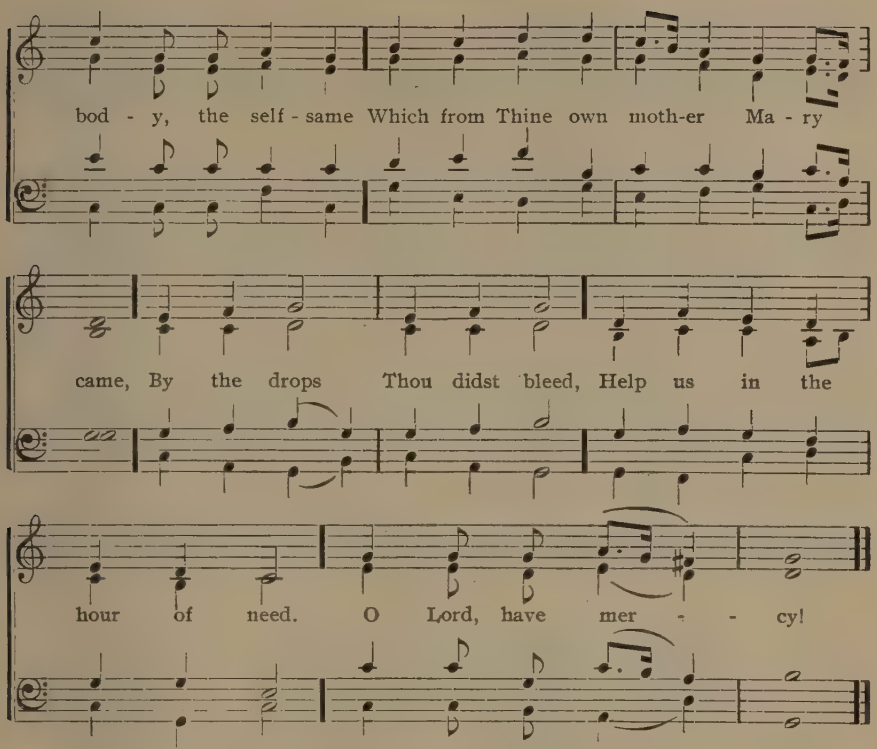
8 For Thy consoling supper, Lord,
Be praised throughout all ages!
Preserve it, for with one accord
The world against it rages.
Grant that Thy body and Thy blood
May be my comfort and sweet food
In my last moments. Amen!

Samuel Kinner (or Koerner), 1638

238 Gott sei gelobet und gebenedeiet 11,8,11,8,5,9,9,6,7,5 Ancient, J. Walther, 1524


1 May God be praised hence - forth and blest for - ev - er,
Who, Him - self both gift and giv - - er,
With His own flesh and blood our souls doth nour - ish;
May they grow there - by and flour - - ish!
O Lord, have mer - cy! By Thy ho - ly

Communion


bod - y, the self - same Which from Thine own moth-er Ma - ry
came, By the drops Thou didst bleed, Help us in the
hour of need. O Lord, have mer - - cy!

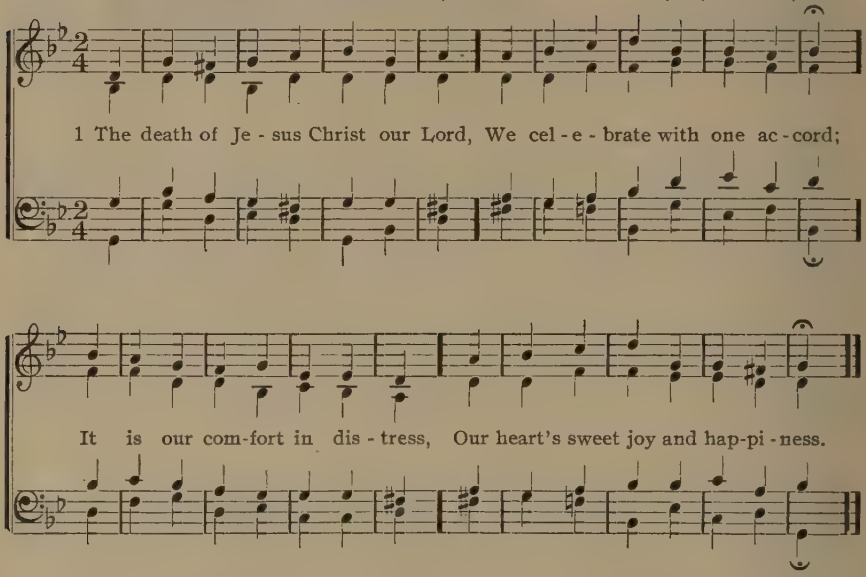
2 Thou hast to death Thy holy body given,
Life to win for us in heaven;
By stronger love, dear Lord, Thou couldst not bind us
Whereof this should well remind us.
O Lord, have mercy!
Lord, Thy love constrained Thee for our good
Mighty things to do by Thy dear blood;
Thou hast paid all we owed,
Thou hast made our peace with God.
O Lord have mercy!

3 May God bestow on us His grace and blessing,
That, His holy footsteps tracing,
We walk as brethren dear in love and union,
Nor repent this sweet communion.
O Lord, have mercy!
Let not Thy good Spirit forsake us,
Grant that heavenly-minded He make us,
That Thy poor Church may see
Days of peace and unity.
O Lord, have mercy!

Dr. Martin Luther, 1524
Richard Massie, tr. a

239 Mein Seel', o Gott, muss loben dich L. M.

(1569) B. Gesius, 1603


1 The death of Je - sus Christ our Lord, We cel - e - brate with one ac - cord;
It is our com-fort in dis - tress, Our heart's sweet joy and hap-pi - ness.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 He blotted out with His own blood
The judgment that against us stood;
He full atonement for us made,
And all our debt He fully paid.

3 That this is so and ever true
He gives an earnest ever new;
In this His holy Supper, here
We taste His love so sweet, so near.

4 For His true body, as He said,
And His true blood, for sinners shed,
In this comunion we receive,
His sacred Word we do believe.

5 A precious food this is indeed,
It never faileth, such we need,
A heavenly manna for our soul,
That we may safely reach our goal.

6 Then blesséd is each worthy guest
Who in this promise finds His rest,
For Jesus will in love abide
With those who do in Him confide:

7 The guest that comes with true intent
To turn to God and to repent,
To live for Christ, to die to sin,
And thus a holy life begin.

8 Who does unworthy here appear,
Does not believe, nor is sincere,
Salvation here he cannot find:
May we this warning bear in mind.

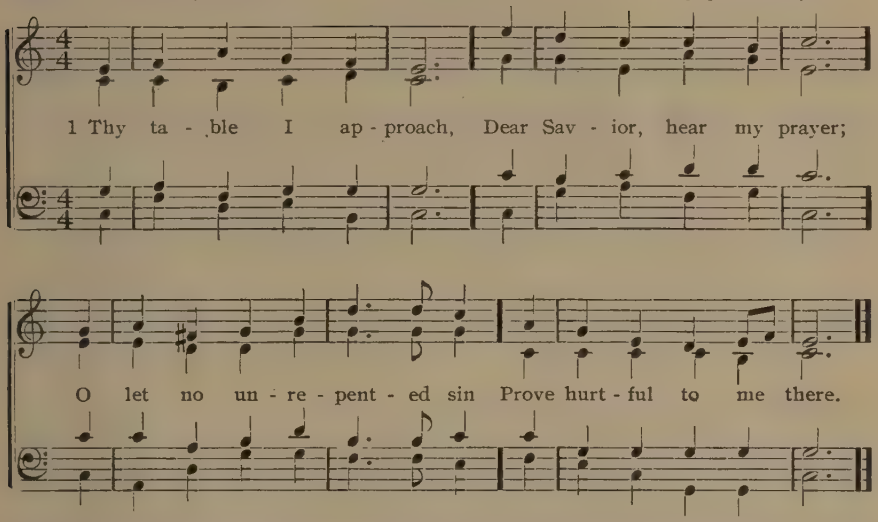
9 O Jesus Christ, our Brother dear,
Unto Thy cross we now draw near;
Thy sacred wounds indeed make whole
A wounded and afflicted soul.

10 Help us sincerely to believe
That we Thy mercy do receive,
And in Thy grace do find our rest,
Amen. He who believes is blest.

Haquin Spegel, 1686
Johan Olof Wallin, 1814

240 St. George S. M.

Hy. J. Gaunlett, 1848



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–138–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 Lo, I confess my sins,
  And mourn their wretched bands;
A contrite heart is ever wont
  To find grace at Thy hands.

3 Thy body and Thy blood,
  Once slain and shed for me,
Are taken at Thy table here—
  A wondrous mystery!

4 Here I with mouth and soul,
  Incomprehensibly,
Shall eat the precious flesh of Christ
  In blest reality.

5 Search not how this takes place,
  Nor whether it can be;
God can accomplish vastly more
  Than seemeth plain to thee.

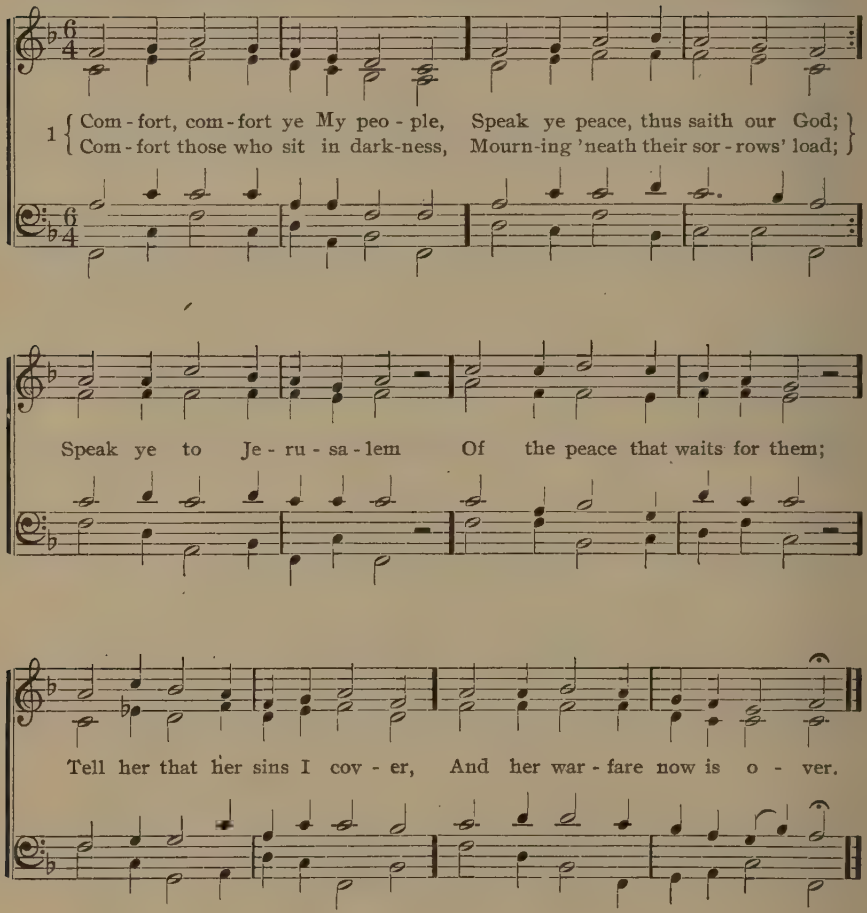
6 Vouchsafe, O blesséd Lord,
  That earth and hell combined,
May ne'er about this Sacrament
  A doubt raise in my mind.

7 And may I never fail
  To thank Thee day and night
For Thy true body and true blood,
  O God, my Peace and Light!

Advent

241 Freu dich sehr, o meine Seele 8,7,8,7,7,7,8,8

G. Franc, 1551


1 Com-fort, com-fort ye My peo-ple, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
Com-fort those who sit in dark-ness, Mourn-ing 'neath their sor-rows' load;
Speak ye to Je-ru-sa-lem Of the peace that waits for them;
Tell her that her sins I cov-er, And her war-fare now is o-ver.

2 For the Herald's voice is crying
In the desert far and near,
Bidding all men to repentance,
Since the kingdom now is here.
O, that warning cry obey!
Now prepare for God a way!
Let the valleys rise to meet Him,
And the hills bow down to greet Him.

3 Make ye straight what long was crooked,
Make the rougher places plain:
Let your hearts be true and humble,
As befits His holy reign;
For the glory of the Lord
Now o'er earth is shed abroad,
And all flesh shall see the token
That His Word is never broken.

Johann Olearius (Oelschlaeger), 1671
C. Winkworth, tr. 1862

242 Freut euch, ihr lieben Christen 7,6. 8 L. L. Schroeter, 1587

1 Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
Hail in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun! He
comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free, To
take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - - ui - ty.

7, 6. 8 L—68–92–123–167–189–196–203–242–246–(272)–317

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

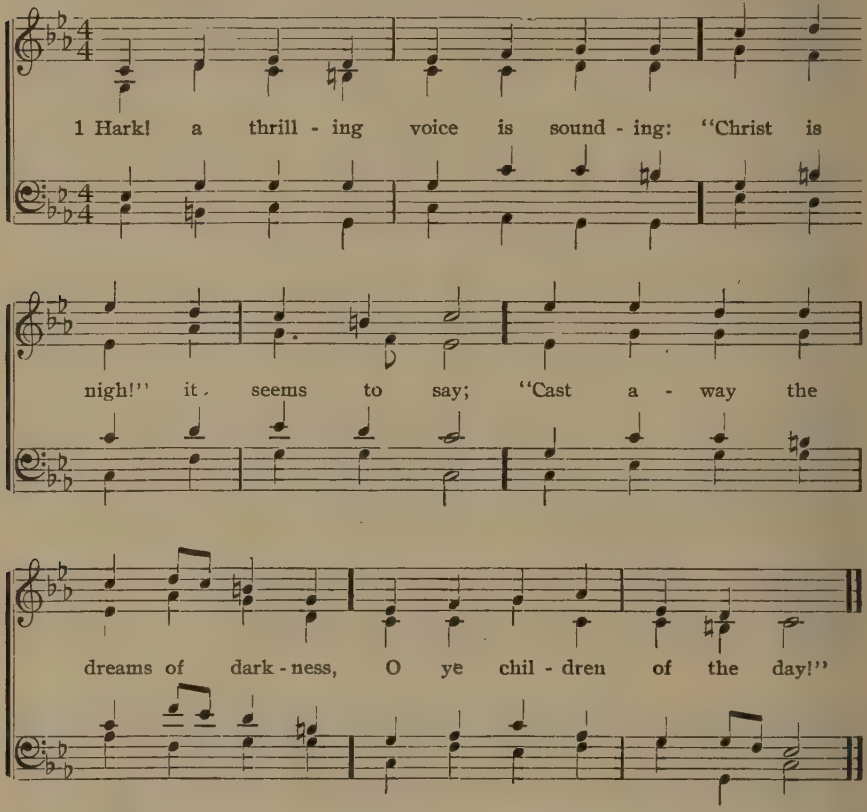
3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

J. Montgomery, 1821

243 O der alles hätt verloren 8,7,8,7

Freylinghausen, 1705


1 Hark! a thrill - ing voice is sound - ing: "Christ is
nigh!" it seems to say; "Cast a - way the
dreams of dark - ness, O ye chil - dren of the day!"

8, 7, 8, 7—81–98–121–192–233–243–252–311

2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

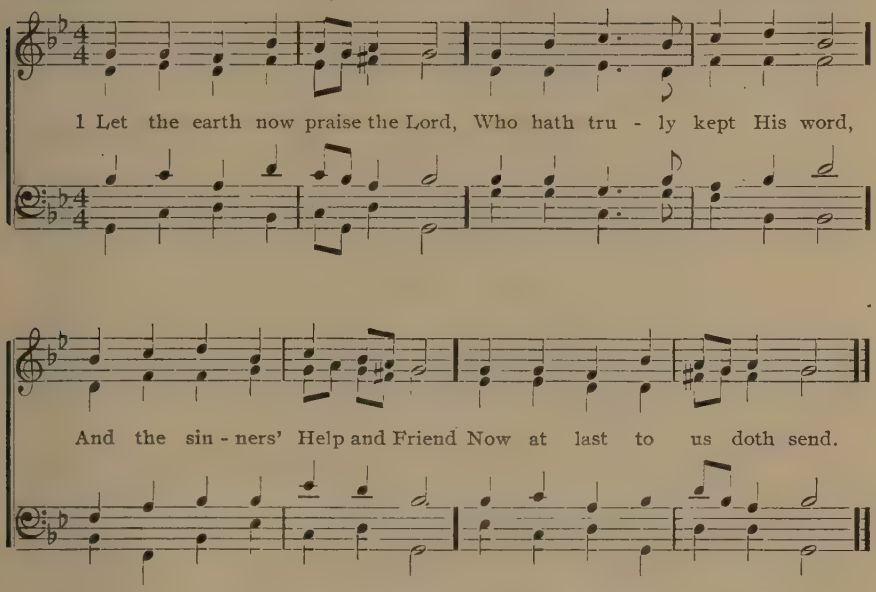
3 Lo, the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven:
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.

4 So, when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

Latin (c. 5th Cent.)
Edward Caswall, tr. 1848 a

244 Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland 7s

Erfurt Enchiridion, 1524



7s—54-79-109-173-182-184-186-201-244-282-283-294-295

2 What the fathers most desired,
What the prophets' heart inspired,
What they longed for many a year,
Stands fulfilled in glory here.

3 Abram's promised great Reward,
Zion's Helper, Jacob's Lord,
Him of twofold race behold,
Truly came, as long foretold.

4 Welcome, O my Savior, now!
Hail! my portion, Lord, art Thou!
Here, too, in my heart, I pray,
O prepare Thyself a way.

5 King of Glory, enter in!
Cleanse it from the filth of sin,
As Thou hast so often done;
It belongs to Thee alone.

6 As Thy coming was in peace,
Noiseless, full of gentleness,
Let the same mind dwell in me
That was ever found in Thee.

7 Comfort my desponding heart;
Thou my strength and refuge art:
I am weak, and cunningly
Satan lays his snares for me.

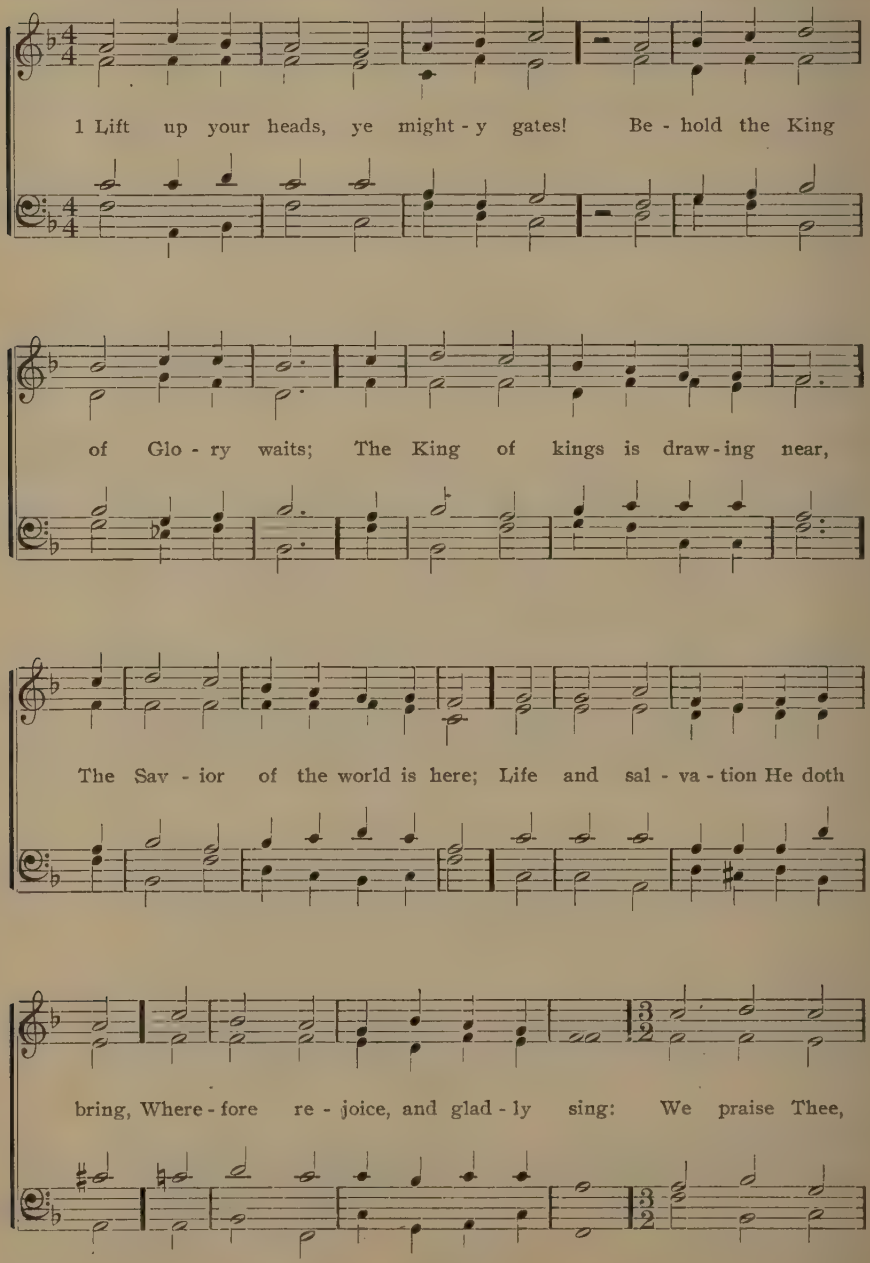
8 Bruise for me the Serpent's head,
That, set free from doubt and dread,
I may cleave to Thee in faith,
Safely kept through life and death:

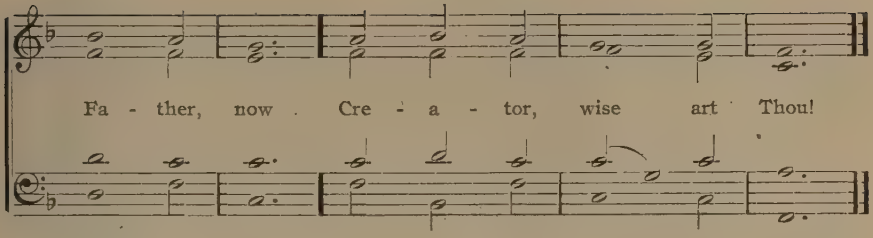
9 And when Thou dost come again
As a glorious King to reign,
I with joy may see Thy face,
Truly ransomed by Thy grace.

H. Held, 1643
C. Winkworth, tr. a

245 Macht hoch die Thür 8,8,8,8,8,8,6,6

J. Stobaeus, 1634


1 Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Be - hold the King
of Glo - ry waits; The King of kings is draw - ing near,
The Sav - ior of the world is here; Life and sal - va - tion He doth
bring, Where - fore re - joice, and glad - ly sing: We praise Thee,



2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His scepter, pity in distress,
The end of all our woe He brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings:
We praise Thee, Savior, now,
Mighty in deed art Thou!

3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss:
We praise Thee, Spirit, now,
Our Comforter art Thou.

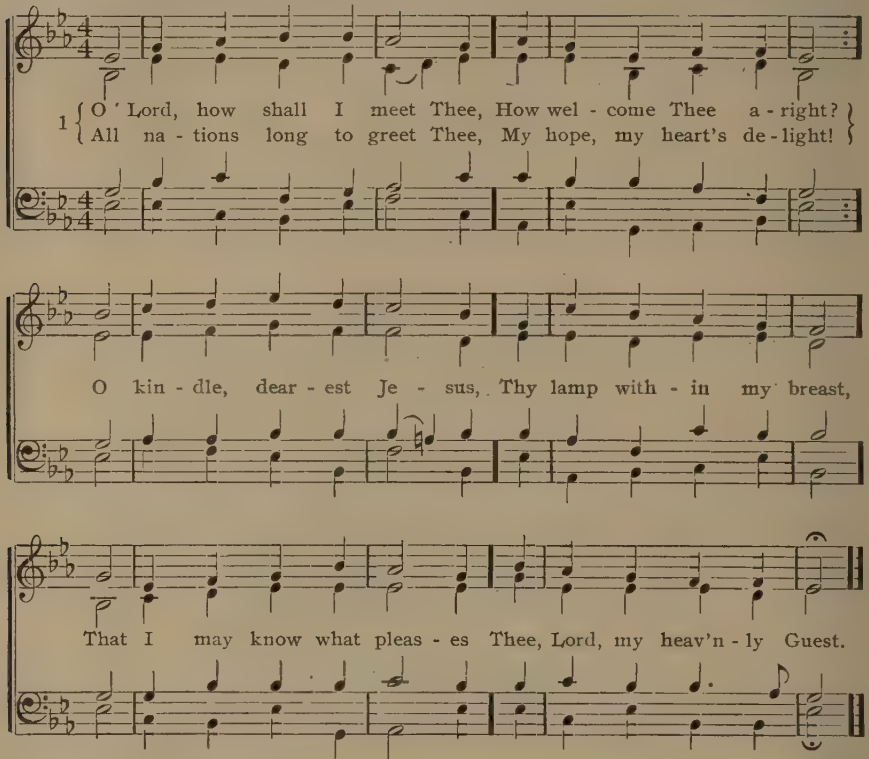
4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin:
To Thee, O God, be praise,
For word, and deed, and grace!

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until our glorious goal be won!
Eternal praise and fame
We offer to Thy name.

George Weissel, † 1635
C. Winkworth, tr. a

246 Wie soll ich dich empfangen 7,6. 8 L.

J. Crüger, 1653


1 O Lord, how shall I meet Thee, How wel - come Thee a - right?
All na - tions long to greet Thee, My hope, my heart's de - light!
O kin - dle, dear - est Je - sus, Thy lamp with - in my breast,
That I may know what pleas - es Thee, Lord, my heav'n - ly Guest.

7,6. 8 L—68–92–123–167–189–196–203–242–246–(272)–317

2 Thy Zion strews before Thee
Green boughs and fairest palms,
And I, too, will adore Thee
With sweetest songs and psalms.
My heart shall bloom forever
For Thee with praises new,
And from Thy name shall never
Withhold the honor due.

3 What hast Thou left ungranted
To give me glad relief?
When soul and body panted
In utmost depth of grief,
In deepest degradation,
Devoid of joy and peace,
Then, Thou, my soul's Salvation,
Didst come to bring release.

4 I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou com'st to set me free;
I stood, my shame bemoaning,
Thou com'st to honor me;
A glory Thou dost give me,
A treasure safe on high,
That will not fail or leave me
As earthly riches fly.

5 Naught, naught, dear Lord, could move Thee
To leave Thy rightful place
Save love, for which I love Thee;
A love that could embrace
A world where sorrow dwelleth,
Which sin and suffering fill,
More than the tongue e'er telleth;—
Yet Thou couldst love it still!

6 Rejoice, then, ye sad-hearted,
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed,
And tremble at your doom;
Despair not, He is near you,
Yea, standing at the door,
Who best can help and cheer you,
And bid you weep no more.

7 No care nor effort either
Is needed day or night,
How ye may draw Him hither
In your own strength and might.
He comes, He comes with gladness,
Moved by His love alone,
To calm your fear and sadness,
Which unto Him are known.

8 Sin's debt, that fearful burden,
Let not your souls distress;
Your guilt the Lord will pardon
And cover with His grace.
He comes, He comes procuring
The peace of sin forgiven,
To all God's sons securing
Their part and lot in heaven.

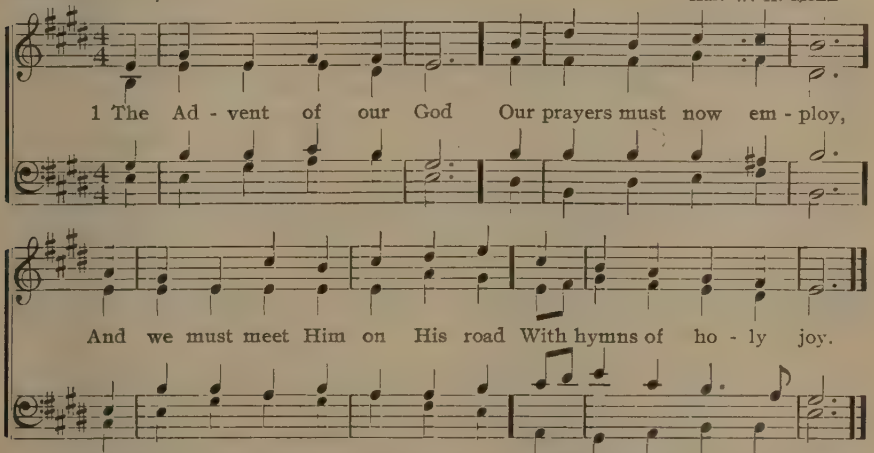
9 Why should the wicked move you?
Heed not their craft and spite!
Your Savior who doth love you,
Will scatter all their might.
He comes, a King most glorious,
And all His earthly foes
In vain His course victorious
Endeavor to oppose.

10 He comes to judge the nations,
A terror to His foes,
A light of consolations
And blessed hope to those
Who love the Lord's appearing.
O glorious Sun, now come,
Send forth Thy beams so cheering,
And guide us safely home.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653

247 St. Helena S. M.

Har. W. H. Monk



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–138–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 The everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be:
Himself a servant's form puts on,
To set His people free.

3 Daughter of Zion, rise
And greet thy lowly King,
And do not wickedly despise
The mercies He will bring.

4 As judge, in clouds of light,
He will come down again,
And all His scattered saints unite
With Him in heaven to reign.

5 Before that dreadful day
May all our sins be gone;
May the old man be put away,
And the new man put on!

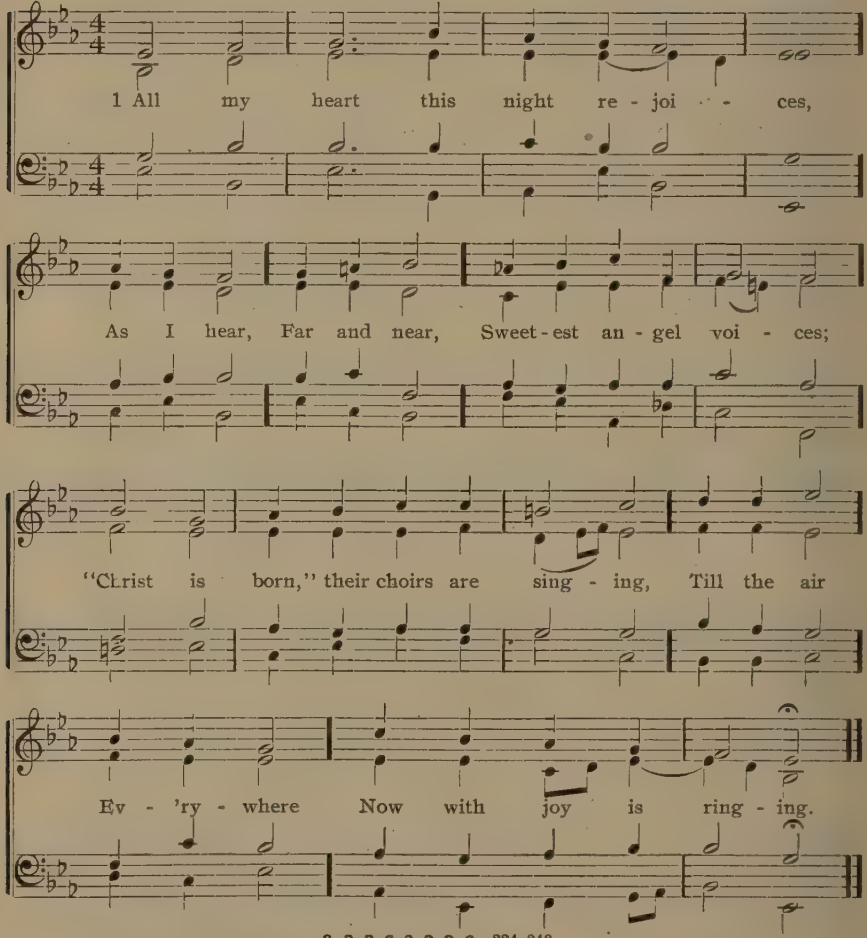
6 Praise to the Savior Son
From the created host:
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost.

John Chandler, 1837 a

Christmas

248 Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen 8,3,3,6,8,3,3,6

J. Crüger, 1653


1 All my heart this night re - joi - ces,
As I hear, Far and near, Sweet - est an - gel voi - ces;
"Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing, Till the air
Ev - 'ry - where Now with joy is ring - ing.

8, 3, 3, 6, 8, 3, 3, 6—224–248

2 Forth today the Conqueror goeth,
Who the foe,
Sin and woe,
Death and hell o'erthroweth,
God is man, man to deliver,
His dear Son
Now is one
With our blood forever.

3 Shall we still dread God's displeasure,
Who to save
Freely gave
Us His dearest treasure?
To redeem us, He hath given
His own Son
From the throne
Of His might in heaven.

4 Should He, who Himself imparted,
Aught withhold
From the fold,
Leave us broken-hearted?
Should the Son of God not love us,
Who to cheer
Suff'rers here
Left His throne above us?

5 If our blesséd Lord and Maker
Hated men,
Would He then
Be of flesh partaker?
If He in our woe delighted,
Would He bear
All the care
Of our race benighted?

6 He becomes the Lamb that taketh
Sin away,
And for aye
Full atonement maketh.
For our life His own He tenders,
And our race,
By His grace,
Meet for glory renders.

7 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat:
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, from all ills that grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

8 Come, then, banish all your sadness,
One and all,
Great and small,
Come with songs of gladness.
Love Him who with love is glowing;
Hail the Star
Near and far
Light and joy bestowing!

9 Ye whose anguish knew no measure,
Weep no more,
See the door
To celestial pleasure.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

10 Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,
Who for sin,
Deep within,
Long and sore have smarted;
For the poisoned wounds you're feeling
Help is near,
One is here
Mighty for their healing.

11 Hither come, ye poor and wretched,
Know His will
Is to fill
Every hand outstretchéd;
Here are riches without measure,
Here forget
All regret,
Fill your hearts with treasure.

12 Let me in my arms receive Thee,
On Thy breast
Let me rest,
Savior, ne'er to leave Thee!
Since Thou hast Thyself presented
Now to me,
I shall be
Evermore contented.

13 Guilt no longer can distress me;
Son of God,
Thou my load
Bearest to release me.
Stain in me Thou findest never;
I am clean,
All my sin
Is removed forever.

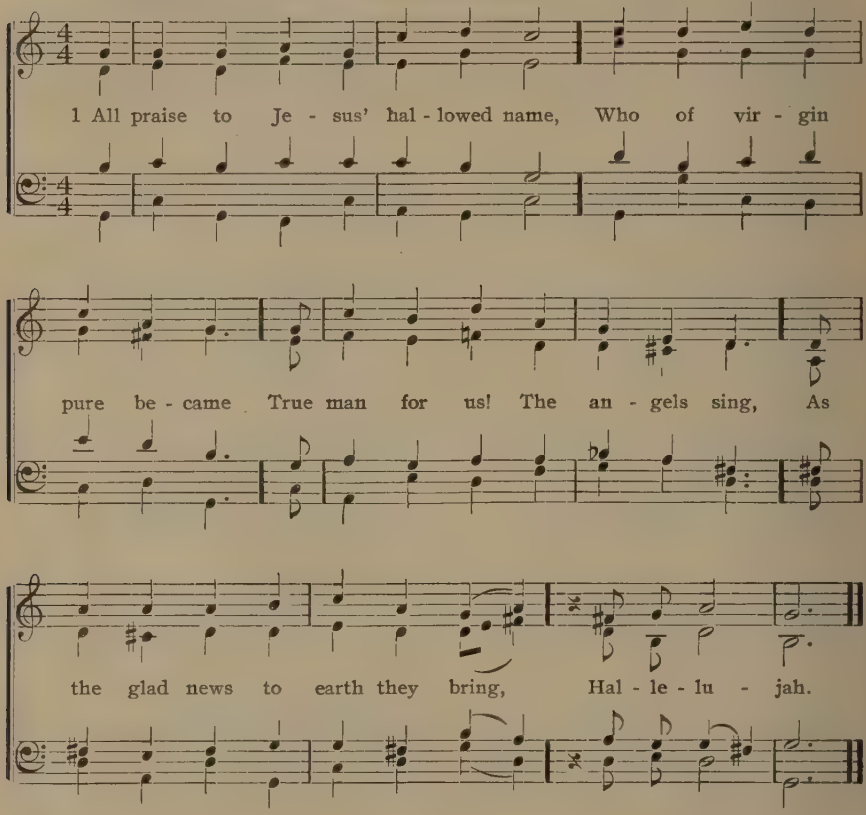
14 I am pure, in Thee believing,
From Thy store
Evermore
Righteous robes receiving.
In my heart I will enfold Thee,
Treasure rare,
Let me there
Loving ever hold Thee!

15 Thee, O Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
While I've breath,
E'en in death
Shall my faith not perish.
I shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656

249 Gelobet seist du, Jesus Christ 8,7,8,8,4

Ancient. J. Walther, 1524


1 All praise to Je - sus' hal - lowed name, Who of vir - gin
pure be - came True man for us! The an - gels sing, As
the glad news to earth they bring, Hal - le - lu - jah.

2 Th' eternal Father's only Son
For a manger leaves His throne;
Disguised in our poor flesh and blood
Is now the everlasting Good.
Hallelujah.

3 He whom the world could not enclose
Doth in Mary's lap repose;
He is become an infant small,
Who by His might upholdeth all.
Hallelujah.

4 Th'eternal Light, come down from heaven,
Hath to us new sunshine given;
It shineth in the midst of night,
And maketh us the sons of light.
Hallelujah.

5 The Father's Son, God ever blest,
In the world became a guest;
He leads us from this vale of tears,
And makes us in His kingdom heirs.
Hallelujah.

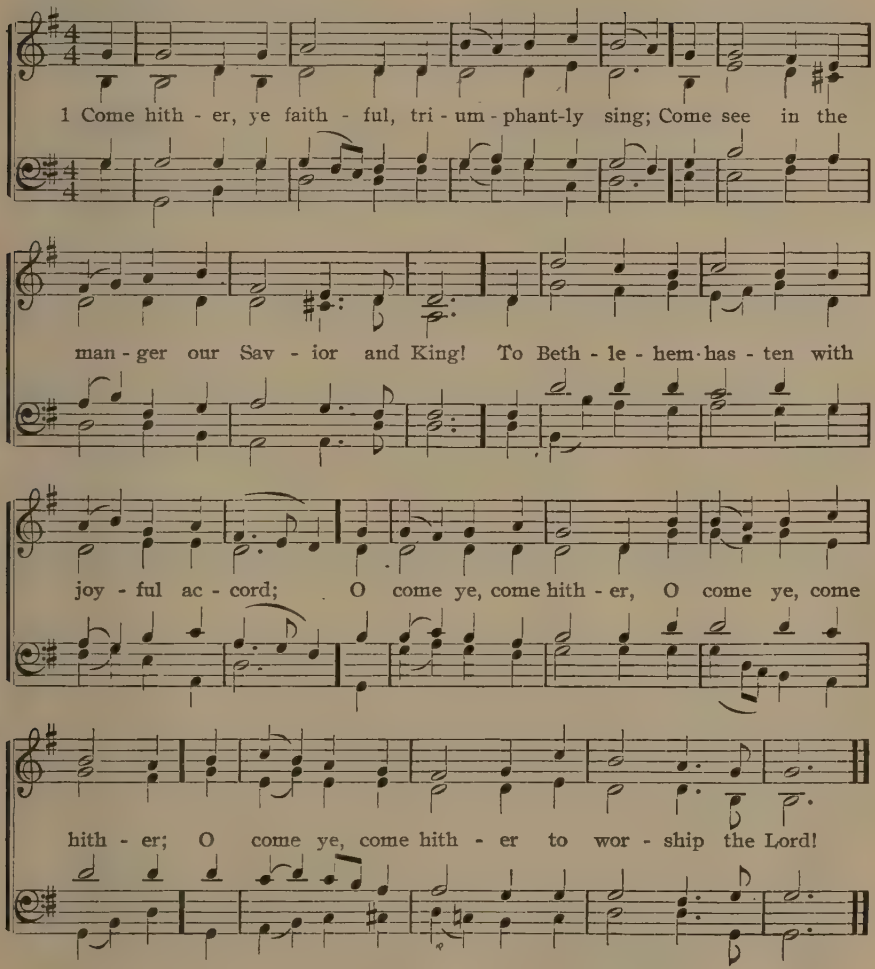
6 He came to earth despised and poor,
Man to pity and restore,
And make us rich in heaven above,
Equal with angels through His love.
Hallelujah.

7 All this He did, that He might prove
To us sinners His great love;
For this let Christendom adore
And praise His name forevermore.
Hallelujah.

Dr. Martin Luther, 1524
R. Massie, tr. a

250 Portuguese Hymn 11s

J. Reading, 1692


1 Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, tri - um - phant-ly sing; Come see in the
man - ger our Sav - ior and King! To Beth - le - hem has - ten with
joy - ful ac - cord; O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come
hith - er; O come ye, come hith - er to wor - ship the Lord!

2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies;
To be born of a virgin He does not despise;
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither to worship the Lord!

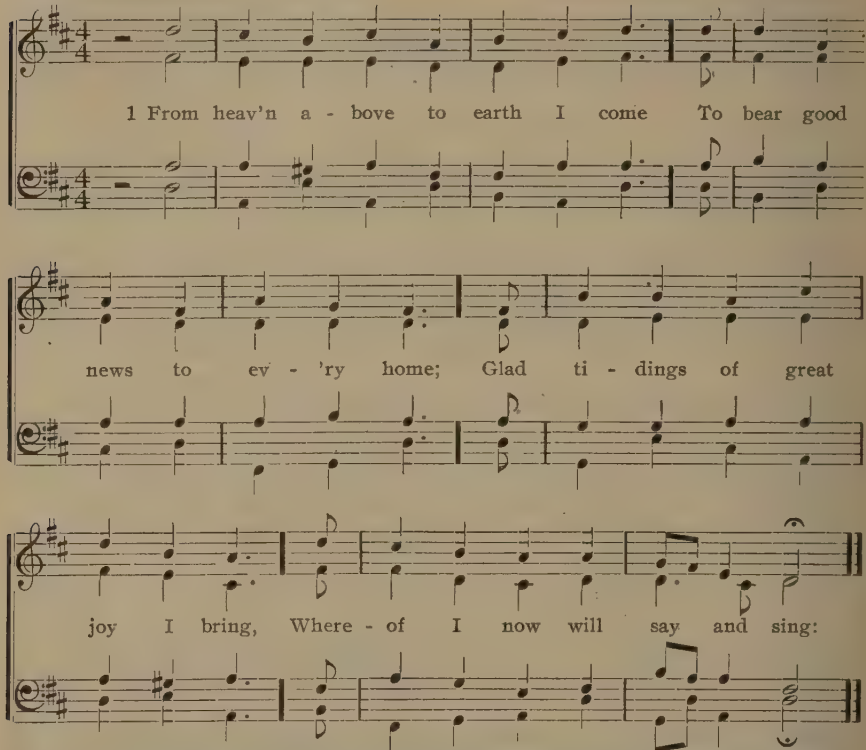
3 Hark, hark to the angels all singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest all glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither to worship the Lord!

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth;
True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten to worship the Lord!

Latin, 17th Cent.
E. Caswall, tr. 1848

251 Vom Himmel hoch L. M.

Schumann, 1539


1 From heav'n a - bove to earth I come To bear good
news to ev - 'ry home; Glad ti - dings of great
joy I bring, Where - of I now will say and sing:

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 To you this night is born a Child
Of Mary, chosen virgin mild;
This little Child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

3 This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford;
He will Himself your Savior be,
From all your sins to make you free.

4 He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below,
That in His heavenly Kingdom blest
You may with us forever rest.

5 These are the tokens ye shall mark:
The swaddling-clothes and manger dark;
There shall ye find the young Child laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.

6 Now let us all with gladsome cheer
Follow the shepherds, and draw near
To see the wondrous gift of God,
Who hath His own dear Son bestowed.

7 Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
What is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this Child, so young and fair?
Dear little Jesus lieth there.

8 Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through whom the sinful world is blest!
Thou com'st to share my misery,
What thanks shall I return to Thee?

9 Ah! Lord, who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
That Thou must choose Thy infant bed,
Where humble cattle lately fed.

10 And were the world ten times as wide,
With gold and jewels beautified,
It would be far too small to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

11 For velvets soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon Thou, King, so rich and great,
As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in state.

12 And thus, dear Lord, it pleaséd Thee
To make this truth quite plain to me,
That this world's honor, wealth, and might
Are naught and worthless in Thy sight.

13 Ah! dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

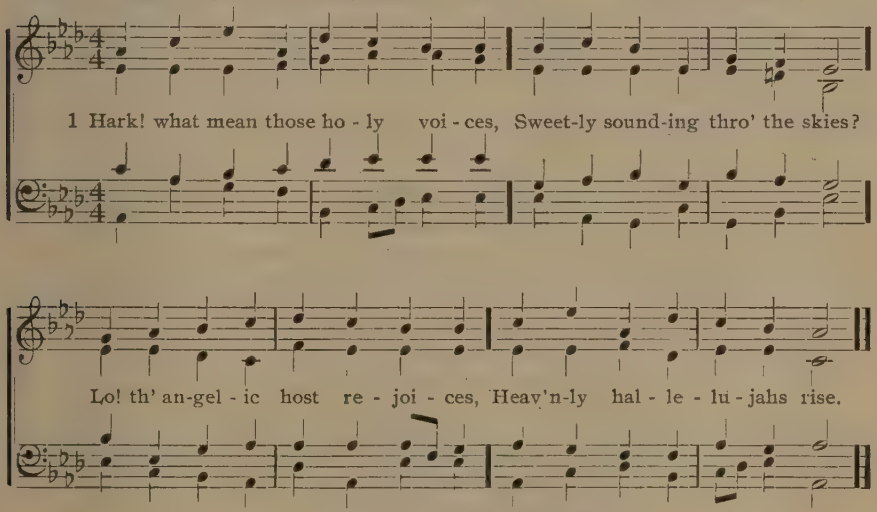
14 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I, too, must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:

15 Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

Dr. Martin Luther, 1535

252 Lobt den Herrn, die Morgensonne 8,7,8,7

Naue's Choralbook, 1829


1 Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sound-ing thro' the skies?
Lo! th' an-gel - ic host re - joi - ces, Heav'n-ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

8, 7, 8, 7—81–98–121–192–233–243–252–311

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant, in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!"

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

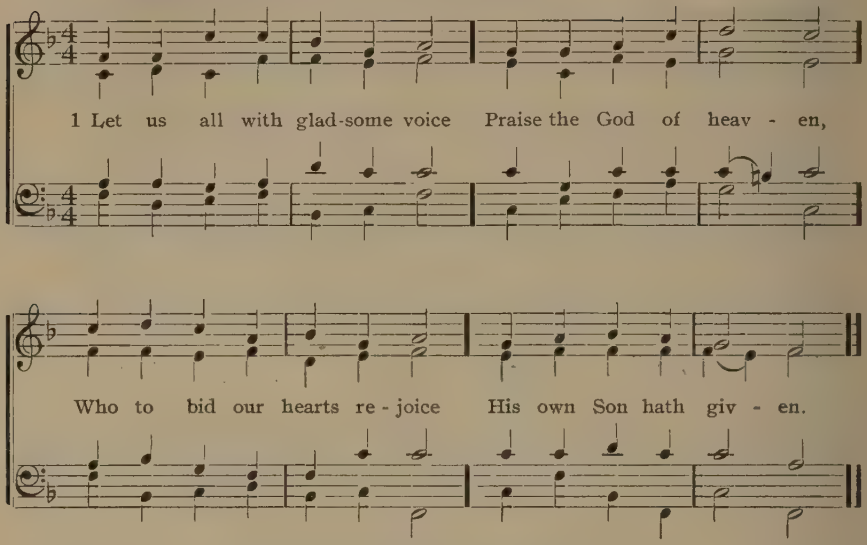
5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

J. Cawood, 1819

253 Lasst uns alle fröhlich sein 7,6,7,6 Trochaic

Dresden H. B., 1656



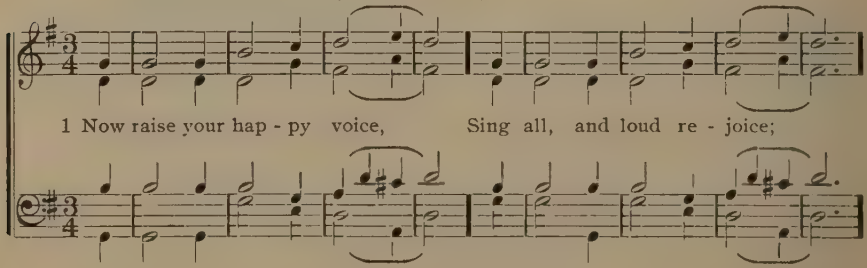
2 To this vale of tears He comes,
Here to serve in sadness,
That with Him in heaven's fair homes
We may reign in gladness.

3 We are rich, for He was poor;
Is not this a wonder!
Therefore praise God evermore,
Here on earth and yonder!

4 O Lord Christ, our Savior dear,
Be Thou ever near us;
Grant us now a glad New Year;
Amen, Jesus, hear us!

Urban Langhanns, c. 1560

254 Nun singet und seid froh 6,6,6,6,6,6,5,5



Christmas

Low - ly there re - clin - eth Our heart's de - light so blest;
As the sun He shin - eth up - on His moth - er's breast;
Thou art A and O! Thou art A and O!

2 O Son of God on high,
For Thee I weep and sigh;
Comfort my sad spirit,
O fairest, purest Child.
Through Thy grace and merit,
O Jesus meek and mild,
Draw me hence to Thee.

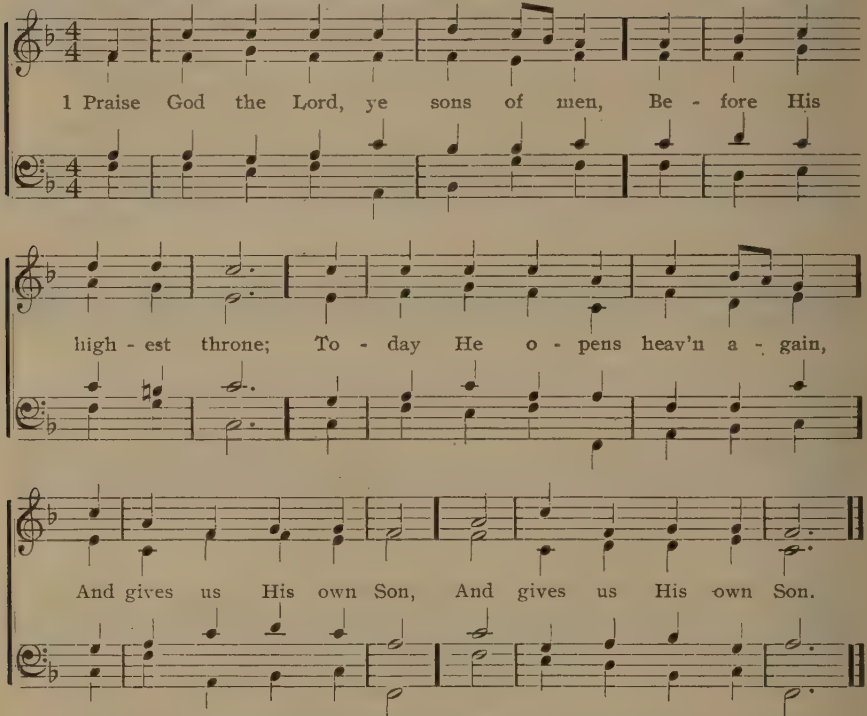
3 How rich His love God proves!
The Son our guilt removes,
When man's sinful nation
Lay dead in vanity,
He brought us salvation,
All heaven's ecstasy.
O that we were there!

4 Where are those mansions fair?
In that blest yonder, where
Angel choirs are singing
Around the Christ-child dear,
And their harps keep ringing
In heaven sweet and clear.
O that we were there!

Peter of Dresden

255 Lobt Gott, ihr Christen allzugleich C. M.

N. Hermann, 1554


1 Praise God the Lord, ye sons of men, Be - fore His
high - est throne; To - day He o - pens heav'n a - gain,
And gives us His own Son, And gives us His own Son.

8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 He leaves His heavenly Father's throne,
Is born an infant small,
And in a manger poor and lone
Lies in an humble stall.

3 He lays aside His power divine,
A servant's form doth take,
In want and lowness He doth pine
Who heaven and earth did make.

4 He nestles at His mother's breast,
Her milk His food must be,
Whom saints and angels call the Blest,
Of David's house is He.

5 Tis He who in these latter days
From Judah's tribe should come,
By whom the Lord again would raise
His Church, His Christendom.

6 A wondrous change which He doth make,
He takes our flesh and blood,
And lays aside for sinners' sake,
His majesty of God.

7 He serves, that I a lord may be;
A great exchange, indeed!
Could Jesus' love do more for me,
To help me in my need?

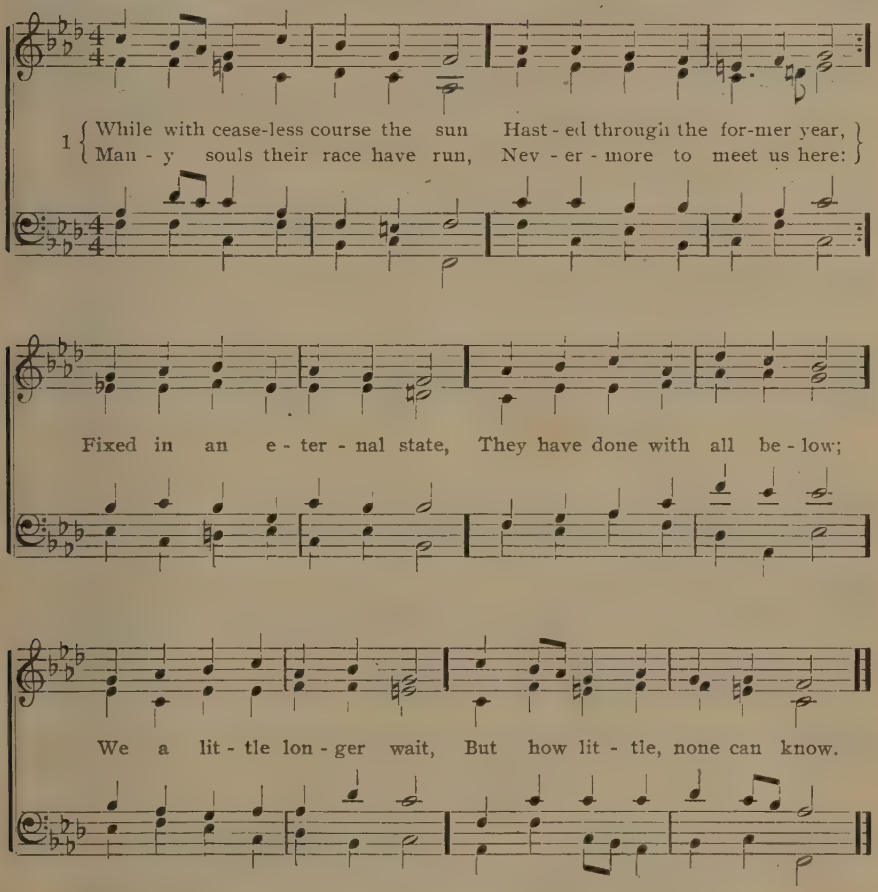
8 He opens us again the door
Of Paradise to-day;
The cherub guards the gate no more:
To God our thanks we pay.

Nik. Hermann, 1560
A. Crull, tr. a

Year End and New Year

256 Wachet doch; erwacht 7s. 8 L.

Praxis Pietatis, 1662


1 While with cease-less course the sun Hast - ed through the for-mer year,
Man - y souls their race have run, Nev - er - more to meet us here:
Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;
We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.

7s. 8 L.—107–181–256

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily, the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew,
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy Word to young and old,
Fill us with a Savior's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

J. Newton, 1774

257 Chalvey S. M. 8 L

Leominster
Har. A. S. Sullivan

1 A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

S. M. 8 L—58–171–257

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

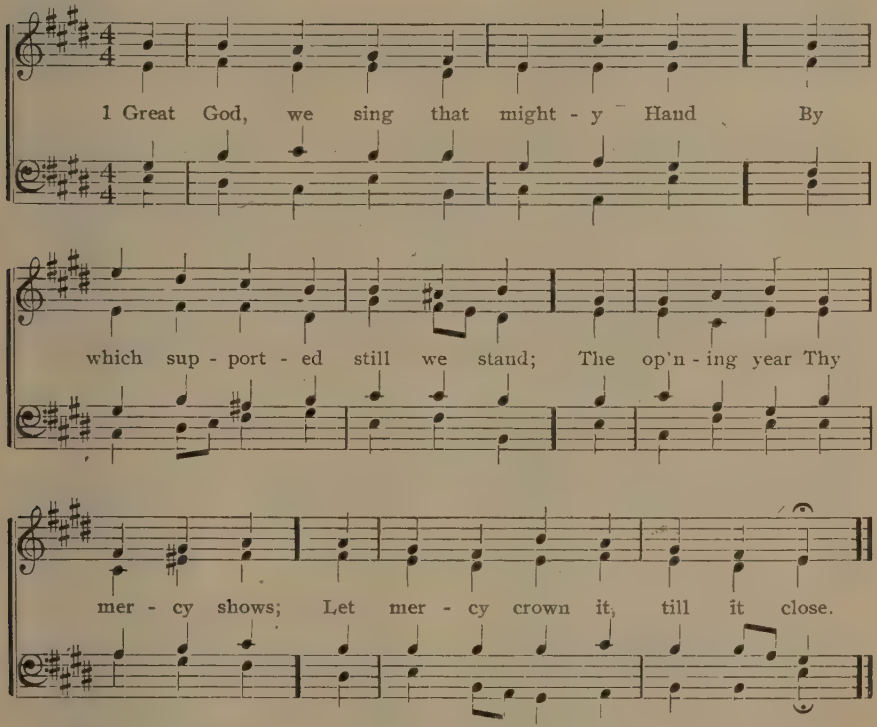
4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

H. Bonar

258 Melcombe L. M.

S. Webbe, 1740–1816


1 Great God, we sing that might - y Hand By
which sup - port - ed still we stand; The op'n - ing year Thy
mer - cy shows; Let mer - cy crown it, till it close.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

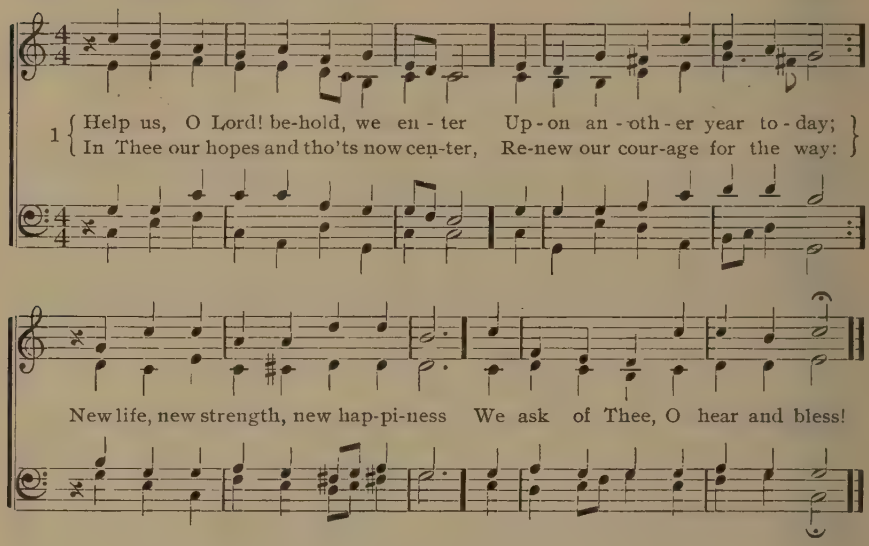
3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our Joy, and Thou our Rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our soul shall boast.

P. Doddridge, 1755

259 Ich sterbe täglich 9,8,9,8,8,8 1756


1 Help us, O Lord! be-hold, we en - ter Up - on an - oth - er year to - day;
In Thee our hopes and tho'ts now cen-ter, Re-new our cour-age for the way:
New life, new strength, new hap-pi-ness We ask of Thee, O hear and bless!

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8—90–142–(168)–229–259

2 May every plan and undertaking
This year be all begun with Thee;
When I am sleeping or am waking,
Still let me know Thou art with me;
Abroad do Thou my footsteps guide,
At home be ever at my side.

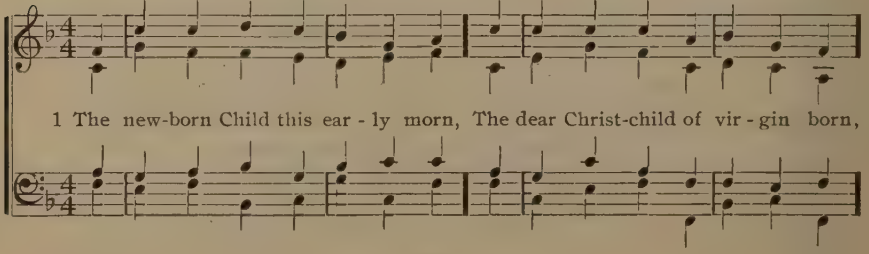
3 Be this a time of grace and pardon;
Thy rod I take with willing mind,
But suffer naught my heart to harden;
O let me now Thy mercy find;
In Thee alone, my God, I live,
Thou only canst my sins forgive.

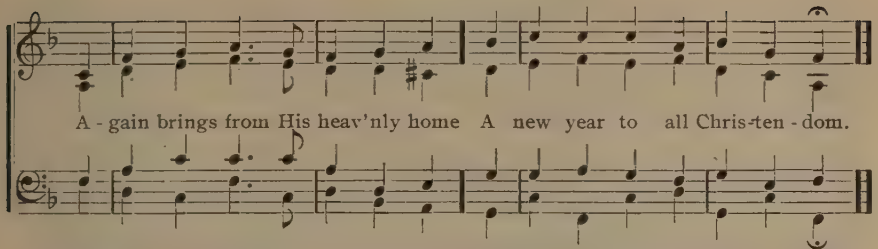
4 And may this year to me be holy;
Thy grace so fill my every thought
That all my life be pure and lowly
And truthful as a Christian's ought;
So make me, while yet dwelling here,
Pious and blest from year to year.

5 And grant, Lord, when the year is over,
That it for me in peace may close;
In all things care for me, and cover
My head in time of fear and woes;
So may I, when my years are gone,
Appear with joy before Thy throne.

Johann Rist, 1642
C. Winkworth, tr.

260 Christum wir sollen loben schön L. M. 15th Century





8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 This causes joy to angels fair,
Who love to keep us in their care;
They sing that in this wondrous Child
God now with man is reconciled.

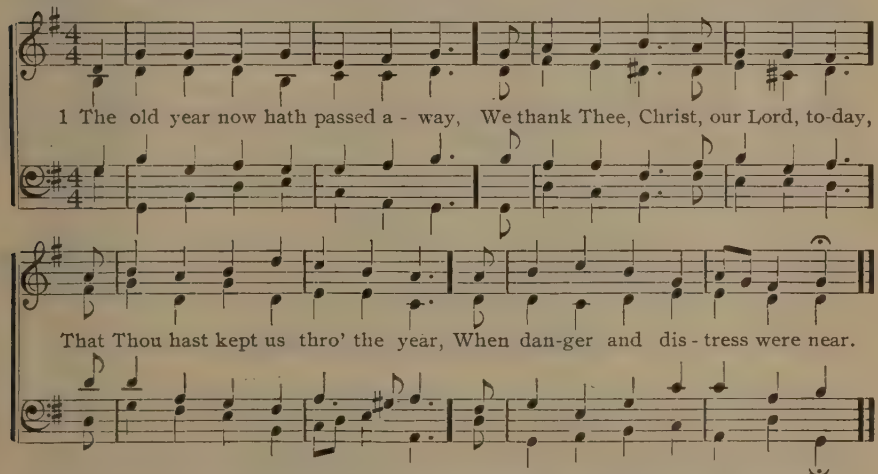
3 Since God is reconciledwith men,
What harm can Satan do us then?
O'er Satan and the gates of hell
This Christ-child shall for us prevail.

4 He brings the year of jubilee!
Why doubt we yet despondently?
Cheer up! This is a joyous day,
The Christ-child drives all care away.

Cyriacus Schneegass, † 1597
E. Cronenwett, tr. a

261 Das alte Jahr ist nun dahin L. M.

M. Praetorius, 1609


1 The old year now hath passed a - way, We thank Thee, Christ, our Lord, to-day,
That Thou hast kept us thro' the year, When dan-ger and dis - tress were near.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 We pray Thee, O Eternal Son,
Who with the Father reign'st as one,
To guard and rule Thy Christendom
Through all the ages yet to come.

3 Take not Thy saving Word away,
Our souls' true comfort, staff, and stay;
Abide with us, and keep us free
From all false doctrines graciously.

4 O help us to forsake all sin,
A new and holier course begin;
From last year's sins, Lord, hide Thy face
In this new year grant us Thy grace:

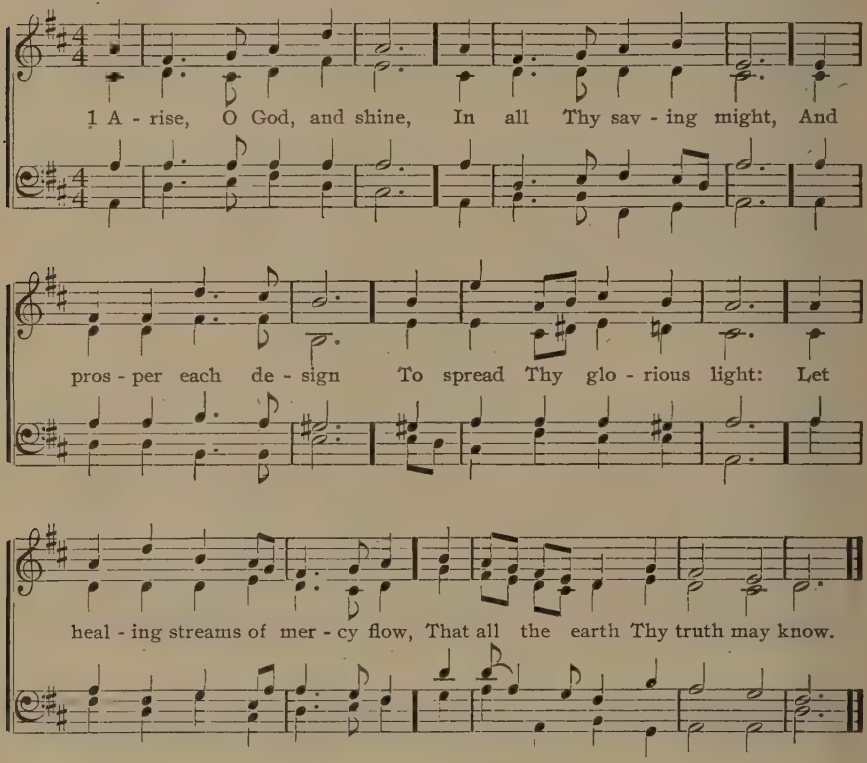
5 That as true Christians we may live,
Or die in peace that Thou wilt give,
To rise again when Thou shalt come,
And enter our eternal home.

Johann Steuerlein, 1588
C. Winkworth, tr. a

Epiphany

262 Waterstock 6,6,6,6,8,8 H. M.

John Goss, 1800–1880


1 A - rise, O God, and shine, In all Thy sav - ing might, And
pros - per each de - sign To spread Thy glo - rious light: Let
heal - ing streams of mer - cy flow, That all the earth Thy truth may know.

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)—9–49–205–208–262–300

2 Bring distant nations near,
To sing Thy glorious praise;
Let every people hear
And learn Thy holy ways!
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws!

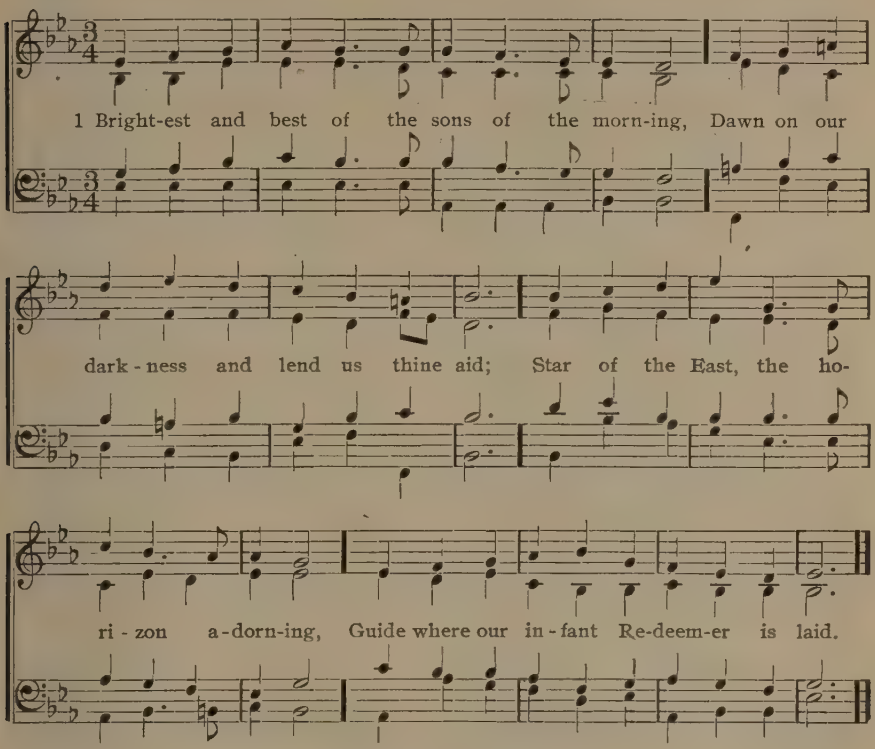
3 Put forth Thy glorious power,
That Gentiles all may see,
And earth present her store
In converts born to Thee:
God, our own God, His Church will bless,
And fill the world with righteousness.

4 To God the only wise,
The one immortal King,
Let Hallelujahs rise
From every living thing:
Let all that breathe, on every coast,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

W. Hurn, 1813

263 Eastwell 11,10,11,10

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, 1830–1903


1 Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
dark-ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-
ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

11, 10, 11, 10—56–57–214–263–302

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

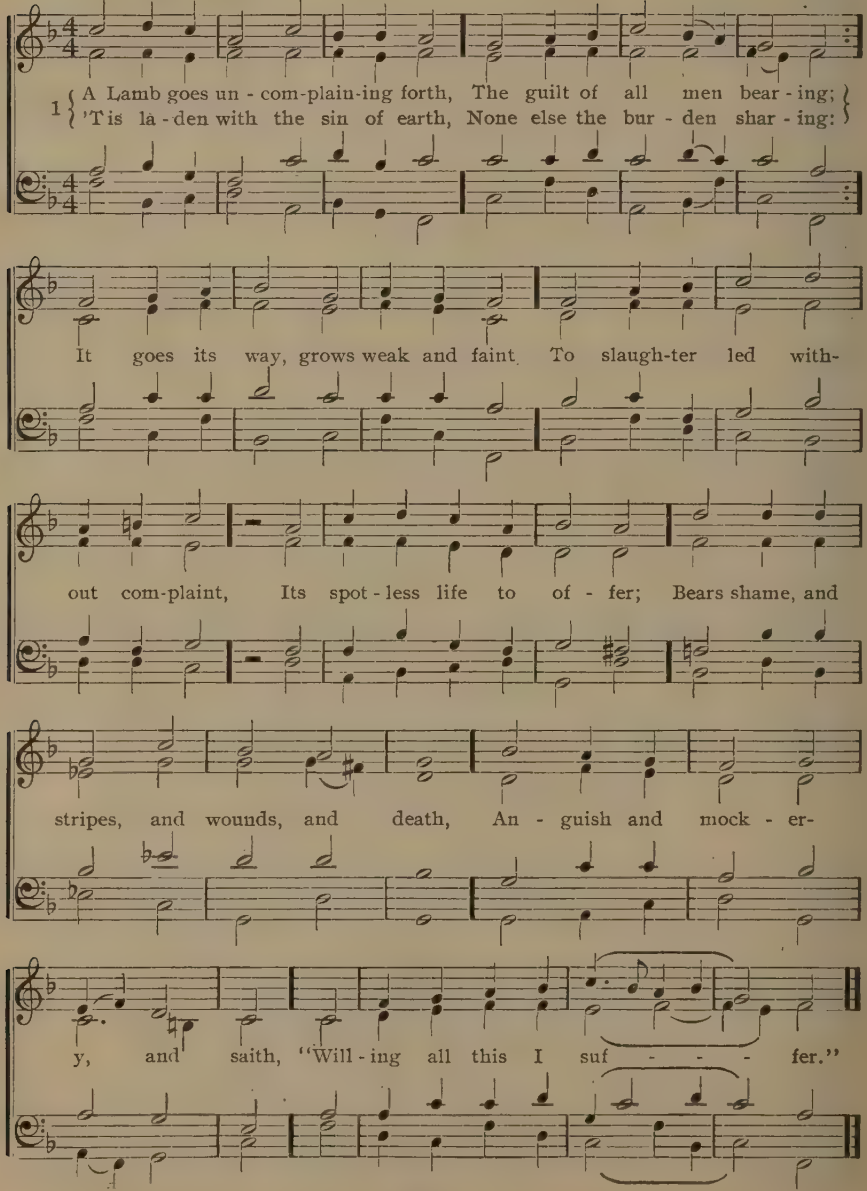
3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

R. Heber, 1811

264 An Wasserflüssen Babylon 8,7,8,7,8,8,7,8,8,7 Strassburger K. A., 1525


1 A Lamb goes un - com-plain-ing forth, The guilt of all men bear - ing;
'Tis la - den with the sin of earth, None else the bur - den shar - ing:
It goes its way, grows weak and faint To slaugh-ter led with-
out com-plaint, Its spot - less life to of - fer; Bears shame, and
stripes, and wounds, and death, An - guish and mock - er-
y, and saith, "Will - ing all this I suf - - - fer."

2 This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great Friend
And everlasting Savior;
Him, Him God chose, sin's reign to end
And bring us to His favor.
"Go forth, my Son!" He said, "and bail
The children, who are doomed to hell
But for Thine intercession.
The punishment is great, and dread
The wrath, but Thou Thy blood shalt shed,
And save them from perdition."

3 "Yea, Father, yea, most willingly
I'll bear what Thou commandest;
My will conforms to Thy decree,
I do what Thou demandest."
O wondrous Love! what hast Thou done!
The Father offers up His Son,
The Son content descendeth!
O Love! O Love! how strong art Thou!
In shroud and grave Thou lay'st Him low
Whose word the mountains rendeth!

4 Thou lay'st Him, Love, upon the cross,
With nails and spear Him bruising;
Thou slay'st Him as a lamb, His loss
From soul and body oozing;
From body 'tis the crimson flood
Of precious sacrificial blood,
From soul, the strength of anguish:
My gain it is, sweet Lamb, to Thee
What can I give, whose love to me
For me doth make Thee languish?

5 Lord, all my life I'll cleave to Thee,
Thy love fore'er beholding,
Thee ever, as Thou ever me,
With loving arms enfolding.
Yea, Thou shalt be my Beacon-light,
To guide me safe thro' death's dark night,
And cheer my heart in sorrow;
Henceforth myself and all that's mine
To Thee, my Savior, I consign,
From whom all things I borrow.

6 By morn and eve my theme shall be
Thy mercy's wondrous measure;
To sacrifice myself to Thee,
My foremost aim and pleasure.
My stream of life shall flow for Thee,
Its steadfast current ceaselessly
In praise to Thee outpouring;
And all that Thou hast done for me,
I'll treasure in my memory,
Thy gracious love adoring.

7 Enlarge, shrine of my heart, and swell,
To thee shall now be given
A treasure that doth far excel
The worth of earth and heaven.
Away with the Arabian gold,
With treasures of an earthly mold!
I've found a better jewel.
My priceless treasure, Lord my God,
Is Thy most holy, precious blood,
Which flowed from wounds so cruel.

8 This treasure ever I'll employ,
This ever aid shall yield me;
In sorrow it shall be my joy,
In conflict it shall shield me;
In joy, the music of my feast,
And when all else has lost its zest,
This manna still shall feed me;
In thirst my drink; in want my food;
My company in solitude,
To comfort and to lead me.

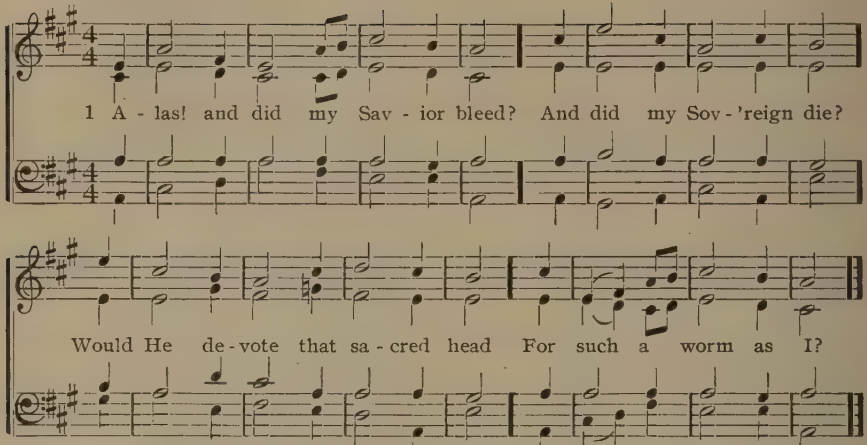
9 Death's poison cannot harm me now,
Thy blood new life bestoweth;
My shadow from the heat art Thou,
When noonday's sunlight gloweth.
When I'm by inward grief opprest,
On Thee my weary soul shall rest,
As sick men on their pillows.
Thou art my Anchor, when by woe
My bark is driven to and fro
On trouble's restless billows.

10 And when Thy glory I shall see
And taste Thy kingdom's pleasure,
Thy blood my royal robe shall be,
And joy beyond all measure;
It then shall be my glorious crown:
Thus I'll appear before the throne
Of God, and need not hide me;
And shall, by Him to Thee betrothed,
By Thee, in bridal garments clothed
Stand as a bride beside Thee.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653

265 Avon C. M.

H. Wilson, 1764–1824



8, 6, 8, 6, (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149
150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

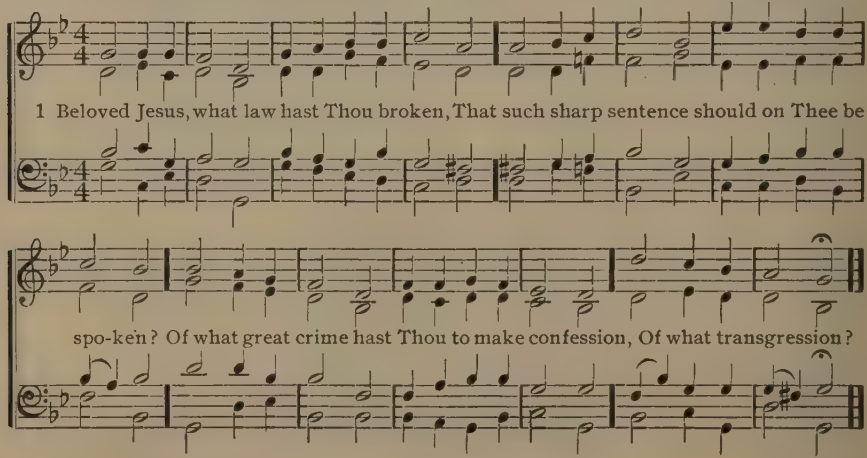
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1707

266 Herzliebster Jesu, was hast du verbrochen 11,11,11,5

J. Crüger, 1640


1 Beloved Jesus, what law hast Thou broken, That such sharp sentence should on Thee be
spo-ken? Of what great crime hast Thou to make confession, Of what transgression?

2 They crown Thy head with thorns, they smite, they scourge Thee,
With cruel mockings to the cross they urge Thee,
They give Thee gall to drink, they still decry Thee,
They crucify Thee.

3 Whence come these sorrows, whence this mortal anguish
It is my sins for which Thou, Lord, must languish;
Yea, all the wrath, the woe Thou dost inherit,
'Tis I do merit.

4 What strangest punishment is suffered yonder?
The Shepherd dies for sheep that love to wander,
The Master pays the debt His servants owe Him,
Who would not own Him.

5 The sinless Son of God must die in sadness;
The sinful child of man may live in gladness;
Man forfeited his life, and is acquitted—
God is committed.

6 There was no spot in me by sin untainted,
Sick with sin's poison all my heart had fainted;
My heavy guilt to hell had well nigh brought me,
Such woe it wrought me.

7 O wondrous love, whose depth no heart hath sounded,
That brought Thee here by foes and thieves surrounded,
All worldly pleasures, heedless, I was trying,
While Thou wert dying!

8 O mighty King, no time can dim Thy glory!
How shall I spread abroad Thy wondrous story?
How shall I find some worthy gifts to proffer?
What dare I offer?

9 For vainly doth our human wisdom ponder
Thy woes, Thy mercy still transcends our wonder.
O how should I do aught that could delight Thee!
Can I requite Thee?

10 Yet unrequited, Lord, I would not leave Thee;
I will renounce whate'er doth vex or grieve Thee,
And quench with thoughts of Thee and prayers most lowly
All fires unholy.

11 But since my own strength never will suffice me
To crucify desires that still entice me,
To all good deeds, O let Thy Spirit win me,
And reign within me!

12 I'll think upon Thy mercy without ceasing,
That earth's vain joys to me no more be pleasing;
To do Thy will shall be my sole endeavor
Henceforth forever.

13 Whate'er of earthly good this life may grant me
I'll risk for Thee; no shame, no cross shall daunt me;
I shall not fear what man can do to harm me,
Nor death alarm me.

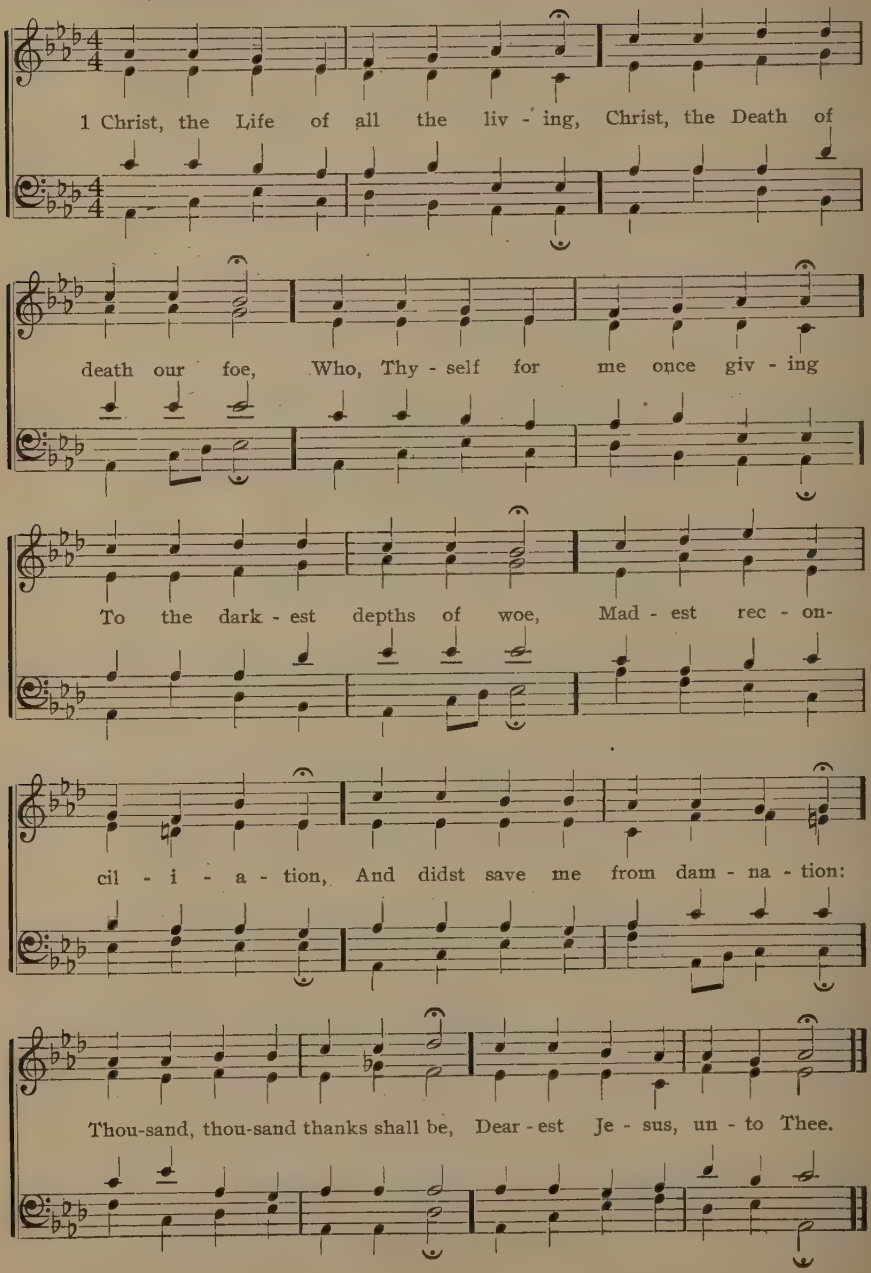
14 But, worthless is my sacrifice, I own it;
Yet Lord, for love's sake Thou wilt not disown it;
Thou wilt accept my gift in Thy great meekness,
Nor shame my weakness.

15 And when, dear Lord, before Thy throne in heaven,
To me the crown of joy at last is given,
Where sweetest hymns Thy saints forever raise Thee,
I too shall praise Thee.

From St. Augustine. Johann Heermann, 1630
C. Winkworth, tr. a

267 Jesu, meines Lebens Leben 8,7,8,7,8,8,7,7

Darmstadt H. B., 1687


1 Christ, the Life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the Death of
death our foe, Who, Thy - self for me once giv - ing
To the dark - est depths of woe, Mad - est rec - on-
cil - i - a - tion, And didst save me from dam - na - tion:
Thou-sand, thou-sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.

2 Thou, ah! Thou, hast taken on Thee
Bonds and stripes, a cruel rod;
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,
O Thou sinless Son of God!
Thus didst Thou my soul deliver
From the bonds of sin forever.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

3 Thou hast borne the smiting only
That my wounds might all be whole;
Thou hast suffered, sad and lonely,
Rest to give my weary soul;
Yea, the curse of God enduring,
Blessing unto me securing.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

4 Heartless scoffers did surround Thee,
Treating Thee with cruel scorn,
E'en with piercing thorns they crowned Thee;
All disgrace Thou, Lord, hast borne,
That as Thine Thou mightest own me,
And with heavenly glory crown me.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

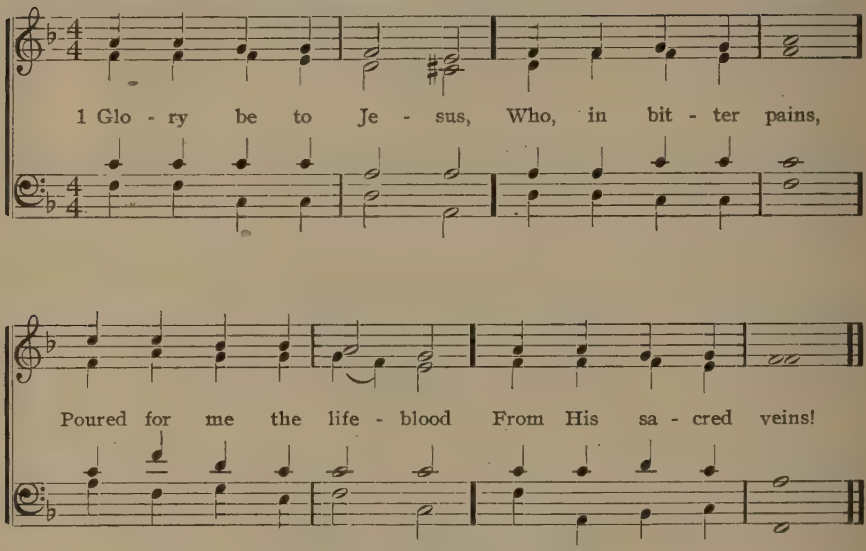
5 Thou hast suffered men to bruise Thee,
That from pain I might be free;
Falsely did Thy foes accuse Thee—
Thence I gain security;
Comfortless once Thou didst languish,
Me to comfort in my anguish.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

6 Thou hast suffered great affliction,
And hast borne it patiently,
Even death by crucifixion,
That Thou might'st atone for me;
Thou didst choose to be tormented,
That my doom should be prevented.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Ernst Christoph Homburg, 1659

268 Caswall (Wenn in Leidenstagen) 6,5,6,5

Fr. Filitz



6, 5, 6, 5—268–296–310

2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind!

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries!

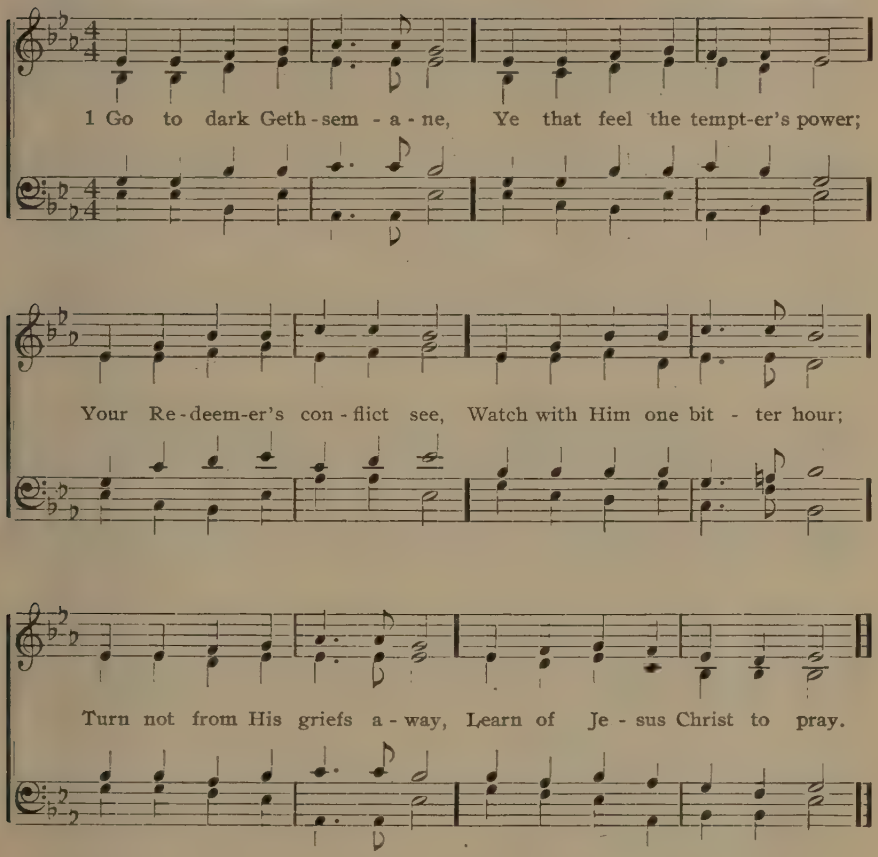
5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

6 Lift we then our voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still, and louder,
Praise the precious blood!

From the Italian (18th Cent.)
E. Caswall, 1857

269 Gethsemane (Redhead) 7s. 6 L

R. Redhead, 1853


1 Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's power;
Your Re - deem-er's con - flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;
Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

7s. 6 L—177-269

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

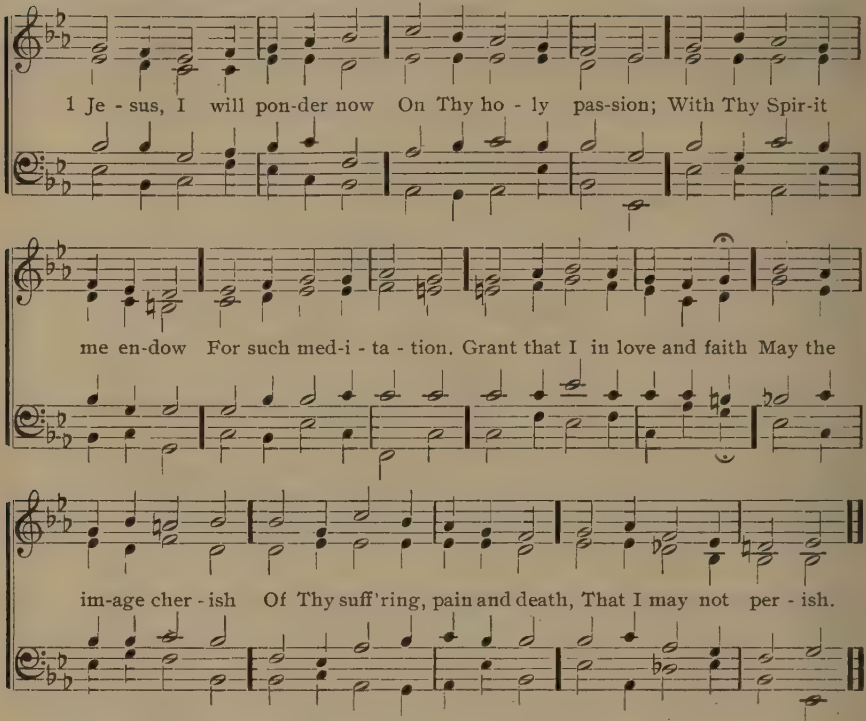
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear the cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes:
Savior, teach us so to rise.

J. Montgomery, 1820

270 Jesu, deine Passion 7,6. 8 L. Trochaic

Melchior Vulpius, 1609


1 Je - sus, I will pon-der now On Thy ho - ly pas-sion; With Thy Spir-it
me en-dow For such med-i - ta - tion. Grant that I in love and faith May the
im-age cher - ish Of Thy suff'ring, pain and death, That I may not per - ish.

2 Make me see Thy great distress,
Anguish and affliction,
Bonds and stripes, and wretchedness,
And Thy crucifixion;
Make me see how scourge and rod,
Spear and nails did wound Thee,
How for man Thou diedst, O God,
Who with thorns had crowned Thee.

3 Yet, O Lord, not thus alone
Make me see Thy passion,
But its cause to me make known,
And its termination.
Ah! I also and my sin
Wrought Thy deep affliction;
This the real cause hath been
Of Thy crucifixion.

4 Grant that I Thy passion view
With repentant grieving,
Nor Thee crucify anew
By unholy living.
How could I refuse to shun
Every sinful pleasure,
Since for me God's only Son
Suffered without measure?

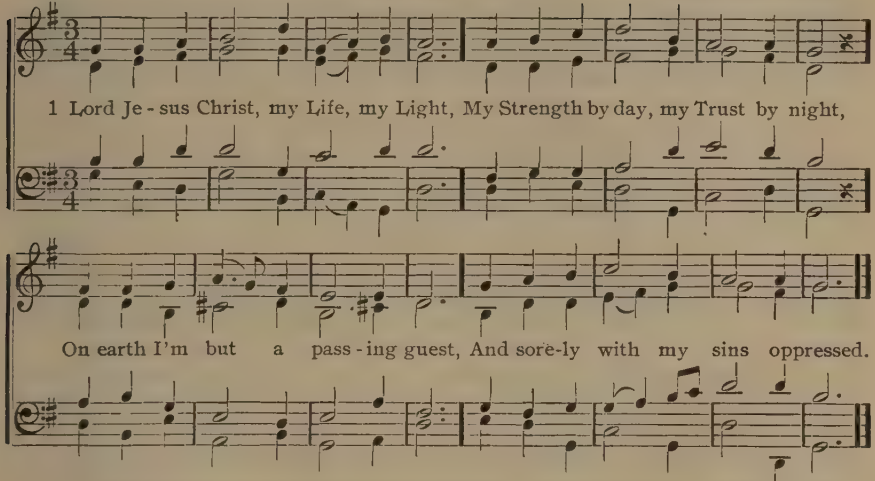
5 If my sins give me alarm,
And my conscience grieve me,
Let Thy cross my fear disarm,
Peace of conscience give me.
Grant that I may trust in Thee
And Thy holy passion;
If His Son so loveth me,
God must have compassion.

6 Grant that I may willingly
Bear with Thee my crosses,
Learning humbleness of Thee,
Peace 'mid pain and losses.
May I give Thee love for love,
Hear me, O my Savior,
That I may in heaven above
Sing Thy praise forever.

Sigmund v. Birken (Betulius), 1653
A. Crull, tr.

271 O Jesu Christ, meins Lebens Licht L. M.

Nürnberg H. B., 1676


1 Lord Je - sus Christ, my Life, my Light, My Strength by day, my Trust by night,
On earth I'm but a pass - ing guest, And sore-ly with my sins oppressed.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 Far off I see my fatherland,
Where through Thy blood I hope to stand,
But ere I reach that Paradise,
A weary way before me lies.

3 My heart sinks at the journey's length,
My wasted flesh has little strength,
Only my soul still cries in me:
"Lord, take me home, take me to Thee!"

4 O let Thy sufferings give me power
To meet the last and darkest hour;
Thy sweat refresh and comfort me,
Thy bonds and fetters make me free!

5 The blows and stripes that fell on Thee
Heal up the wounds of sin in me;
Thy crown of thorns, Thy foes' mad spite
Let be my glory and delight!

6 That thirst and bitter draught of Thine
Let help me bear with patience mine,
Thy piercing cry uphold my soul,
When floods of anguish o'er me roll!

7 O let Thy holy wounds for me
Clefts in the rock forever be,
Where as a dove my soul can hide
And safe from Satan's rage abide.

8 And when my lips grow white and chill,
Thy Spirit cry within me still,
And help my soul Thy heaven to find,
When these poor eyes grow dark and blind!

9 And when my spirit flies away,
Thy parting words shall be my stay;
Let me depart with peaceful brow,
When I in death my head shall bow.

10 Thy cross shall be my staff in life,
Thy holy grave my rest from strife;
The winding-sheet that covered Thee,
O let it be a shroud for me.

11 Lord, from Thy nail-prints let me read
That Thou to save me hast decreed,
And grant that in Thy opened side
My troubled soul may ever hide.

12 Since Thou hast died, the Pure, the Just,
I take my homeward way in trust,
The gates of heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

13 And when the last great day shall come,
And Thou, our Judge, shalt speak the doom,
Let me with joy behold the light,
And set me then upon Thy right.

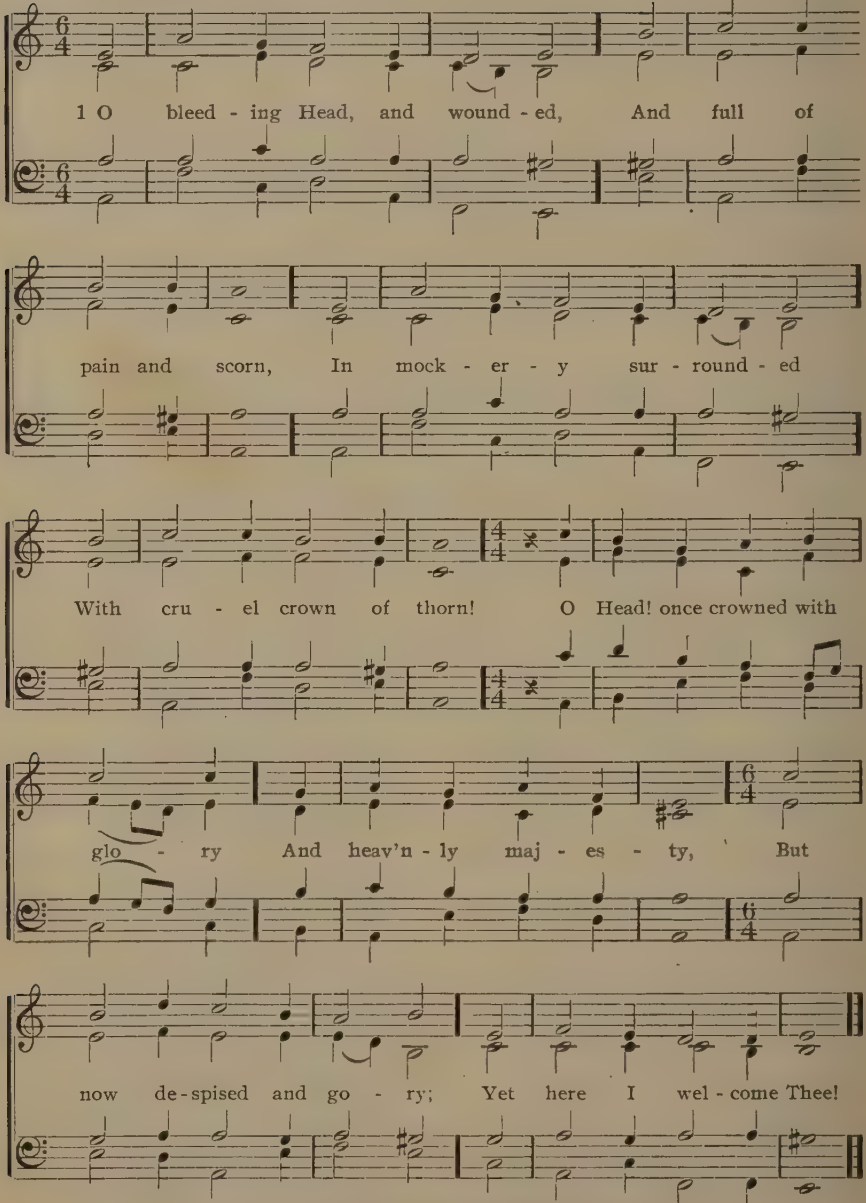
14 Renew this wasted flesh of mine,
That like the sun it there may shine
Among the angels pure and bright,
Yea, like Thyself in glorious light.

15 Ah, then I have my heart's desire,
When singing with the angel's choir,
Among the ransomed of Thy grace,
Forever I behold Thy face!

M. Behm, 1608

272 Herzlich tut mich verlangen 7,6. 8 L.

Hans Leo Hassler, 1601


1 O bleed - ing Head, and wound - ed, And full of
pain and scorn, In mock - er - y sur - round - ed
With cru - el crown of thorn! O Head! once crowned with
glo - ry And heav'n - ly maj - es - ty, But
now de-spised and go - ry; Yet here I wel - come Thee!

7, 6. 8 L—68–92–123–167–189–196–203–242–246–(272)–317

2 Men spit upon and jeer Thee,
Thou noble countenance,
Though mighty worlds shall fear Thee,
And flee before Thy glance!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does Thy visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

3 Now from Thy cheeks has vanished
Their color once so fair;
From Thy red lips is banished
The splendor that was there.
Pale Death with cruel rigor
Bereaveth Thee of life;
Thus losest Thou Thy vigor
And strength in this sad strife.

4 My burden, in Thy passion,
Lord, Thou hast borne for me,
For it was my transgression,
Which brought this woe on Thee.
I cast me down before Thee,
Wrath were my rightful lot,
Have mercy, I implore Thee,
Redeemer, spurn me not!

5 My Shepherd, now receive me!
My Guardian, own me Thine!
Great blessings Thou didst give me,
O Source of gifts divine!
Thy lips have often fed me
With milk and sweetest food;
Thy Spirit oft has led me
To stores of heavenly good.

6 Here I will stand beside Thee,
From Thee I will not part;
O Savior, do not chide me!
When breaks Thy loving heart,
When soul and body languish
In death's last fatal grasp,
Then, in Thy deepest anguish,
Thee in mine arms I'll clasp.

7 Naught ever so much blesses,
So much rejoices me,
As when in Thy distresses
I take a part with Thee.
Ah, well for me, if lying
Here at Thy feet, my life,
I too with Thee were dying,
And thus might end my strife!

8 Thanks from my heart I offer
Thee, Jesus, dearest Friend,
For all that Thou didst suffer;
My good didst Thou intend.
Ah! grant that I may ever
To Thy truth faithful be;
When soul and body sever,
May I be found in Thee!

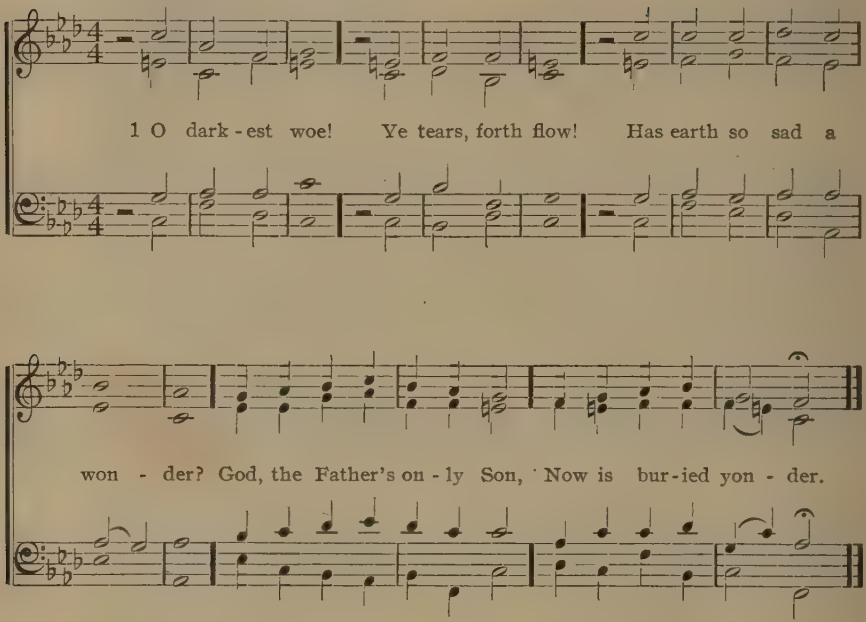
9 When hence I must betake me,
Lord, do not Thou depart!
O nevermore forsake me,
When death is at my heart!
When soul and body languish,
O leave me not alone,
But take away mine anguish,
By virtue of Thine own!

10 Be Thou my Consolation
And Shield when I must die;
Remind me of Thy passion,
When my last hour draws nigh.
Mine eyes shall then behold Thee,
Upon Thy cross shall dwell,
My heart by faith enfold Thee:
Who dieth thus, dies well!

From St. Bernard
Paul Gerhardt. 1659

273 O Traurigkeit, o Herzeleid 4,4,7,7,6

J. Schop, 1641



2 O sorrow dread!
Our God is dead.
But by His expiation
Of our guilt upon the cross
Gained for us salvation.

3 O child of man!
It was the ban
Of death on thee that brought Him
Down to suffer for thy sins,
And such woe hath wrought Him.

4 See, stained with blood,
The Lamb of God,
The Bridegroom, lies before thee,
Pouring out His life that He
May to life restore thee.

5 O Ground of faith,
Laid low in death!
Sweet lips now silent sleeping!
Surely all that live must mourn
Here with bitter weeping.

6 O Virgin-born,
Thy death we mourn,
Thou lovely Star of gladness!
Who could see Thy reeking blood
Without grief and sadness?

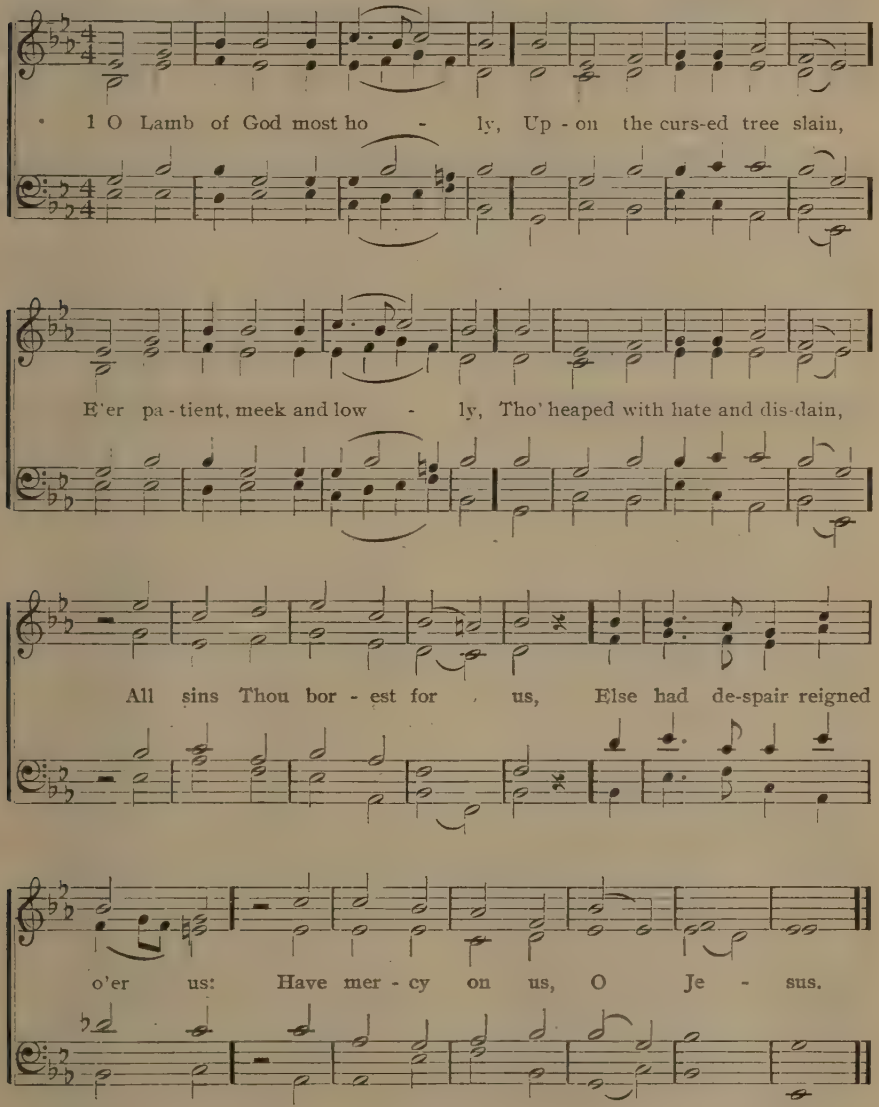
7 Yea, blest is he
Whose heart shall be
Fixed here, who apprehendeth
Why the Lord of glory thus
To the grave descendeth.

8 O Jesus blest,
My Help and Rest,
With tears I now entreat Thee:
Make me love Thee to the last,
Till in heaven I greet Thee!

V. 1 Anon. Johann Rist, 1641

274 O Lamm Gottes unschuldig 7,7,7,7,7,7,8

Magdeburg H. B., 1540


1 O Lamb of God most ho - ly, Up - on the curs-ed tree slain,
E'er pa - tient, meek and low - ly, Tho' heaped with hate and dis-dain,
All sins Thou bor - est for us, Else had de-spair reigned
o'er us: Have mer - cy on us, O Je - sus.

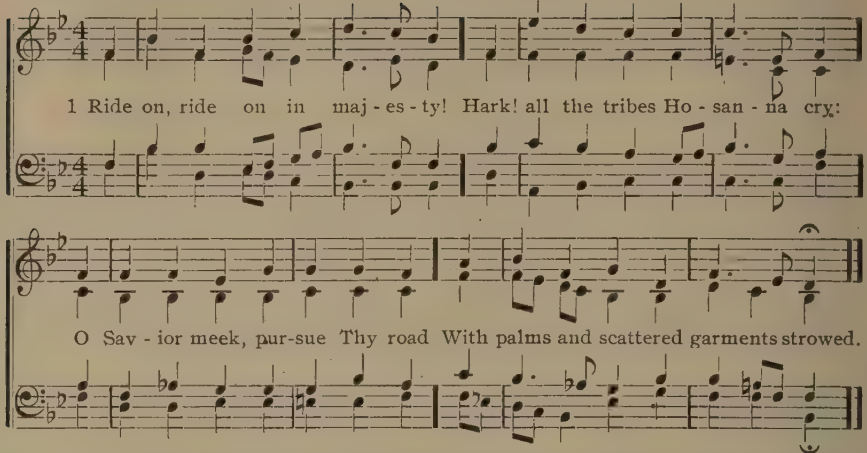
2 O Lamb of God, most holy, etc.
Have mercy on us, O Jesus!

3 O Lamb of God, most holy, etc.
Thy peace be with us, O Jesus!

N. Decius, 1523
C. Winkworth, tr. a

275 St. Dorstane L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1862


1 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry:
O Sav - ior meek, pur-sue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

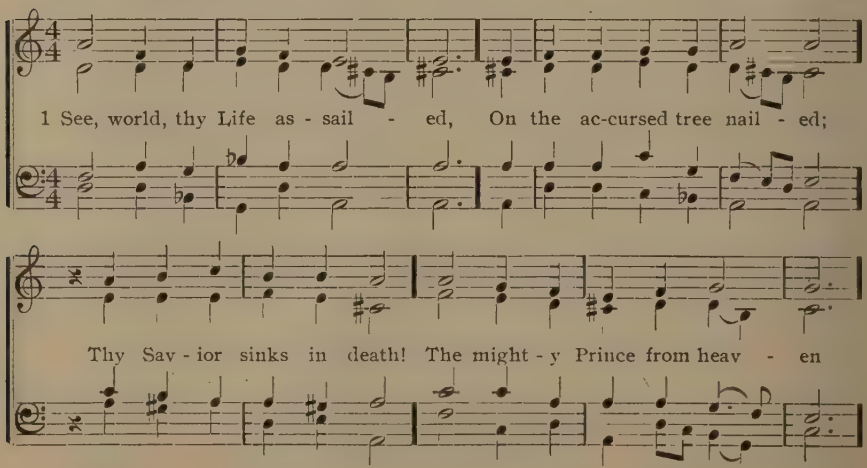
4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

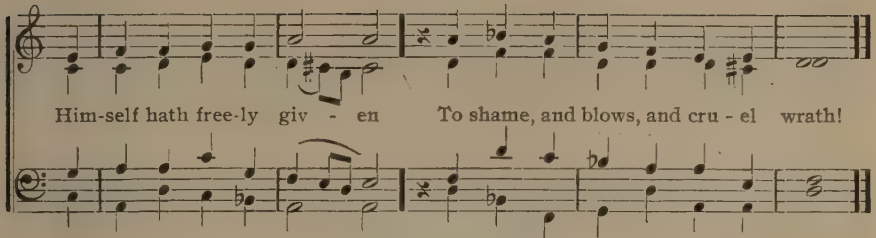
5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

H. H. Milman, 1827

276 O Welt, sieh hier dein Leben 7,7,6,7,7,8

H. Friese, 1703





7, 7, 6, 7, 7, 8—276–309–(320)

2 Come hither now and ponder,
'T will fill thy soul with wonder,
Blood streams from every pore.
Thro' grief whose depth none knoweth,
From His great heart there floweth
Sigh after sigh of anguish o'er!

3 Who is it that afflicts Thee?
My Savior, what dejects Thee
And causeth all Thy woe?
Sin Thou committedst never,
As we and our seed ever,
Of deeds of evil naught dost know.

4 I many times transgressing,
In number far surpassing
The sand upon the coast,
I thus the cause have given,
That Thou with grief art riven,
And with afflictions' scourging host.

5 I've done it, and deliver
Me hand and foot forever
Thou justly might'st to hell.
The mocking to Thee offered,
The scourging Thou hast suffered,
My soul it was deserved it well.

6 The load Thou takest on Thee,
That pressed so sorely on me,
Than stone more heavily.
A curse, Lord, Thou becamest,
Thus blessings for me claimest,
Thy pain must all my comfort be.

7 Not death itself Thou fearest,
As surety Thou appearest
For all my debts and me.
For me Thy brow is crownéd
With thorns, and Thou'rt disownéd
By men, and bear'st all patiently.

8 Into death's jaws Thou springest,
Deliverance to me bringest
From such a monster dire.
My death away Thou takest,
Thy grave its grave Thou makest;
O love, O unexampled fire!

9 I'm bound, my Savior ever,
By ties most sacred never
Thy service to forsake;
With soul and body ever,
With all my powers t' endeavor,
In praise and service joy to take.

10 Not much can I be giving
In this poor life I'm living,
But one thing do I say:
Thy death and sorrows ever,
Till soul from body sever,
My heart remember shall for aye.

11 Before mine eyes I'll place them,
And joyfully embrace them,
Wherever I may be;
They'll be a glass revealing
Pure innocence, and sealing
Love and unfeigned sincerity.

12 Of sin how great the danger;
How it excites God's anger;
How doth His vengeance burn;
How sternly He chastiseth;
How His wrath's flood ariseth:—
Shall I from all Thy suff'rings learn.

13 From them shall I be learning,
How I may be adorning,
My heart with quietness;
And how I still should love them
Whose malice aye doth move them
To grieve me by their wickedness.

15 When tongues of bad men grieve me,
Of peace and name deprive me,
My restive heart I'll still;
Their evil deeds enduring,
Of pardon free assuring
My neighbor for his every ill.

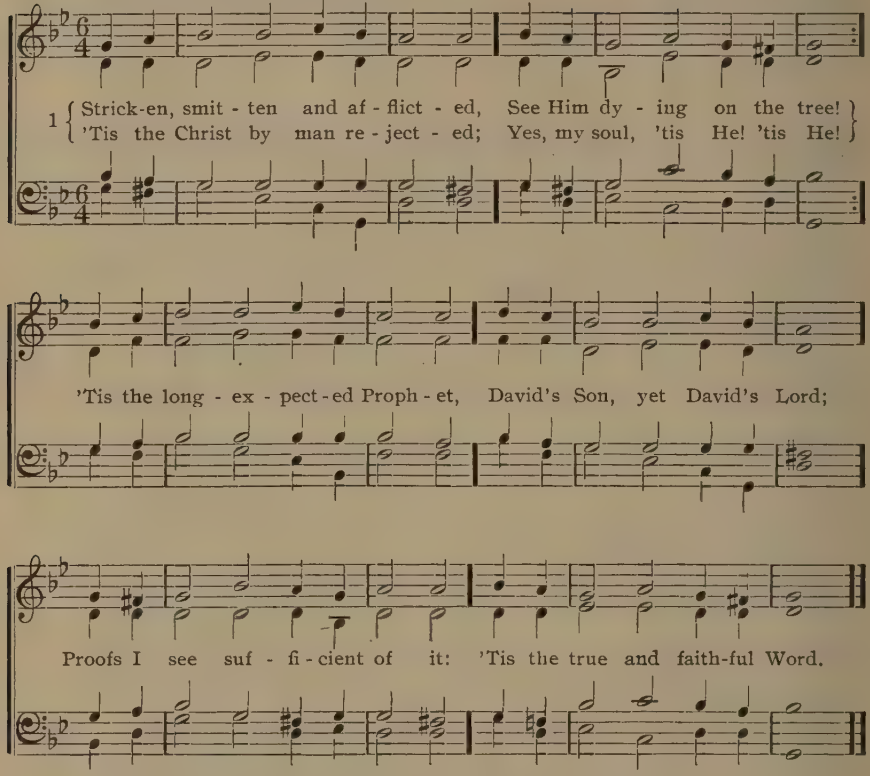
15 I'll on the cross unite me
To Thee; what doth delight me
I'll there renounce for aye.
Whate'er Thy Spirit's grieving,
There I'll for aye be leaving
As much as in my strength doth lay.

16 Thy groaning and Thy sighing,
Thy thousand tears and crying,
That once were heard from Thee;
They'll lead me to Thy glory,
Where I shall joy before Thee,
And evermore at rest shall be!

Paul Gerhardt, 1653
J. Kelly, tr. a

277 O mein Jesu, ich muss sterben 8,7. 8 L.

Paderborn Mel., 1850


1 Strick-en, smit - ten and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!
'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed Proph - et, David's Son, yet David's Lord;
Proofs I see suf - fi - cient of it: 'Tis the true and faith-ful Word.

8, 7. 8 L—78–82–83–105–111–(129)–215–277–289

2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning,
Was there ever grief like His?
Friends through fear His cause disowning,
Foes insulting His distress;
Many hands were raised to wound Him,
None would interpose to save;
But the deepest stroke that pierced Him
Was the stroke that Justice gave.

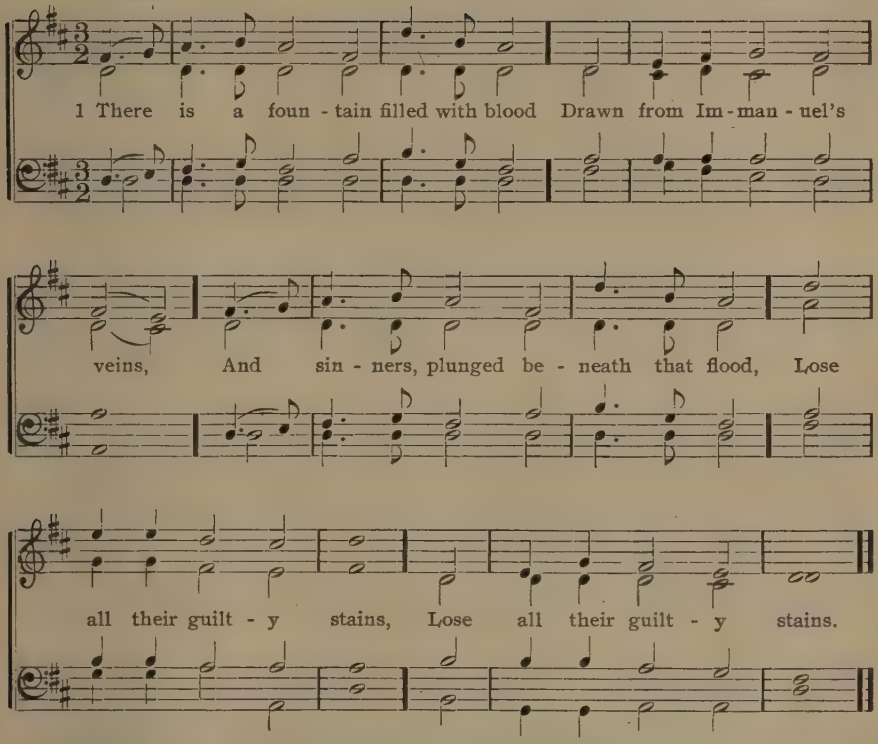
3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the Sacrifice appointed!
See who bears the awful load;
'Tis the WORD, the LORD'S ANOINTED,
Son of man, and Son of God.

4 Here we have a firm foundation;
Here the refuge of the lost;
Christ's the Rock of our salvation:
His the name of which we boast;
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on Him their hope have built.

Thomas Kelly, 1804

278 Cowper C. M.

L. Mason, 1830


1 There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's
veins, And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose
all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)—5-6-7-31-32-34-35-38-45-53-60-65-72-85-86-116-119-122-128-133-135-149
150-153-154-157-159-160-163-169-183-190-195-197-199-206-207-219-255-265-(278)-312

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

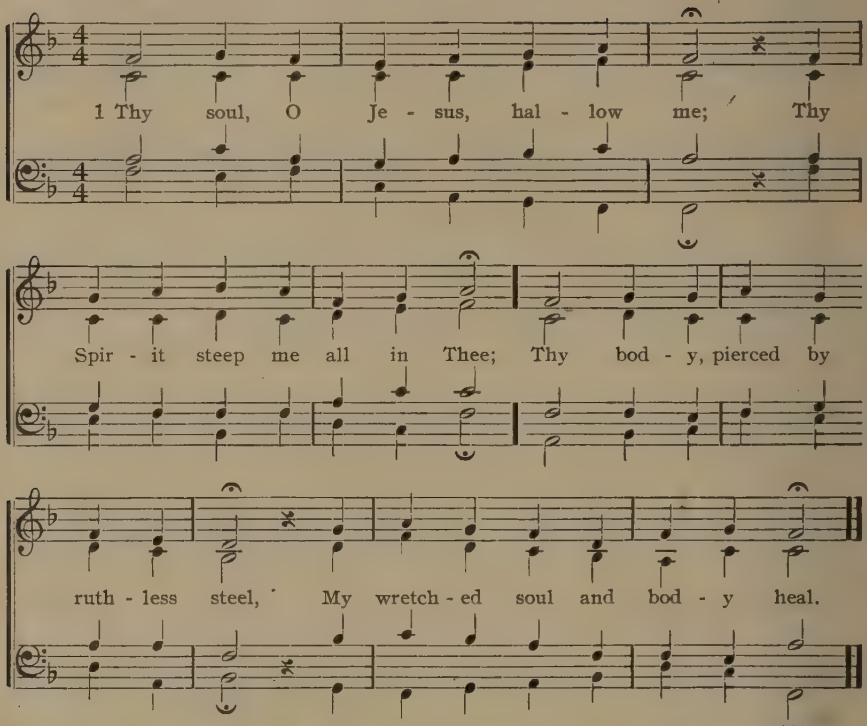
3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

W. Cowper, 1771

279 Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben L. M.


1 Thy soul, O Je - sus, hal - low me; Thy
Spir - it steep me all in Thee; Thy bod - y, pierced by
ruth - less steel, My wretch - ed soul and bod - y heal.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 The water from Thy side that poured
For me a cleansing bath afford;
And all Thy blood, with life divine,
Revive this weakened heart of mine.

3 The sweat of death upon Thy face
Deliver me from death's embrace;
And all Thy passion, cross, and pain,
With strength my feebleness sustain.

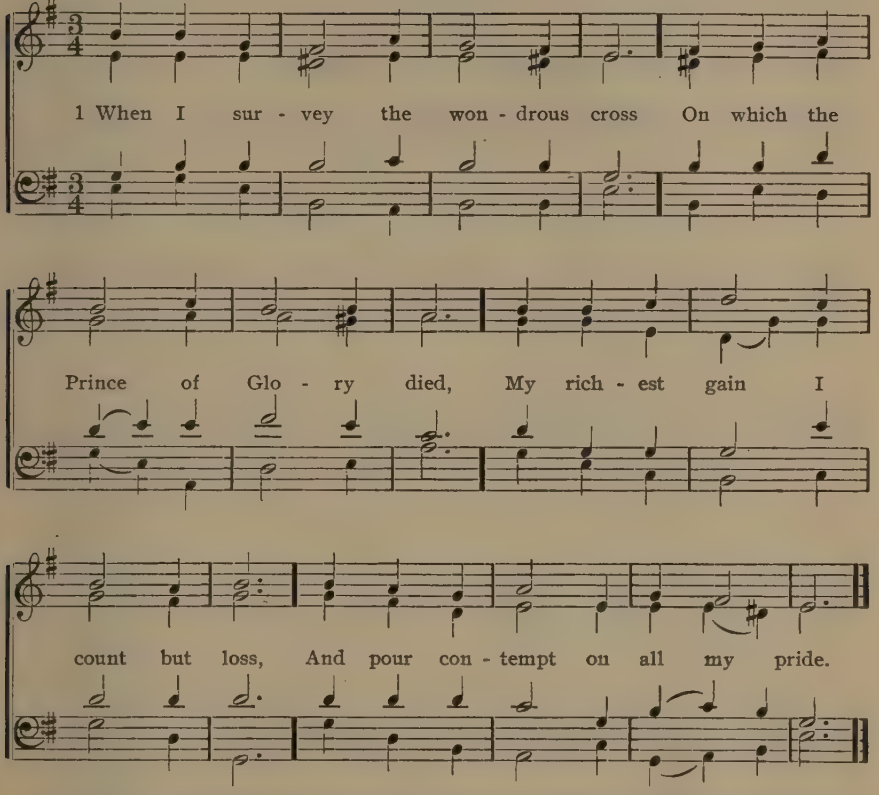
4 O Christ, turn not away from me,
Receive and hide me all in Thee;
Within Thy holy wounds inclose,
And keep me safe from all my foes.

5 In death's dark hour with me abide,
And place me, Savior, at Thy side,
Where with Thy saints I shall adore
And praise Thee, Lord, forevermore.

Sheffler (Angelus), † 1677
M. Loy, tr. a

280 Marburg L. M.

Ad. from J. Crüger by H. Ilse, 1910


1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

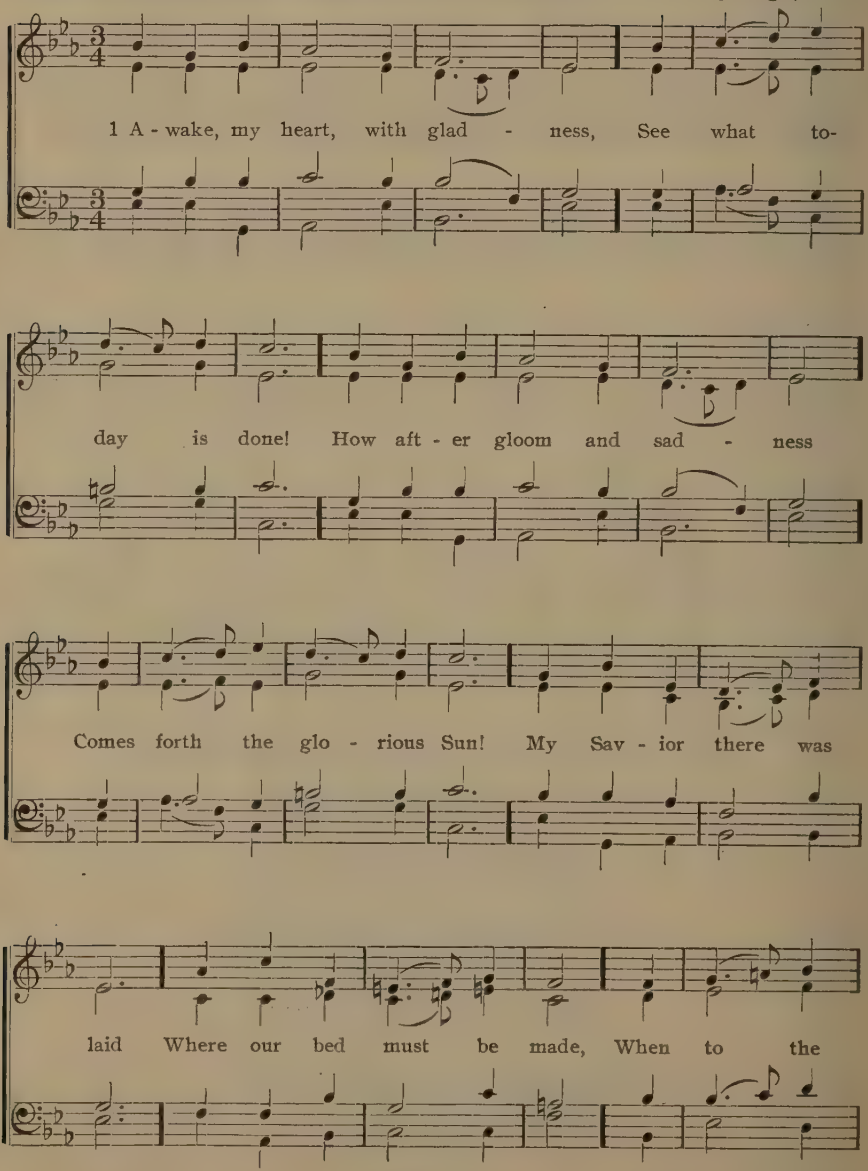
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

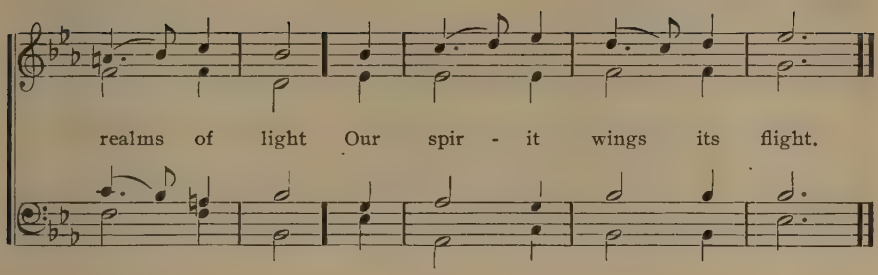
Isaac Watts, 1709 a

Easter

281 **Auf, auf, mein Herz, mit Freuden** 7,6,7,6,6,6,6

J. Crüger, 1648


1 A - wake, my heart, with glad - ness, See what to-
day is done! How aft - er gloom and sad - ness
Comes forth the glo - rious Sun! My Sav - ior there was
laid Where our bed must be made, When to the



2 They in the grave did sink Him,
The foe held jubilee;
Before he can bethink him,
Lo! Christ again is free,
And "Victory!" He cries,
And waveth toward the skies
His banner, for the field
Is by the Hero held.

3 Upon the grave is standing
The Hero, looking round;
The foe, no more withstanding,
His weapons on the ground
Throws down, his hellish power
To Christ he must give o'er,
And to the Victor's bands
Must yield his feet and hands.

4 This is a sight that gladdens
And fills my heart with glee;
Now naughtsoever saddens
My soul, nor takes from me
My trust or fortitude,
Or any precious good
Which by His victory
My Savior gained for me.

5 Hell and its prince, the Devil,
Now of their power are shorn
I now am safe from evil,
And sin I langh to scorn;
Grim death with all his might
Cannot my soul affright;
He is a powerless form,
Howe'er he rage and storm.

6 The world against me rageth,
Its fury I disdain;
Though bitter war it wageth,
Its work is all in vain.
My heart from care is free,
No trouble troubles me,
Misfortune now is play,
And night is bright as day.

7 I cleave now and forever,
To Christ, a member true;
My Head will leave me never,
Whate'er He passeth through;
He treads the world beneath
His feet, and conquers death
And hell, and breaks sin's thrall;
I'm with Him through it all.

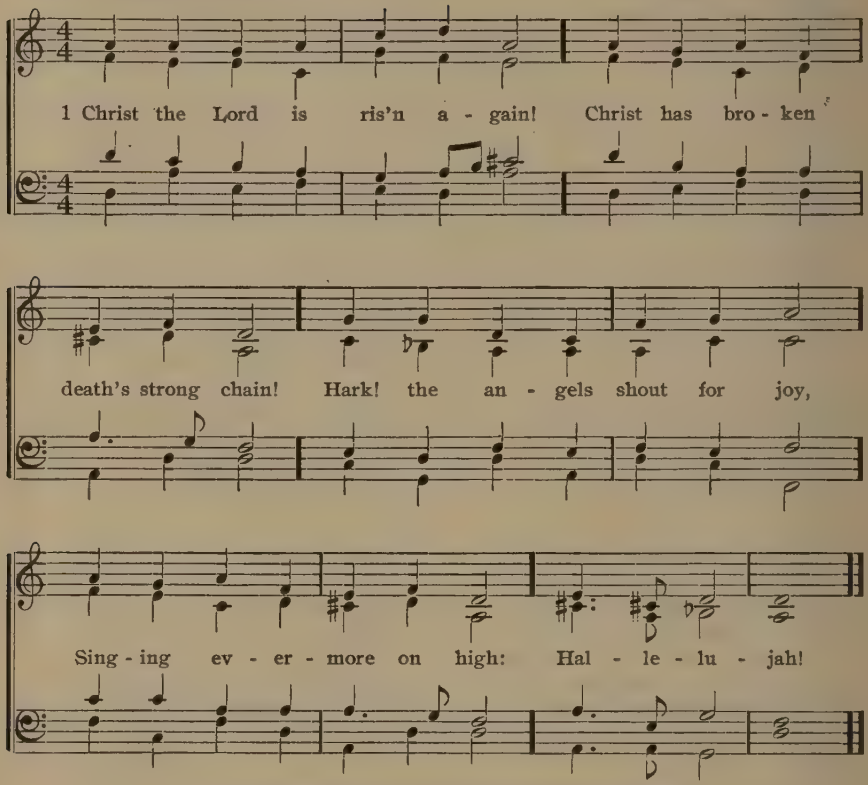
8 To glory He ascendeth,
I follow Him fore'er,
For Christ, my Head, defendeth
His member from all care:
No enemy I fear,
Because my Head is near;
My Savior is my Shield,
By Him all rage is stilled.

9 He brings me to the portal
That opens into bliss,
Where graved in words immortal
This golden scripture is:
"Who there are scorned with Me,
Here with Me crowned shall be;
Who there with Me shall die,
Shall here be raised as I!"

Paul Gerhardt, 1649
J. Kelly, tr. a

282 Christ ist erstanden 7s

12th Century. Luther, 1524


1 Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain! Christ has bro - ken
death's strong chain! Hark! the an - gels shout for joy,
Sing - ing ev - er - more on high: Hal - le - lu - jah!

7s—54-79-109-173-182-184-186-201-244-282-283-294-295

2 He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day!
We, too, sing for joy, and say:
Hallelujah!

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry:
Hallelujah!

4 He whose path no records tell,
Who descended into hell,
Who the strong man armed hath bound,
Now in highest heaven is crowned:
Hallelujah!

5 He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings!
Hallelujah!

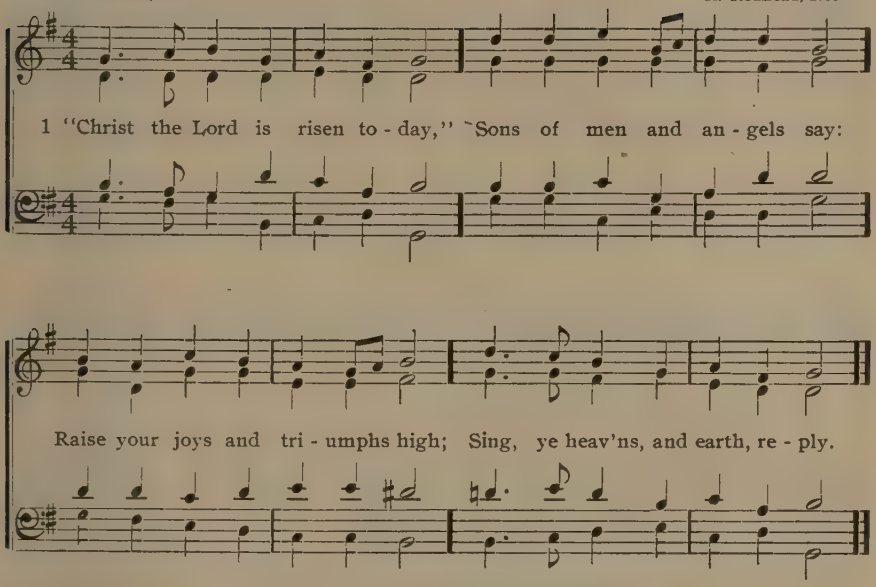
6 Now He bids us tell mankind
How all may salvation find,
How poor sinners are forgiven,
And through faith may enter heaven:
Hallelujah!

7 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye:
Hallelujah!

Bohemian Brethren. M. Weiss, 1531
C. Winkworth, tr. a

283 Redhead 7s

R. Redhead, 1853


1 "Christ the Lord is risen to - day," Sons of men and an - gels say:
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply.

7s—54–79–109–173–182–184–186–201–244–282–283–294–295

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, He all doth save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

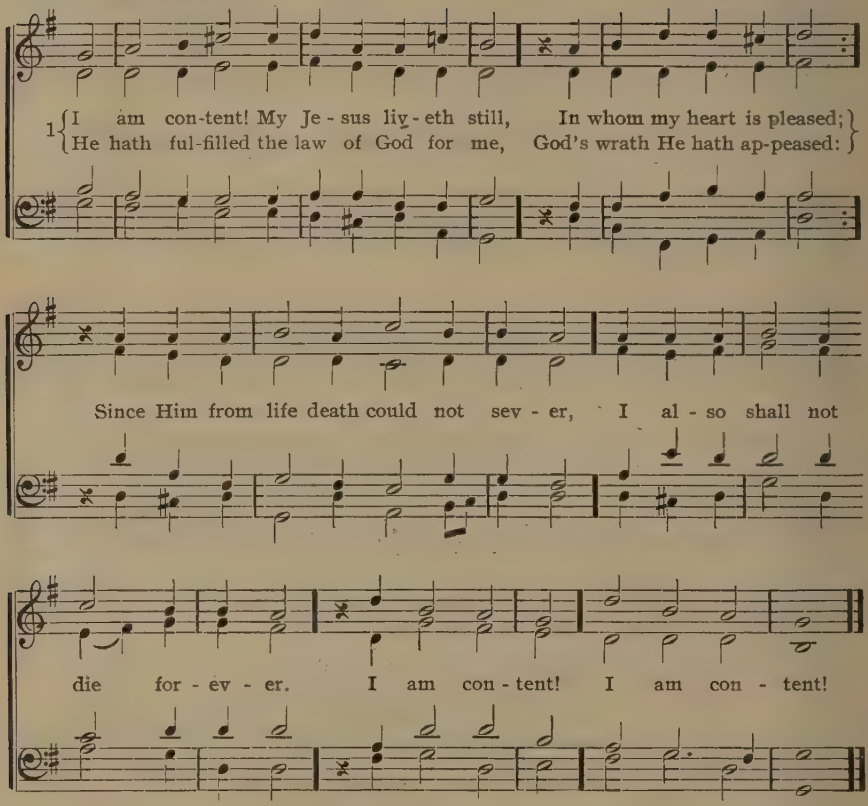
5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

Charles Wesley, 1739

284 Es ist genug 10,6,10,6,9,9,4

Rud. Able, 1560


1 I am con-tent! My Je-sus liv-eth still, In whom my heart is pleased;
He hath ful-filled the law of God for me, God's wrath He hath ap-peased:
Since Him from life death could not sev-er, I al-so shall not
die for-ev-er. I am con-tent! I am con-tent!

2 I am content! My Jesus is my Head,
His member I will be;
He bowed His head, when on the cross
He died,
With cries of agony;
Now death is brought into subjection
For me, too, by His resurrection.
I am content!

3 I am content! My Jesus is my Lord,
My Prince of life and peace;
His loving heart is thirsting after man's
Welfare and future bliss.
Where He, my Lord and Master, liveth,
His servant also He receiveth.
I am content!

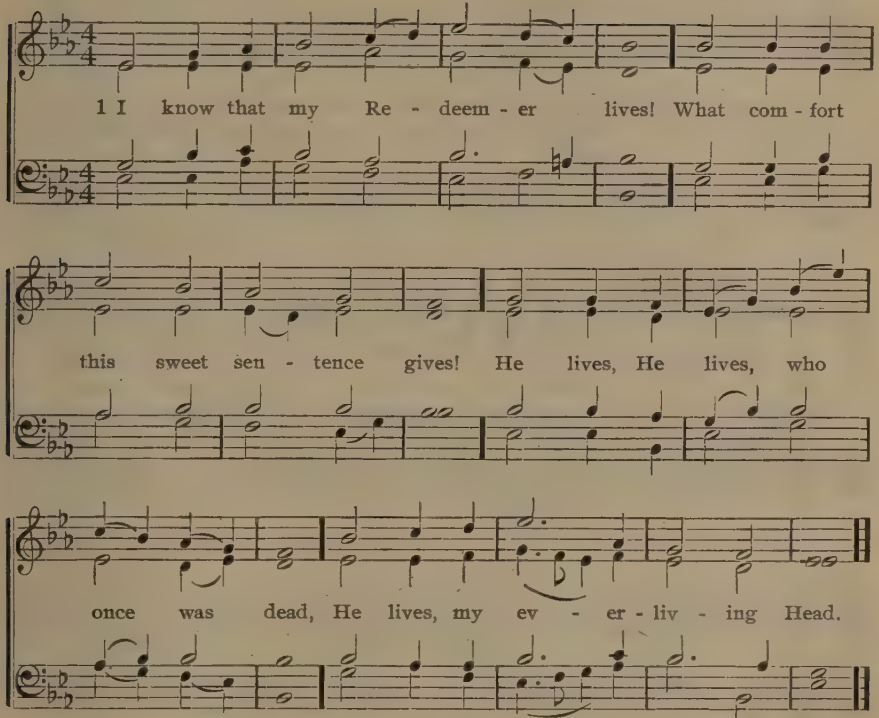
4 I am content! My Jesus is my Light,
My radiant Sun of grace:
His cheering rays beam blessings forth
for all;
Sweet comfort, hope, and peace.
This Easter-sun brings life, salvation,
And everlasting exultation.
I am content!

5 I am content! Lord, draw me but to Thee,
That from the dead I rise
With Thee, my Head, and enter cheerfully
Into Thy heavenly joys.
The fetters of my body sever,
Then shall my soul rejoice forever.
I am content!

J. F. Moeller, 1704
A. Crull, tr.

285 Duke Street L. M.

John Hatton, c. 1790


1 I know that my Re - deem - er lives! What com - fort
this sweet sen - tence gives! He lives, He lives, who
once was dead, He lives, my ev - er - liv - ing Head.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 He lives triumphant from the grave;
He lives eternally to save;
He lives all-glorious in the sky;
He lives exalted there on high.

3 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with His eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.

6 He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly Friend;
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives, I'll sing;
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King!

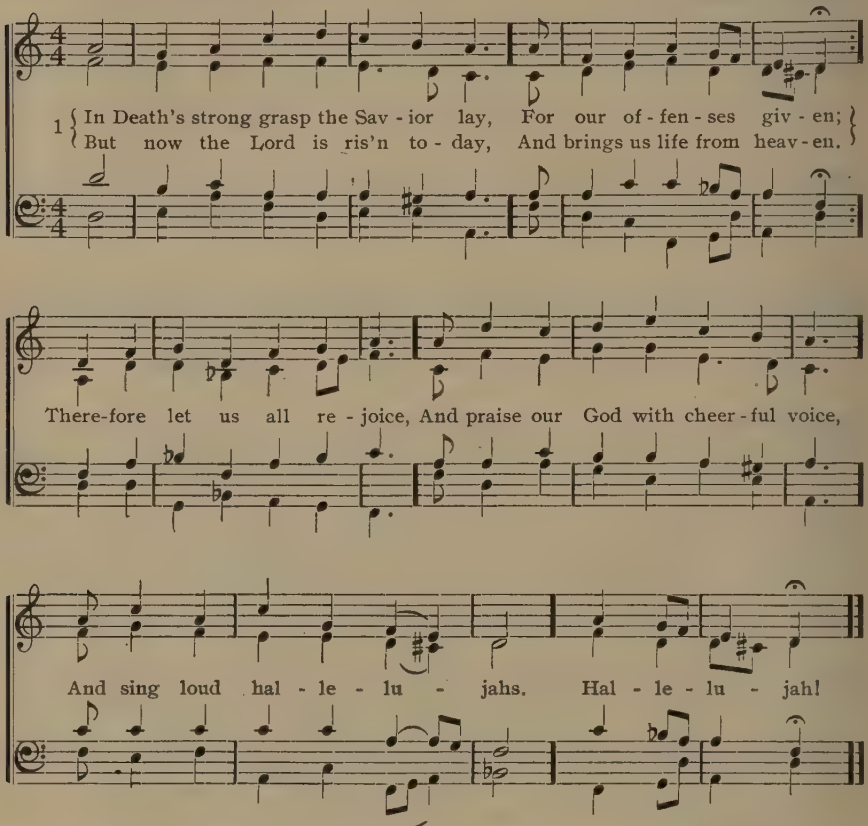
7 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare;
He lives to bring me safely there.

8 He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

Samuel Medley, 1800

286 Christ lag in Todes Banden 8,7,8,7,7,8,7,4

Dr. Martin Luther, 1524


1 In Death's strong grasp the Sav - ior lay, For our of - fen - ses giv - en;
But now the Lord is ris'n to - day, And brings us life from heav - en.
There-fore let us all re - joice, And praise our God with cheer - ful voice,
And sing loud hal - le - lu - jahs. Hal - le - lu - jah!

2 No son of man could conquer Death,
Such mischief sin had wrought us,
For innocence dwelt not on earth,
And, therefore, Death had brought us
Into thraldom from of old,
And ever grew more strong and bold,
And kept us in his bondage.
Hallelujah!

3 But Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
To our low state descended;
The cause of Death he has undone,
His power forever ended;
Ruined all his right and claim,
And left him nothing but the name,—
His sting is lost forever.
Hallelujah!

4 It was a strange and dreadful fray,
When Death and Life contended;
But it was Life that won the day,
The reign of Death was ended.
Holy Scripture plainly saith,
That Death is swallowed up by Death,
Made henceforth a derision.
Hallelujah!

5 Here the true Paschal Lamb we see,
Whom God so freely gave us;
He died on the accurséd tree,
So strong His love to save us!
See! His blood doth mark our door,
Faith points to it, Death passes o'er,
The Murderer cannot harm us.
Hallelujah!

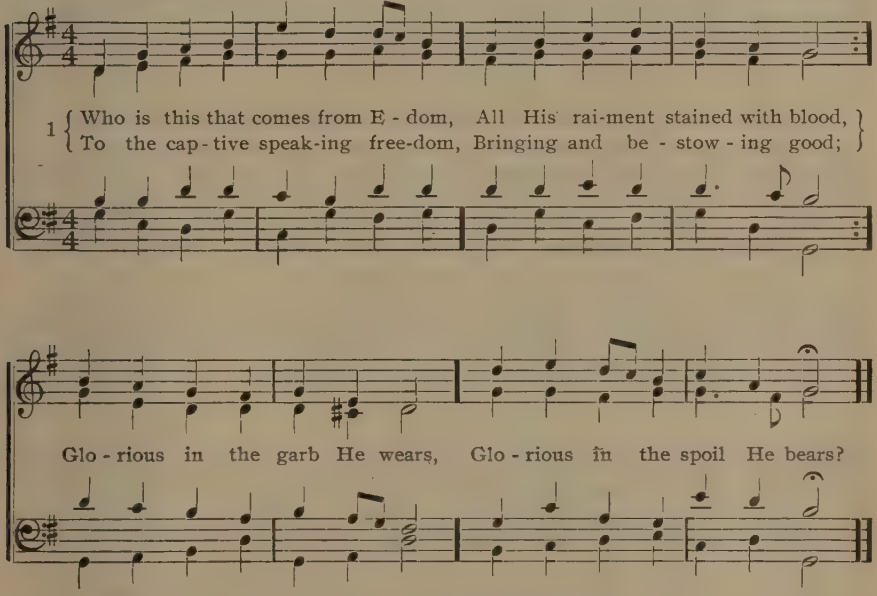
6 So let us keep the festival
With heartfelt exultation:
Christ is Himself the Joy of all,
The Sun of our salvation.
By His grace He doth impart
Eternal sunshine to the heart;
The night of sin is ended.
Hallelujah!

7 Then let us feast this Easter-day
On Christ, the Bread of heaven;
The Word of grace hath purged away
The old and evil leaven;
Christ alone our souls will feed,
He is our meat and drink indeed
Faith lives upon no other.
Hallelujah!

Dr. Martin Luther, 1524

287 Hallelujah! Gott zu loben 8,7,8,7,7,7

J. G. Baessler, 1826


1 Who is this that comes from E - dom, All His rai-ment stained with blood,
To the cap - tive speak-ing free-dom, Bringing and be - stow - ing good;
Glo - rious in the garb He wears, Glo - rious in the spoil He bears?

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7—3–80–102–106–287–293–305–315

2 'Tis the Savior, now victorious,
Traveling onward in His might;
'Tis the Savior; O how glorious
To His people is the sight!
Satan conquered and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

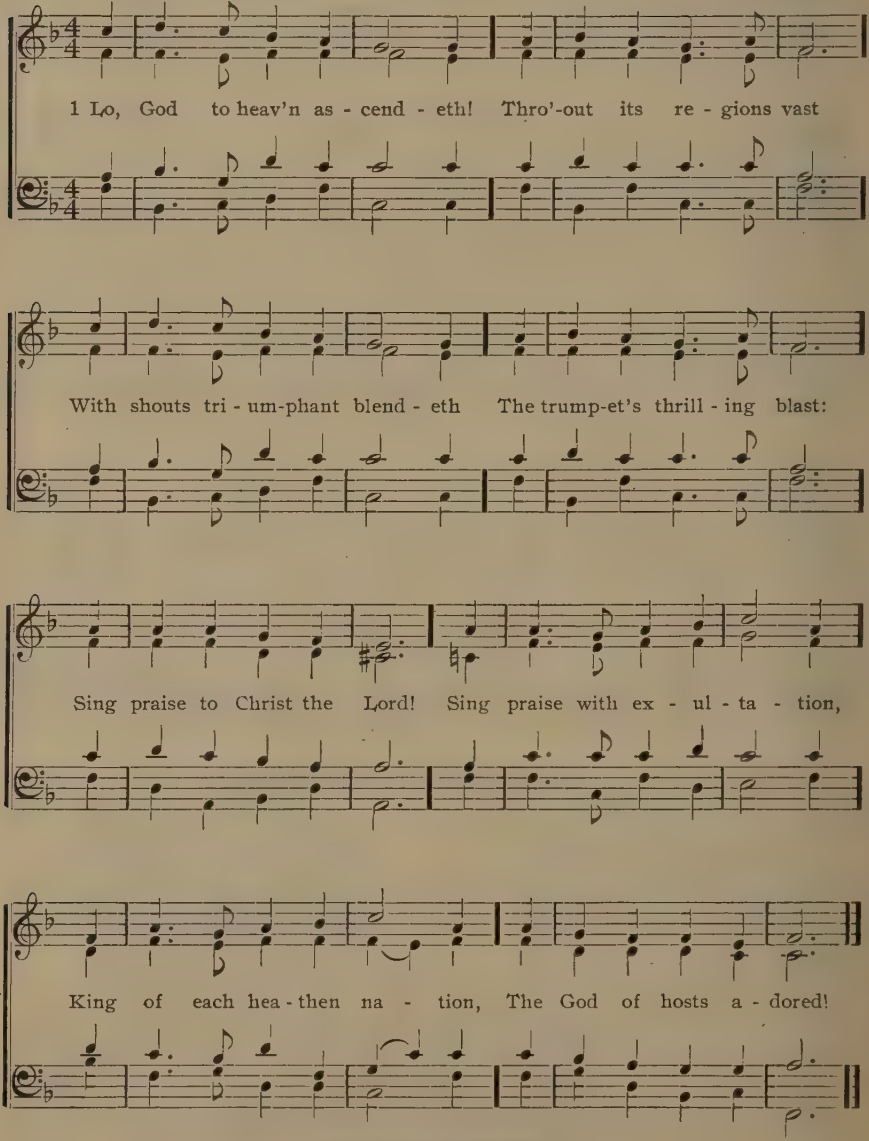
3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign forever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

Thomas Kelly, 1809 a

Ascension

288 **Von Gott will ich nicht lassen** 7,6,7,6,6,7,7,6 J. Crüger, 1540


1 Lo, God to heav'n as - cend - eth! Thro'-out its re - gions vast
With shouts tri - um-phant blend - eth The trump-et's thrill - ing blast:
Sing praise to Christ the Lord! Sing praise with ex - ul - ta - tion,
King of each hea - then na - tion, The God of hosts a - dored!

7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7, 6—288–306

2 With joy is heaven resounding,
Christ's glad return to see;
Behold the saints surrounding
The Lord who set them free:
Bright myriads thronging come;
The cherub band rejoices,
And loud seraphic voices
Welcome Messiah home.

3 No more the way is hidden,
Since Christ, our Head, arose;
No more to man forbidden
The road to heaven that goes.
Our Lord is gone before,
But here He will not leave us,
In heaven He'll soon receive us;
He opens wide the door.

4 Christ is our place preparing,
To heaven we, too, shall rise,
And, joys angelic sharing,
Be where our Treasure lies;
There may each heart be found,
Where Jesus Christ has entered;
There let our hopes be centered,
Our course still heavenward bound!

5 May we, His servants, thither
In heart and mind ascend;
And let us sing together:
"We seek Thee, Christ our Friend,
Thee, God's anointed Son,
Our Life, and Way to heaven,
To whom all power is given,
Our Joy, and Hope, and Crown!"

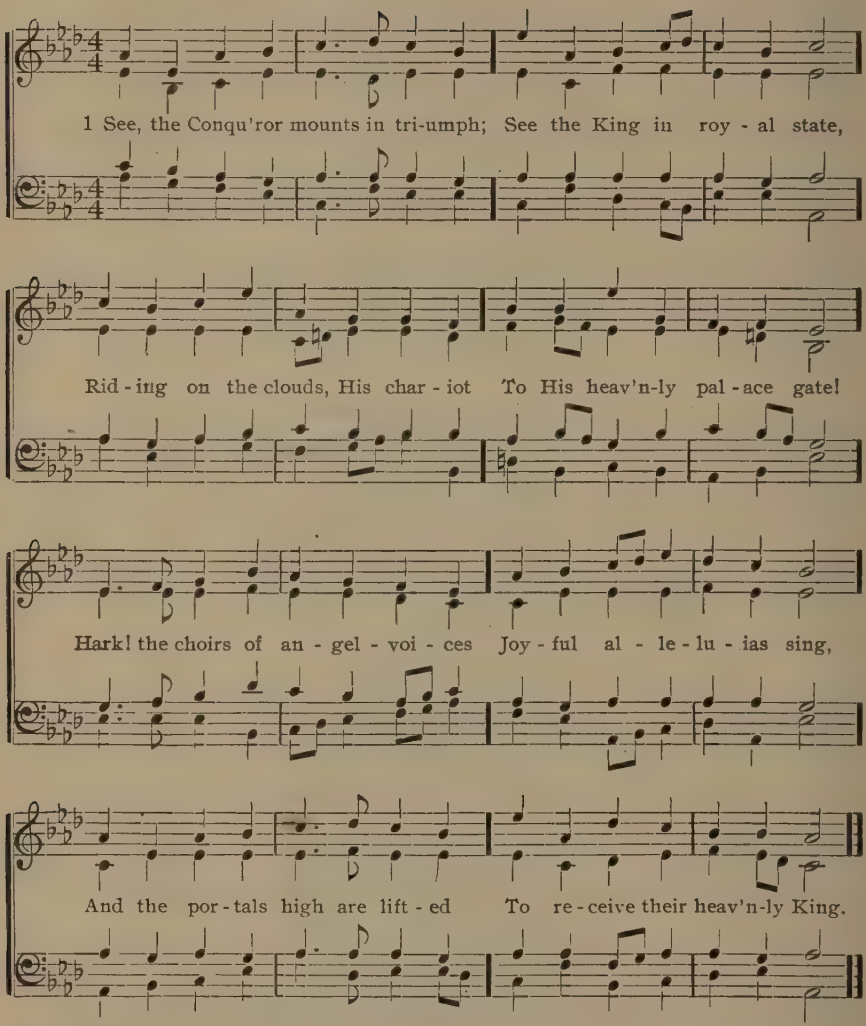
6 Farewell with all thy treasures,
O world, to falsehood given!
Thy dross gives no true pleasures;
We seek the joys of heaven:
The Savior is our Prize;
He comforts us in sadness,
And fills our hearts with gladness;
To Him we lift our eyes.

7 When, on our vision dawning,
Will break the wished-for hour
Of that all-glorious morning,
When Christ shall come with power?
O come, thou welcome day!
When we, our Savior meeting,
His second advent greeting,
Shall hail the heaven-sent ray.

Dr. Gottfried Wilhelm Sacer, 1661
Frances Elizabeth Cox, tr. a

289 Rex Gloriae 8,7. 8 L.

H. Smart, 1868


1 See, the Conqu'ror mounts in tri-umph; See the King in roy - al state,
Rid - ing on the clouds, His char - iot To His heav'n-ly pal - ace gate!
Hark! the choirs of an - gel - voi - ces Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing,
And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heav'n-ly King.

8, 7. 8 L—78–82–83–105–111–(129)–215–277–289

2 Who is this that comes in glory
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory.
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death has spoiled His foes.

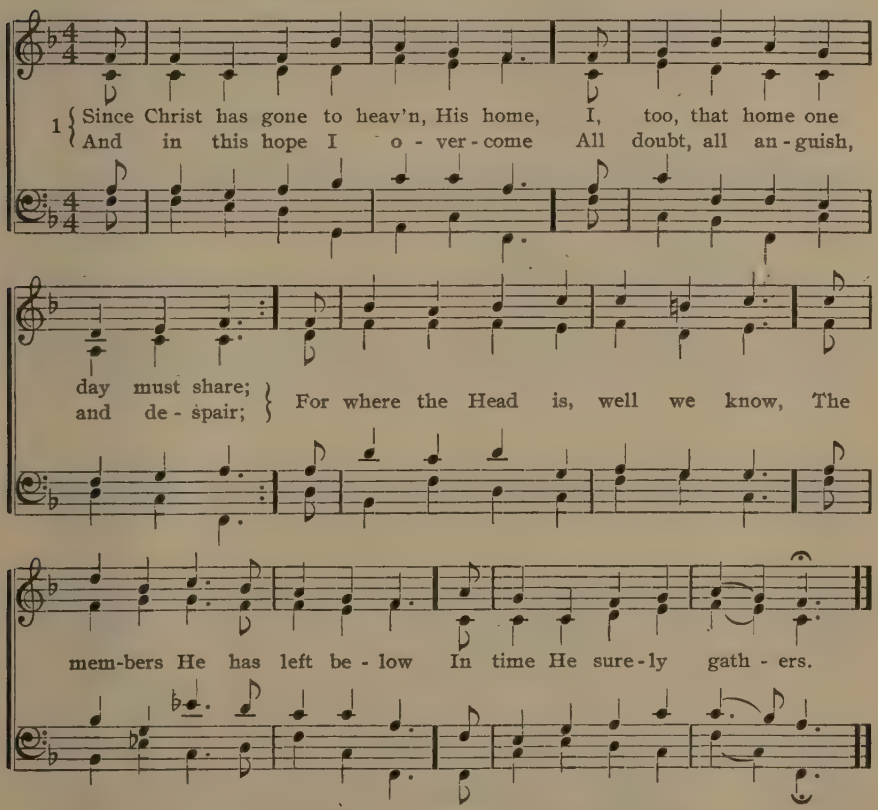
3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends,
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated,
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

Wordsworth, 1862

290 Nun freut euch, lieben Christen 8,7,8,7,8,8,7


1 Since Christ has gone to heav'n, His home, I, too, that home one
And in this hope I o - ver - come All doubt, all an - guish,
day must share;
and de - spair;
For where the Head is, well we know, The
mem-bers He has left be - low In time He sure - ly gath - ers.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7—30–59–75–89–152–172–178–(193)–237–290

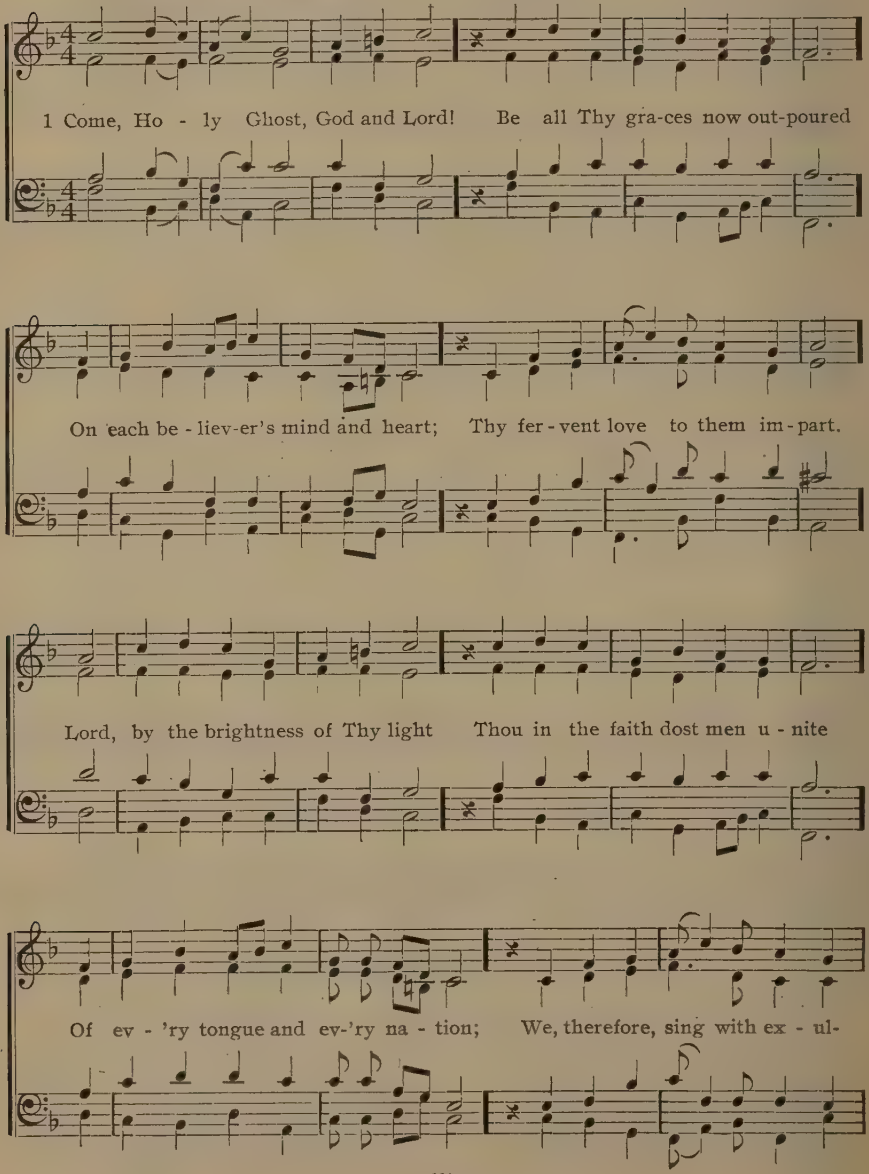
2 Since Christ has reached His glorious throne,
And mighty gifts henceforth are His,
My heart can rest in heaven alone,
On earth my Lord I always miss;
I long to be with Him on high,
My heart and thoughts forever fly
Where is my only Treasure.

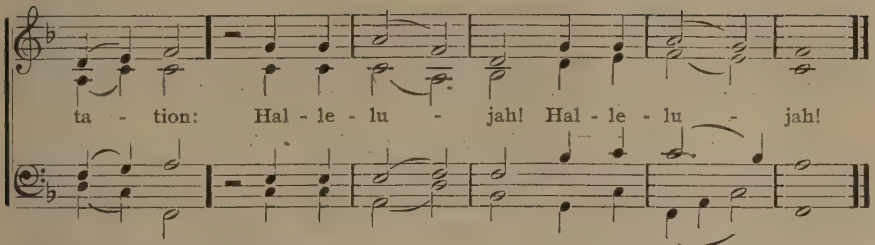
3 From Thy ascension let such grace,
Dear Lord, be ever found in me,
That steadfast faith may guide my ways
With step unfaltering up to Thee,
And at Thy voice I may depart
With joy to dwell where Thou, Lord, art;
Lord, hear my supplication!

J. Wegelin, 1637
C. Winkworth, tr.

Pentecost

291 **Komm, Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott** 7,8,8,8,8,8,9,9,8 J. Walther, 1524


1 Come, Ho - ly Ghost, God and Lord! Be all Thy gra-ces now out-poured
On each be - liev-er's mind and heart; Thy fer - vent love to them im - part.
Lord, by the brightness of Thy light Thou in the faith dost men u - nite
Of ev - 'ry tongue and ev-'ry na - tion; We, therefore, sing with ex - ul-



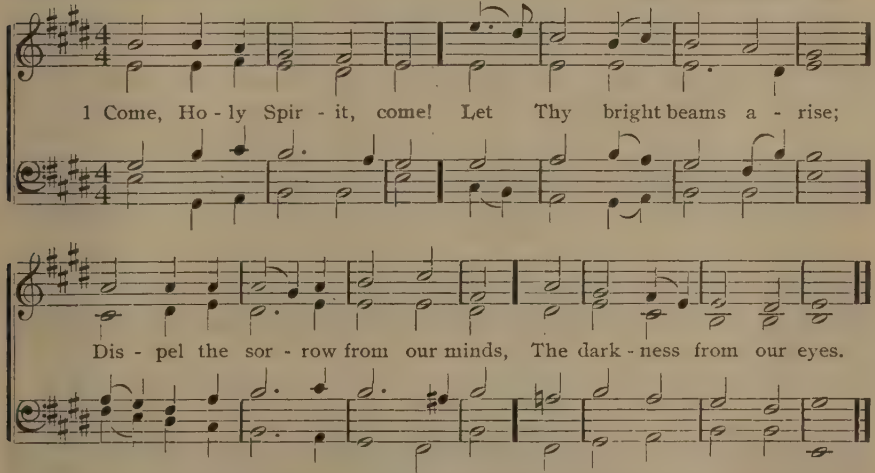
2 Thou holy Light, Guide divine,
O cause the Word of life to shine;
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call Him Father with delight,
From error, Lord, our souls defend,
That they on Christ alone attend,
In Him with living faith abiding,
In Him with all their might confiding.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

3 Thou holy Fire, Source of rest,
Grant that, with joy and hope possessed,
We always in Thy service stay,
And trouble drive us not away.
Lord, by Thy power prepare each heart
To our weak nature strength impart,
That firmly here we be contending,
Through life and death to Thee ascending.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

From Veni Sancte Spiritus
Dr. Martin Luther, 1524

292 Mornington S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–138–141–145–164–200–213–227–240–247–292–307

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

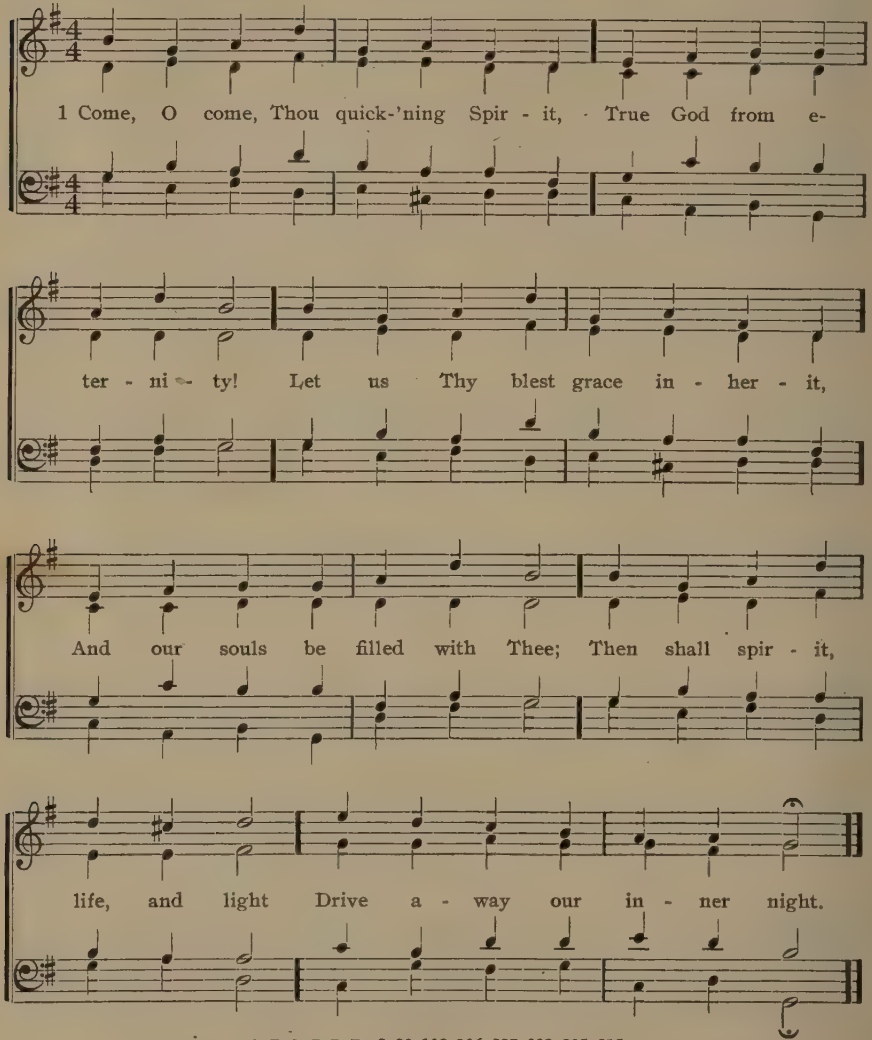
4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Joseph Hart, 1759

293 Komm, o komm, du Geist des Lebens 8,7,8,7,7,7

J. C. Bach, 1680


1 Come, O come, Thou quick-'ning Spir - it, True God from e-
ter - ni - ty! Let us Thy blest grace in - her - it,
And our souls be filled with Thee; Then shall spir - it,
life, and light Drive a - way our in - ner night.

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7—3–80–102–106–287–293–305–315

2 Grant our hearts Thy heavenly treasure:
Wisdom, counsel, purity;
That in naught we may take pleasure
Save in that which pleaseth Thee.
Let Thy knowledge spread and grow,
Working error's overthrow.

3 Lead us to our soul's salvation,
Keep us in the paths of grace,
Shield us from the world's temptation
That might foil us in the race;
When we stumble, hear our call,
Work repentance for our fall.

4 Let us trust Thy witness wholly
That we children are of God,
Who rely upon Him solely,
When they pass beneath the rod;
For the Father's chastenings
Bless above all earthly things.

5 Prompt us, that we come before Him
Joyously with hope in view,
Sigh in us, when we implore Him,
Ever plead for us anew;
Then our prayer shall not be vain,
And our faith new strength shall gain.

6 If our soul for comfort languish,
And despondency grow strong,
That the heart must cry in anguish:
"O my God, my God, how long!"
Comfort then the aching breast,
Grant us courage, patience, rest.

7 Mighty Spirit of reliance,
Sure Defense in all our need!
When the foe bids us defiance,
Bid Thy work in us Godspeed!
Grant us weapons for the strife,
And with victory crown our life.

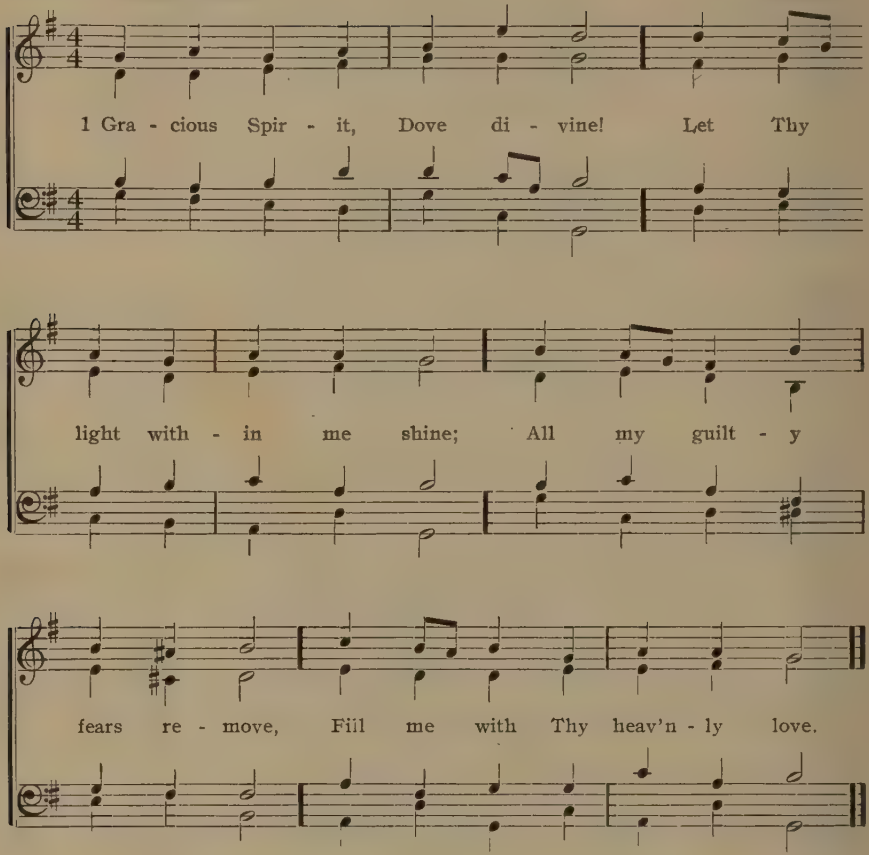
8 Guard, O God, our faith forever;
Let not Satan, death or shame
Ever part us from our Savior;
Lord, our Refuge is Thy name.
Though our flesh would fain say Nay,
Be Thy Word to us still Yea.

9 And when death life's thread is rending,
Then assure us yet the more,
As the heirs of life unending,
Of the glory there in store
Which can never be expressed,
But with which we shall be blessed

Joachim Neander, 1679

294 Schönste Sonne 7s

Fr. Enckhausen



7s—54–79–109–173–182–184–186–201–244–282–283–294–295

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.

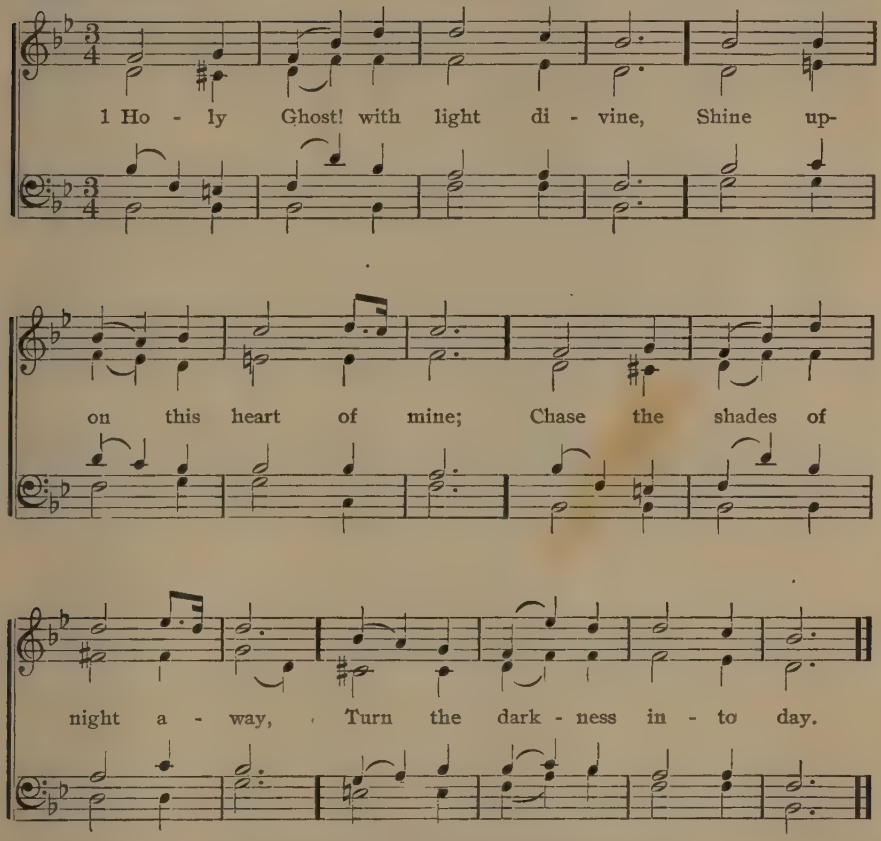
3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell Thyself within my breast,
Earnest of eternal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

John Stocker, 1777 a

295 Merry 7s

Louis M. Gottschalk. Arr. by Edwin P. Parker



7s—54–79–109–173–182–184–186–201–244–282–283–294–295

2 Let me see my Savior's face,
Let me all His beauties trace;
Show those glorious truths to me,
Which are only known to Thee.

3 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
In Thy mercy pity me,
From sin's bondage set me free.

4 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Yield a sacred, settled peace,
Let it grow and still increase

5 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme and reign alone.

6 See, to Thee I yield my heart,
Shed Thy life through every part;
A pure temple I would be,
Wholly dedicate to Thee.

Andrew Reed, 1817.

296 St. Constantine 6,5,6,5

W. H. Monk, 1861

6, 5, 6, 5—268–296–310

2 Come, as once Thou camest
To the faithful few,
Patiently awaiting
Jesus' promise true.

3 Up to heaven ascending
Our dear Lord has gone;
Yet His little children
Leaves He not alone.

4 To His blesséd promise
Now in faith we cling:—
Comforter, most holy!
Spread o'er us Thy wing.

5 Lighten Thou our darkness,
Be Thyself our light;
Strengthen Thou our weakness,
Spirit of all might!

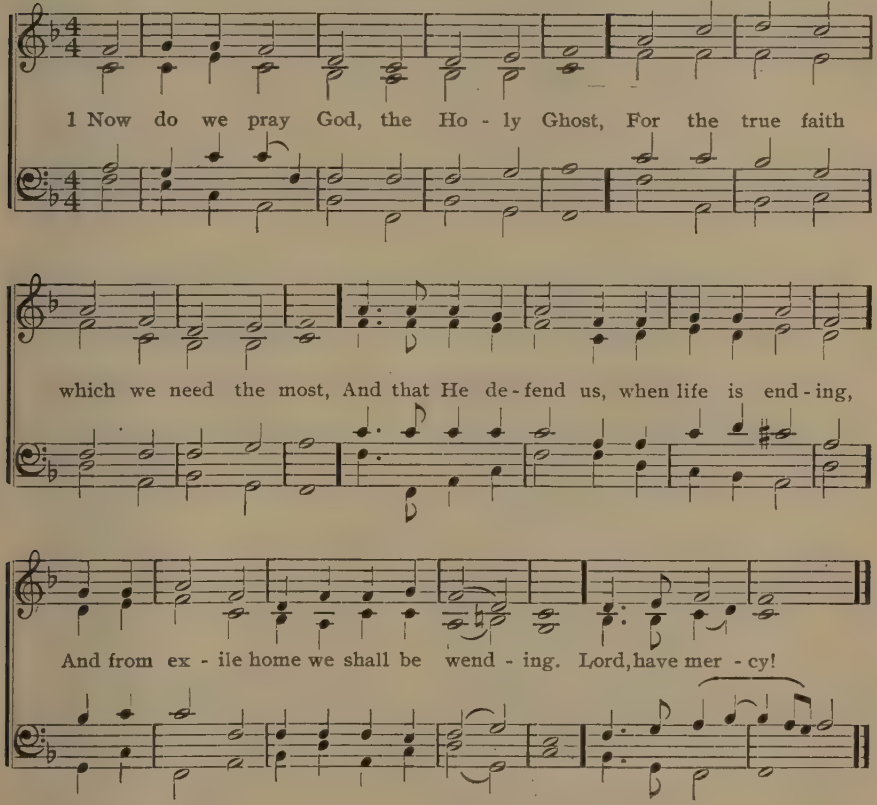
6 Spirit of adoption!
Make us overflow
With Thy sevenfold blessing,
And in grace to grow.

7 Into Christ baptizéd
Grant that we may be,
Day and night, dear Spirit,
Perfected by Thee!

J. Mohr, 1818
Claudia F. Hernamann, tr.

297 Nun bitten wir den Heiligen Geist 9,9,11,10,4

13th Century. Walther, 1524


1 Now do we pray God, the Ho - ly Ghost, For the true faith
which we need the most, And that He de - fend us, when life is end - ing,
And from ex - ile home we shall be wend - ing. Lord, have mer - cy!

2 Shine in our hearts, O most precious Light,
That we Jesus Christ may know aright,
Clinging to our Savior, whose blood has bought us,
Who again to our true home has brought us.
Lord, have mercy!

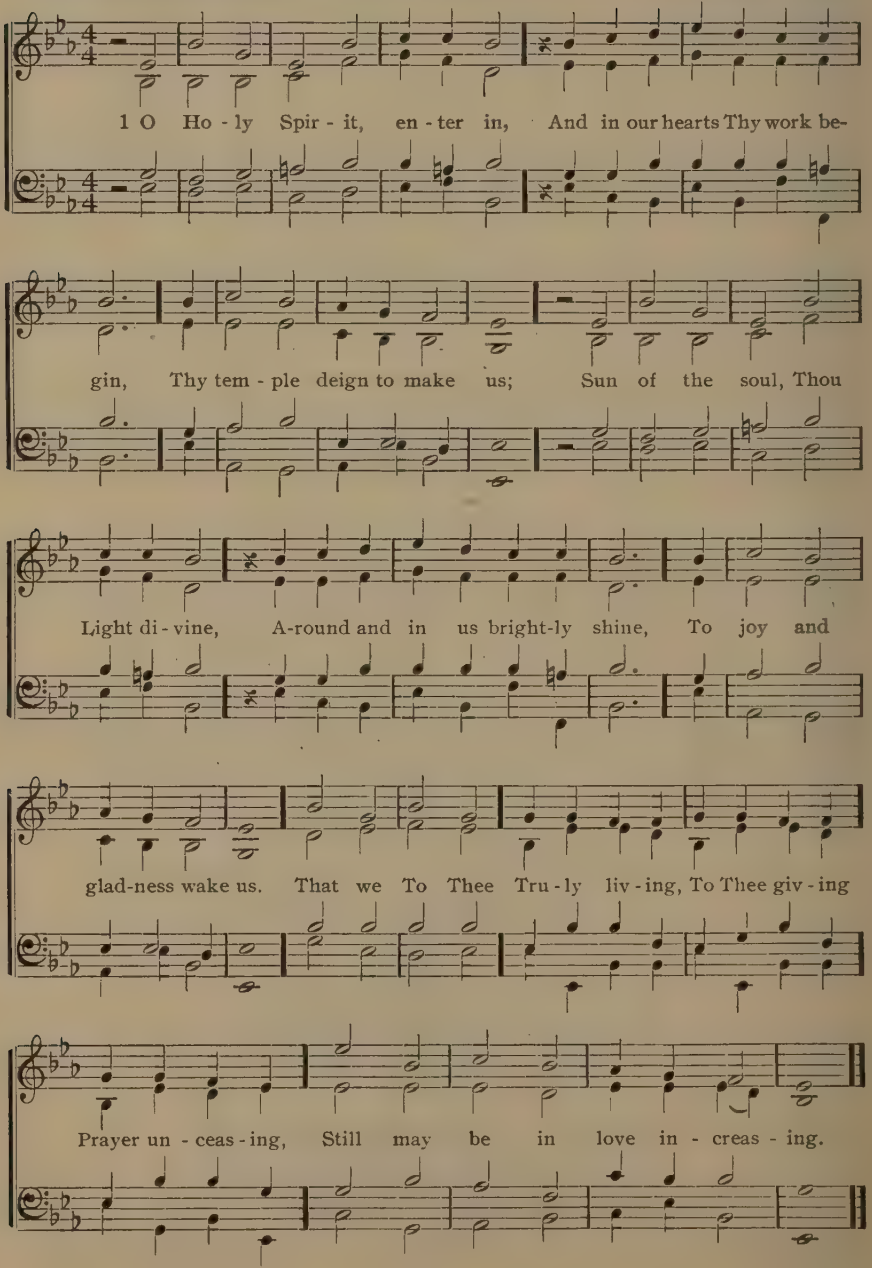
3 Thou sweetest Love, grace on us bestow,
Set our hearts with heavenly fire aglow,
That with hearts united we love each other,
Of one mind, in peace with every brother.
Lord, have mercy!

4 Thou highest Comfort in every need!
Grant that neither shame nor death we heed,
That e'en then our courage may never fail us,
When at last th' Accuser shall assail us.
Lord, have mercy!

Dr. Martin Luther, 1525
First Stanza, 13th Century

298 Wie schön leuchtet der 8,8,7,8,8,7,4,8,4,8

Ph. Nicolai, 1599


1 O Ho - ly Spir - it, en - ter in, And in our hearts Thy work be-
gin, Thy tem - ple deign to make us; Sun of the soul, Thou
Light di - vine, A-round and in us bright-ly shine, To joy and
glad-ness wake us. That we To Thee Tru - ly liv - ing, To Thee giv - ing
Prayer un - ceas - ing, Still may be in love in - creas - ing.

2 Give to Thy Word impressive power,
That in our hearts, from this good hour,
As fire it may be glowing;
That we confess the Father, Son,
And Thee, the Spirit, Three in One,
Thy glory ever showing.
O stay And sway
Our souls ever, That they never
May forsake Thee,
But by faith their refuge make Thee.

3 Thou Fountain, whence all wisdom flows,
Which God on pious hearts bestows,
Grant us Thy consolation,
That in our pure faith's unity
We faithful witnesses may be
Of grace that brings salvation.
Hear us, Cheer us
By Thy teaching; Let our preaching
And our labor
Praise Thee, Lord, and bless our neighbor.

4 Left to ourselves we shall but stray;
O lead us on the narrow way,
With wisest counsel guide us,
And give us steadfastness, that we
May ever faithful prove to Thee,
Whatever woes betide us.
Lord, now Heal Thou
All hearts broken, And betoken
Thou art near us,
Whom we trust to light and cheer us.

5 Thy heavenly strength sustain our heart
That we may act the valiant part
With Thee as our reliance;
Be Thou our refuge and our shield,
That we may never quit the field,
Bidding all foes defiance.
Descend, Defend
From all errors And earth's terrors:
Thy salvation
Be our constant consolation.

6 O mighty Rock, O Source of life,
Let Thy dear Word, 'mid doubt and strife,
Be so within us burning,
That we be faithful unto death,
In Thy pure love and holy faith,
From Thee true wisdom learning!
Thy grace And peace
On us shower; By Thy power
Christ confessing,
Let us win our Savior's blessing.

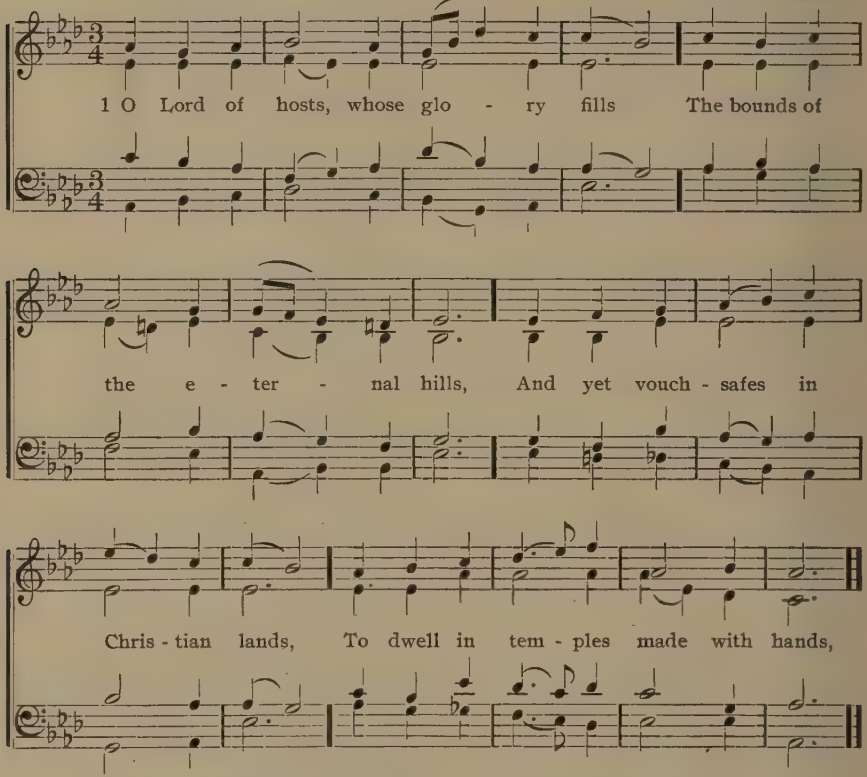
7 O gentle Dew, from heaven now fall
With power upon the hearts of all,
Thy tender love instilling:
That heart to heart more closely bound,
Fruitful in kindly deeds be found,
The law of love fulfilling;
Then, Lord, Discord
Shall not grieve Thee; We receive Thee;
Where Thou livest,
Peace, and love, and joy Thou givest.

8 Grant that our days, while life shall last,
In purest holiness be passed,
Be Thou our strength forever;
Grant that our hearts henceforth be free
From sinful lust and vanity,
Which us from Thee must sever.
Keep Thou Pure now
From offenses Heart and senses.
Blessed Spirit!
Let us heavenly life inherit.

Michael Schirmer, 1650
Stanza 2 by unknown author c. 1660

Church Building

299 **Bowen** (Otterbourne) L. M. Haydn, 1732–1809


1 O Lord of hosts, whose glo - ry fills The bounds of
the e - ter - nal hills, And yet vouch - safes in
Chris - tian lands, To dwell in tem - ples made with hands,

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.

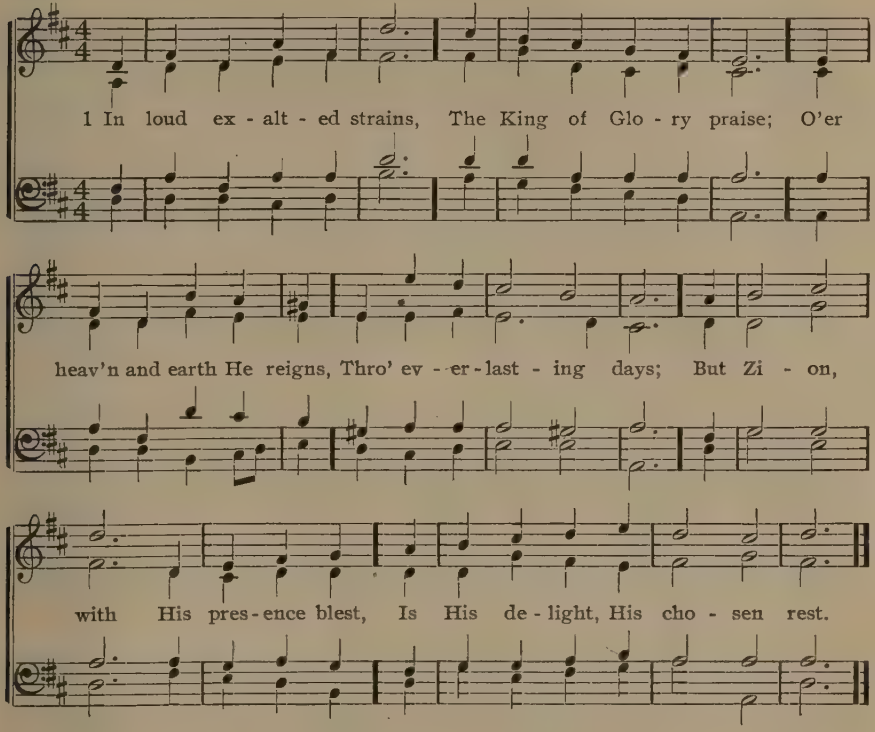
3 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the top-stone in its day.

4 But now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity!

J. M. Neale, 1844 ab

300 Darwall 6,6,6,6,8,8 (H. M.)

J. Darwall, 1770


1 In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of Glo - ry praise; O'er
heav'n and earth He reigns, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; But Zi - on,
with His pres - ence blest, Is His de - light, His cho - sen rest.

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)—9–49–205–208–262–300

2 O King of Glory, come
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

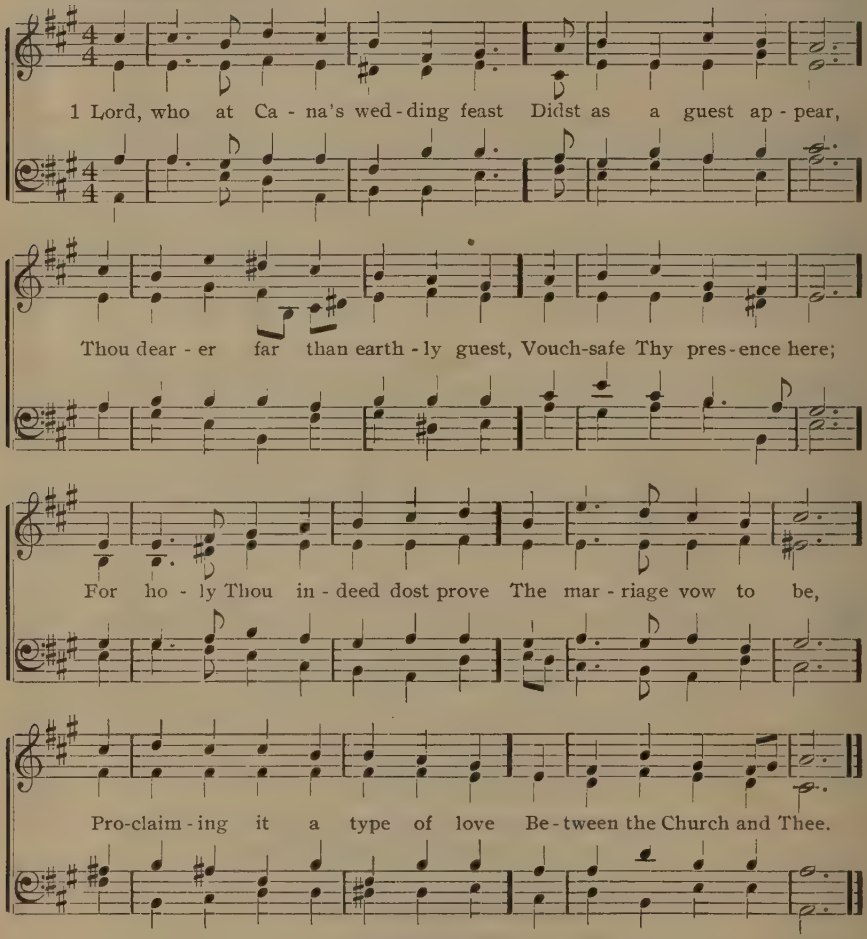
3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies;
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

B. Francis, 1774

Marriage

301 **Stuyvesant** C. M. 8 L. W. B. Gilbert


1 Lord, who at Ca - na's wed - ding feast Didst as a guest ap - pear,
Thou dear - er far than earth - ly guest, Vouch-safe Thy pres - ence here;
For ho - ly Thou in - deed dost prove The mar - riage vow to be,
Pro-claim - ing it a type of love Be - tween the Church and Thee.

C. M. 8 L—91-301

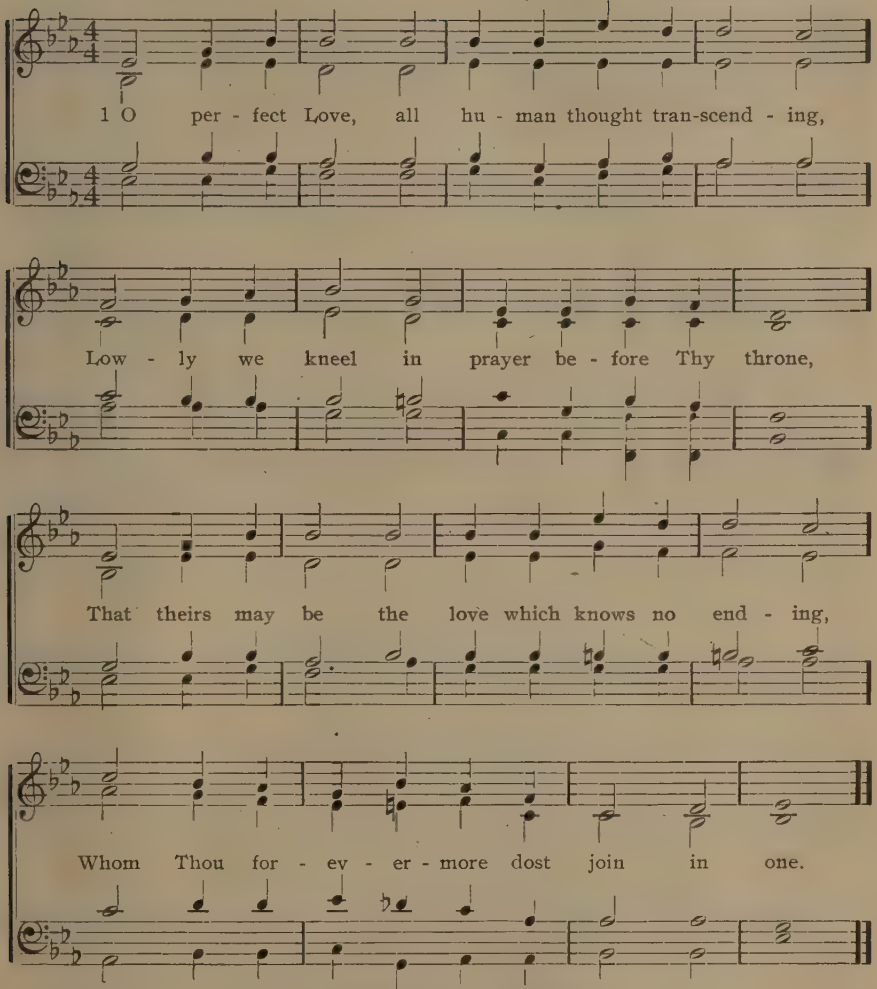
2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Thro' care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles every joy.

3 On those who now before Thee kneel,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more:
Oh, grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
And this world leaving, to receive
A crown of life above.

A. Thrupp, 1853 a

302 © Perfect Love 11,10,11,10

Arr. from J. Barnby, 1889


1 O per - fect Love, all hu - man thought tran-scend - ing,
Low - ly we kneel in prayer be - fore Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no end - ing,
Whom Thou for - ev - er - more dost join in one.

11, 10, 11, 10—56–57–214–263–302

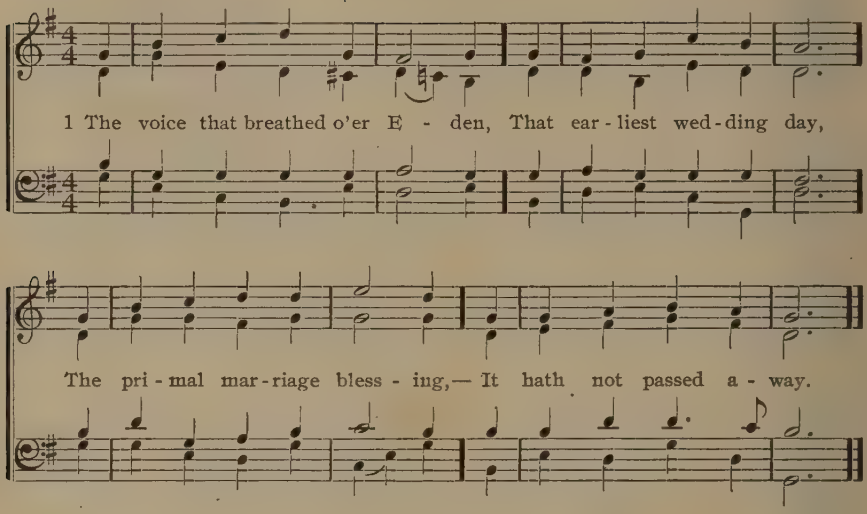
2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance,
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears no pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Blomfield, 1883

303 St. Alphege 7,6,7,6

Dr. Gauntlett, 1852



7, 6, 7, 6—28-303-(318)

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, loving Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of His own pierced side.

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

5 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

6 O spread Thy pure wings o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace.

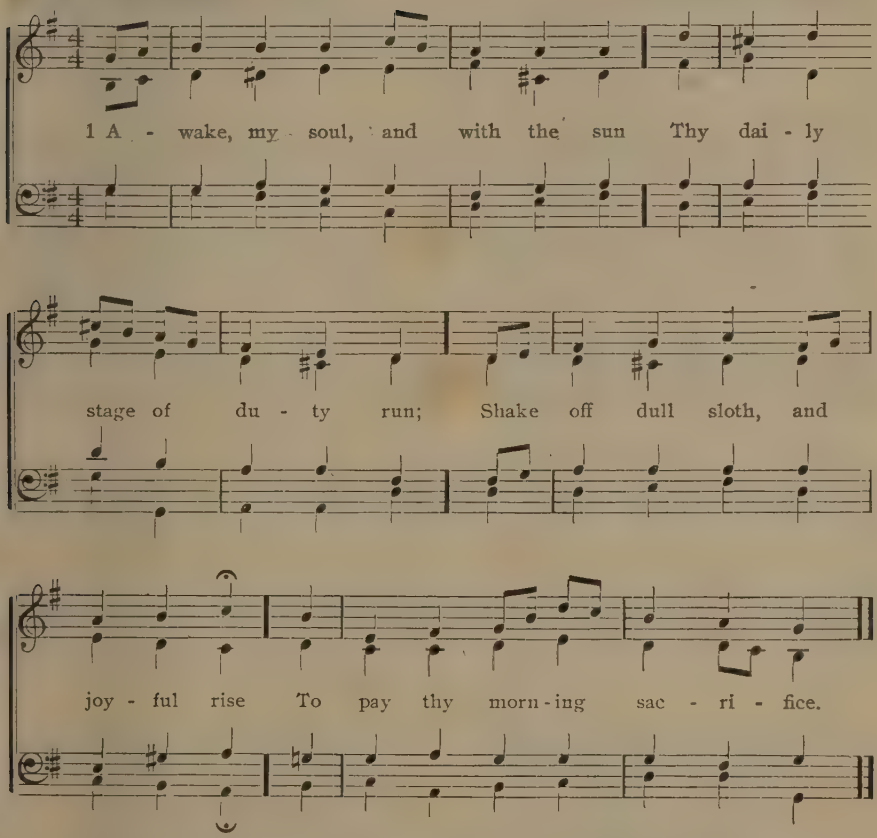
7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

John Keble, 1857 a

Morning

304 Morning Hymn L. M.

F. H. Barthelemon, 1741–1808


1 A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly
stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and
joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And has refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake!

3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

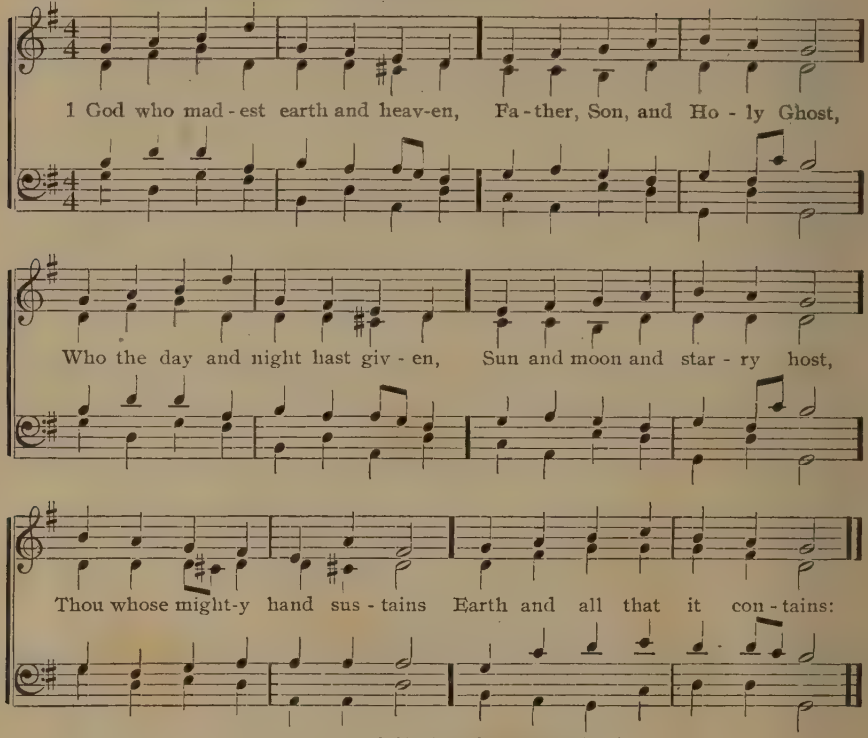
4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Bp. Thomas Ken, 1695

305 Gott des Himmels und der Erden 8,7,8,7,7,7

H. Albert, 1642


1 God who mad - est earth and heav-en, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,
Who the day and night hast giv - en, Sun and moon and star - ry host,
Thou whose might-y hand sus - tains Earth and all that it con - tains:

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7—3–80–102–106–287–293–305–315

2 Praise to Thee my soul shall render,
Who this night hast guarded me;
My omnipotent Defender,
Who from ill dost set me free,
Free from danger, anguish, woe,
Free from the infernal Foe.

3 Let the night of my transgression
With night's darkness pass away;
Jesus, into Thy possession
I resign myself to-day;
In Thy wounds I find relief
From my greatest sin and grief.

4 Grant that I may rise this morning
From the lethargy of sin,
So my soul, through Thy adorning,
Shall be glorious within;
And I at the judgment day
Shall not be a cast-a-way.

5 Let my life and conversation
Be directed by Thy Word;
Lord, Thy constant preservation
To Thine erring child afford;
Nowhere but alone in Thee
From all harm can I be free.

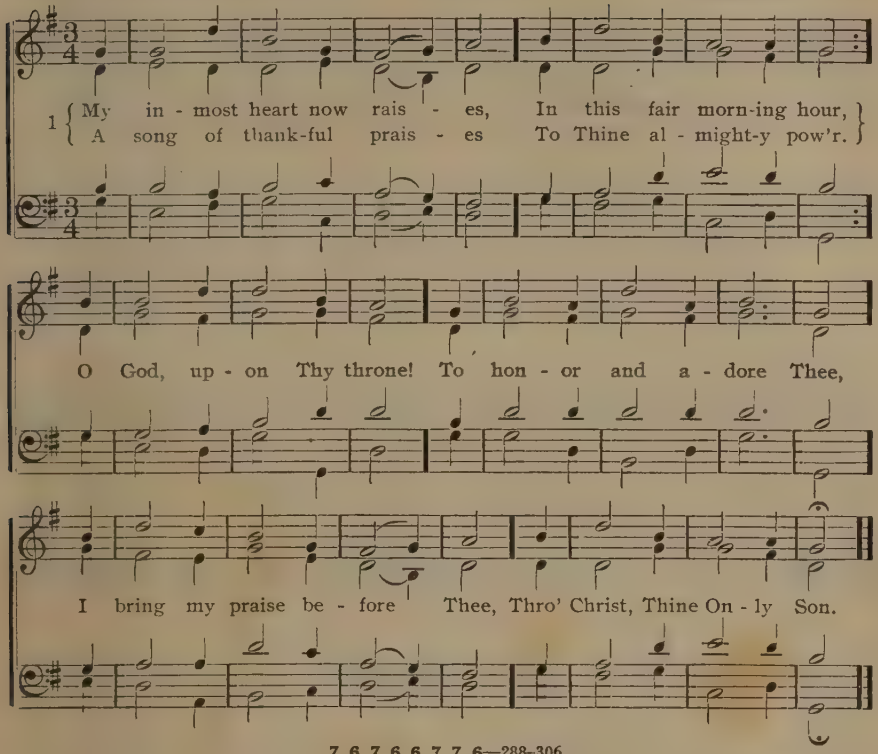
6 Wholly to Thy blest protection
I commit my heart and mind.
Mighty God! to Thy direction
Wholly may I be resigned.
Lord, my Shield, my Light divine,
O accept and own me Thine!

7 Lord, to me Thine angel sending,
Keep me from the subtle foe;
From his craft and might defending,
Never let Thy wand'rer go,
Till my final rest shall come,
And Thine angel bear me home.

H. Albert, 1642. John Christian Jacobi, tr., 1822 And Arthur Tozer Russell, 1848, a

306 Aus meines Herzens Grunde 7,6,7,6,6,7,7,6

Eisleben H. B., 1598


1 My in - most heart now rais - es, In this fair morn-ing hour,
A song of thank-ful prais - es To Thine al - might-y pow'r.
O God, up - on Thy throne! To hon - or and a - dore Thee,
I bring my praise be - fore Thee, Thro' Christ, Thine On - ly Son.

7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7, 6—288-306

2 For Thou from me hast warded
All perils of the night;
From every harm hast guarded
My soul till morning's light,
Humbly to Thee I cry:
O Savior, have compassion,
And pardon my transgression;
Have mercy, Lord most high!

3 And shield me from all evil,
O gracious God, this day,
From sin, and from the Devil,
From shame and from dismay,
From fire's consuming breath,
From water's devastation,
From need and consternation,
From evil, sudden death.

4 My life, my soul—defend them!
My wife, child, goods, and home,—
To Thy hand I commend them,
From Thee these blessings come;
Thy bounteous hand bestows
My household and my treasures,
My parents, friends, and pleasures;
My cup with good o'erflows.

5 Let not Thine angel leave me,
While here on earth I stay,
Lest Satan's arts deceive me,
And lead my soul astray!
Then keep Thine angel near
At night and each new morrow,
Lest soul and body sorrow,
And faltering cost me dear.

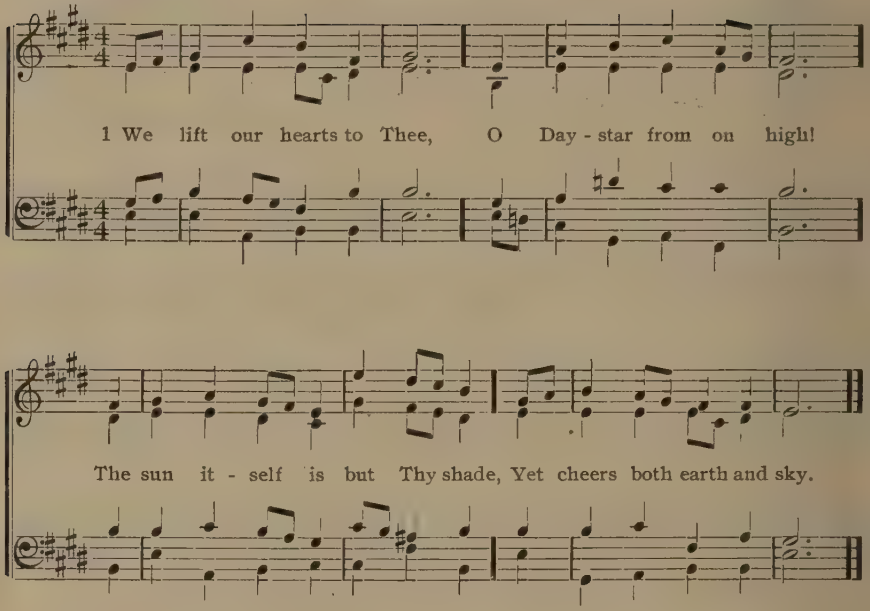
6 God shall do my advising,
Whose might with wisdom blends;
May He bless rest and rising,
My efforts, means, and ends!
To God, forever blessed,
Will I with mine confide me,
And suffer Him to guide me
As seemeth to Him best.

7 Amen! I say, not fearing
That God rejects my prayer;
I doubt not He is hearing
And granting me His care.
So I put forth my hands,
And look not long behind me,
But ply the task assigned me
By God, as He commands.

Anon.

307 Redhead S. M.

Redhead



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–138–141–145–164–200–213–227 240–247–292–307–314

2 O let Thy rising beams
The night of sin disperse;
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
May Jesus' blood, like morning dew,
Wash all our stains away.

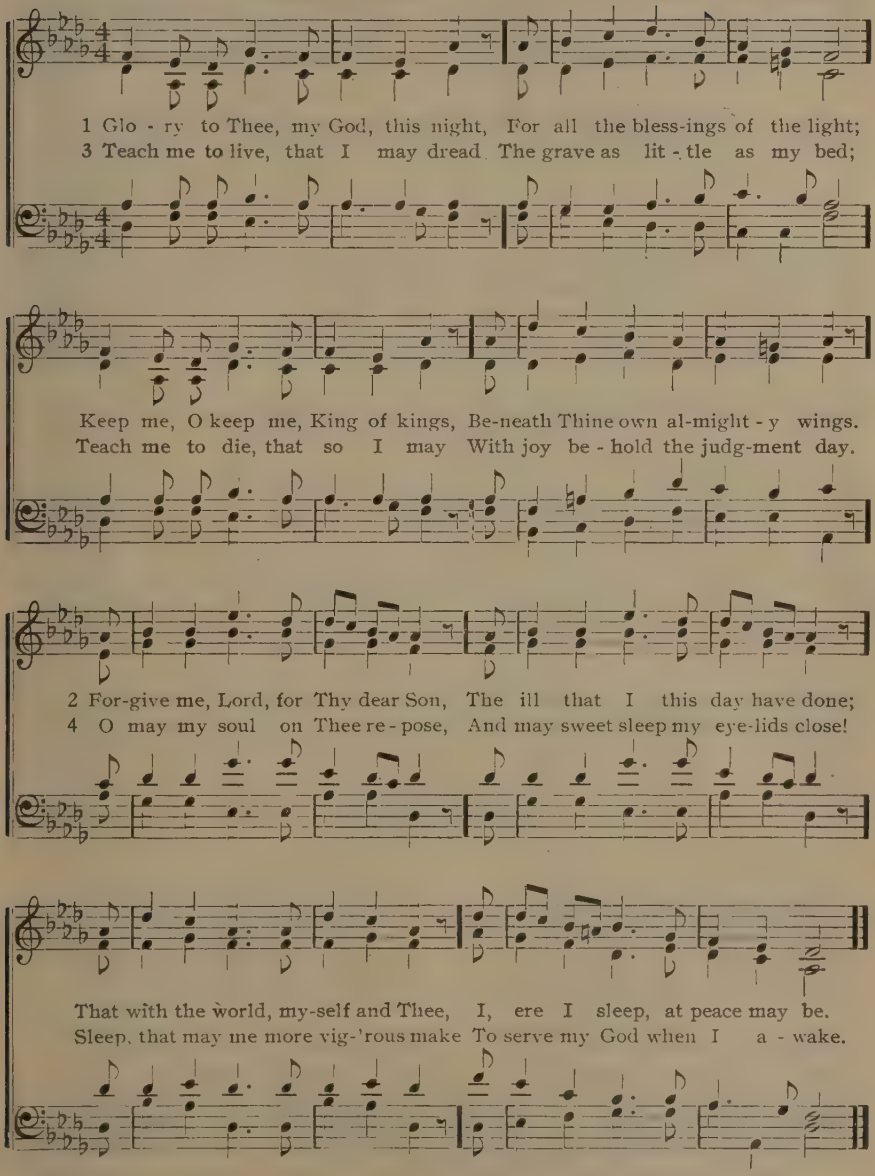
5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

Charles Wesley, 1741

Evening

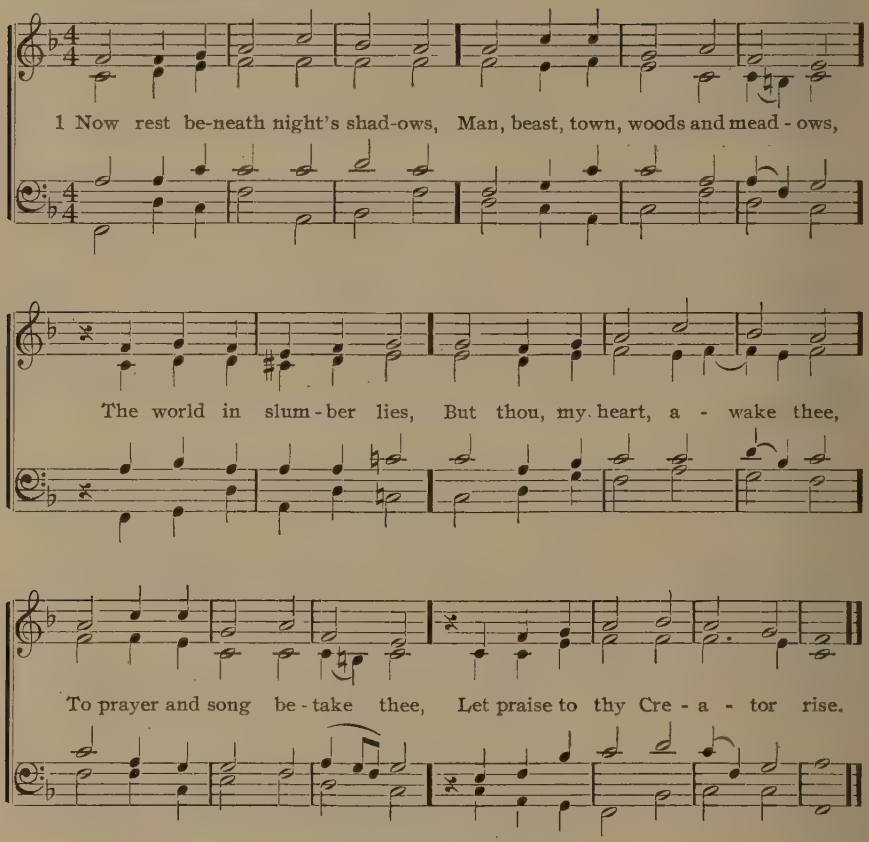
308 Gounod's Evening Hymn L. M. 8 L

C. F. Gounod


1 Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thine own al-might - y wings.
Teach me to die, that so I may With joy be - hold the judg-ment day.
2 For-give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done;
4 O may my soul on Thee re - pose, And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close!
That with the world, my-self and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
Sleep, that may me more vig-'rous make To serve my God when I a - wake.

309 O Welt, ich muss dich lassen 7,7,6,7,7,8

H. Isaac, † 1519


1 Now rest be-neath night's shad-ows, Man, beast, town, woods and mead - ows,
The world in slum - ber lies, But thou, my heart, a - wake thee,
To prayer and song be - take thee, Let praise to thy Cre - a - tor rise.

7, 7, 6, 7, 7, 8—276–309–(320)

2 O sun, where art thou vanished?
The night thy reign hath banished,
The foe of day, the night.
Farewell, for now appeareth
Another Sun and cheereth
My heart—'t is Jesus Christ my Light!

3 The last faint beam is going,
The golden stars are glowing
In yonder dark-blue deep;
Such is the glory given,
When, called of God to heaven,
On earth no more we pine and weep.

4 To rest my body hasteth,
Aside its garments casteth,
Types of mortality;
These I put off and ponder
How Christ shall give me yonder
A robe of glorious majesty.

5 Head, hands, and feet reposing,
Are glad the day is closing,
That work came to an end;
Cheer up my heart, with gladness!
For God from all earth's sadness
And from sin's toil relief will send.

6 Ye weary limbs! now rest you,
For toil hath sore oppressed you,
And quiet sleep ye crave;
A sleep shall once o'ertake you
From which no man can wake you,
In your last narrow bed—the grave.

7 My heavy eyes are closing:
When I lie deep reposing,
Soul, body, where are ye?
To helpless sleep I yield them,
O let Thy mercy shield them,
Thou sleepless Eye, their Guardian be!

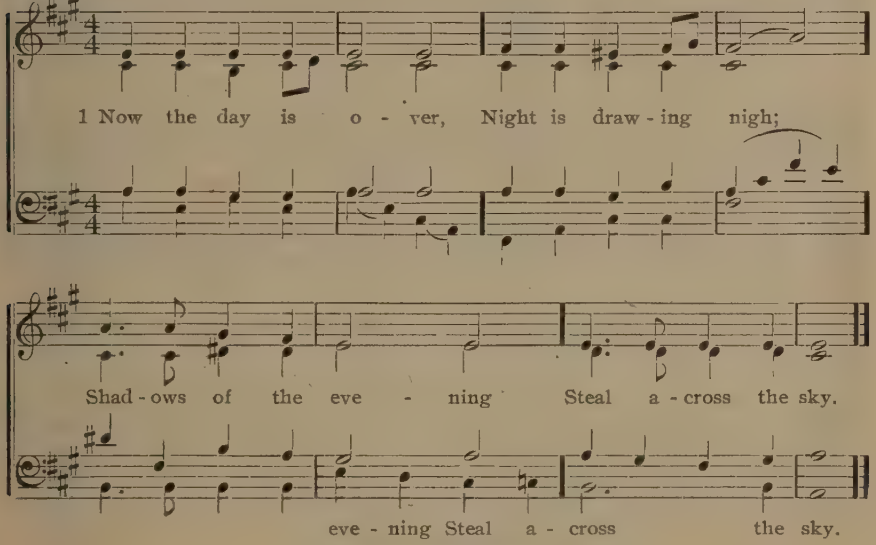
8 Lord Jesus, who dost love me,
O spread Thy wings above me,
And shield me from alarm!
Though Satan would devour me,
Let angel-guards sing o'er me:
"This child of God shall meet no harm!"

9 My loved ones, rest securely,
From every peril surely
Our God will guard your heads.
May He sweet slumbers send you,
And bid His hosts attend you,
And golden-armed, watch o'er your beds!

Paul Gerhardt, 1653

310 Merrial 6,5,6,5

Barnby



6, 5, 6, 5—268-296-310

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May my eyelids close.

4 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

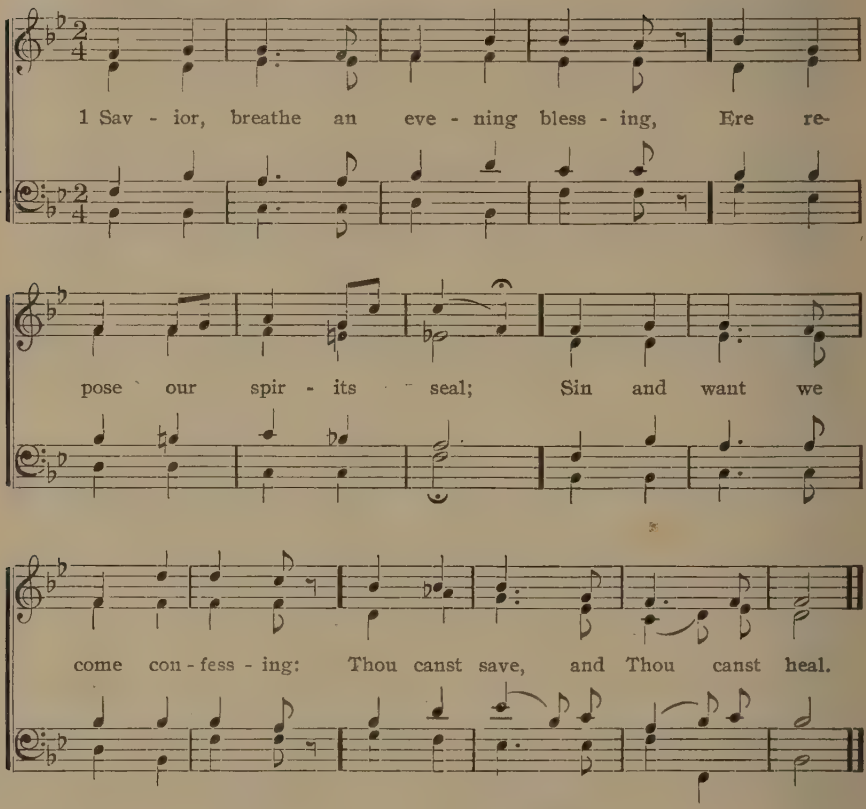
5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

6 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
While all ages run.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865, ab

311 Evening Prayer 8,7,8,7

George C. Stebbins, 1878


1 Sav - ior, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re-
pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we
come con - fess - ing: Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

8, 7, 8, 7—81-98-121-192-233-243-252-311

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

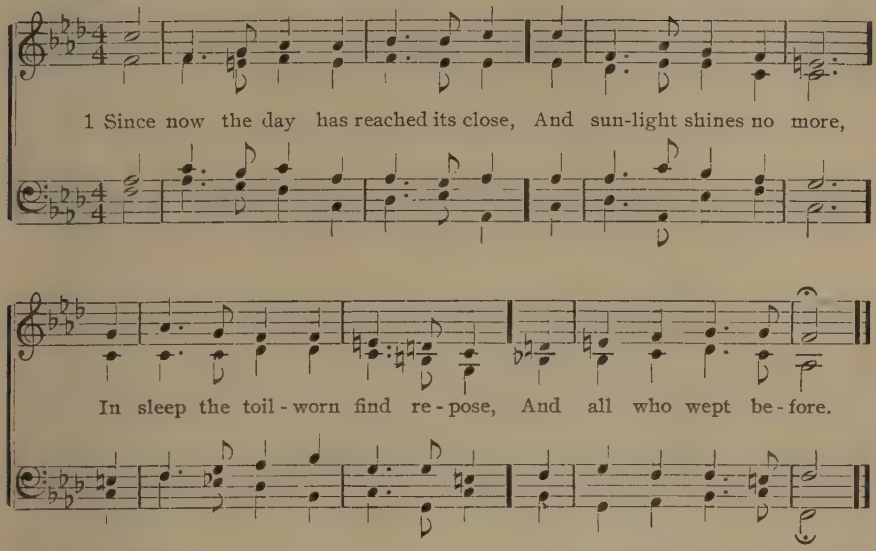
3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820

312 Nun sich der Tag geendet hat C. M.

A. Krieger, 1667


1 Since now the day has reached its close, And sun-light shines no more,
In sleep the toil-worn find re-pose, And all who wept be-fore.

8, 6, 8, 6, (C. M.)—5–6–7–31–32–34–35–38–45–53–60–65–72–85–86–116–119–122–128–133–135–149 150–153–154–157–159–160–163–169–183–190–195–197–199–206–207–219–255–265–(278)–312

2 But Thou, my God, no rest dost know,
No slumber dims Thy sight;
Thou hatest darkness as Thy foe,
For Thou Thyself art light.

3 O Lord, I pray remember me
Throughout the shades of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The shield of Thy great might.

4 Turn from me Satan's tyranny
Through many an angel arm,
Then shall I be from danger free,
And safe from every harm.

5 I know the evil I have done
Doth cry aloud to Thee;
But yet the mercy of Thy Son
Hath full atoned for me.

6 Him I present Thee as my bail,
While suppliant at Thy feet;
With such assurance I'll not fail
Before Thy judgment seat.

7 And therefore now I close my eyes,
And sleep with tranquil breast:
Why waste the time in fears or sighs?
God watches o'er my rest.

8 Away, vain, idle thoughts, depart!
Roam not, my soul, abroad!
For now I build within my heart
A temple to my God.

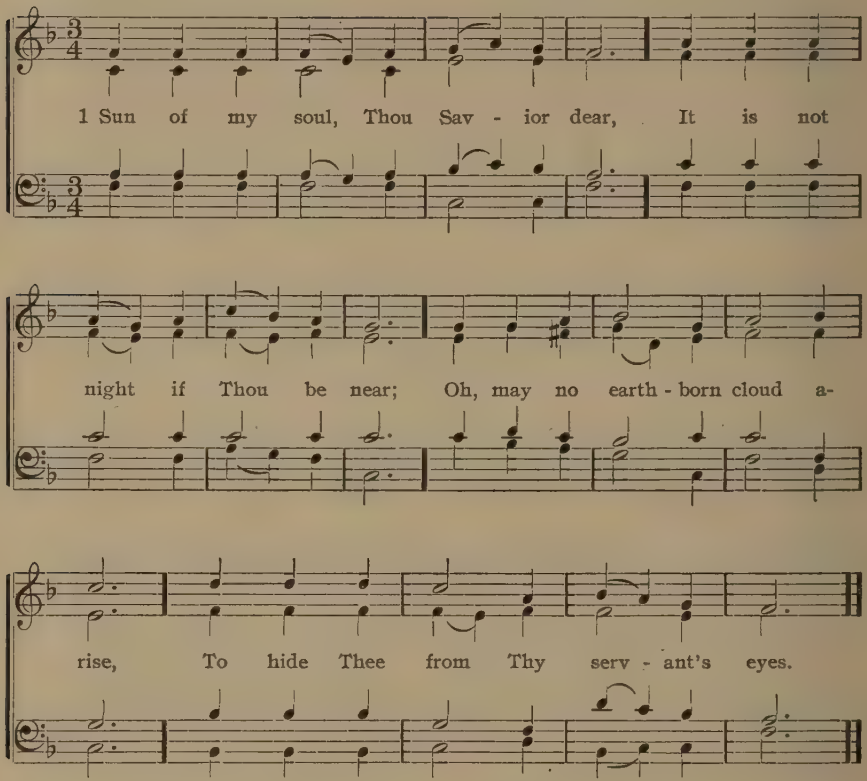
9 Should this night prove the last for me
In this dark vale of tears,
Then lead me, Lord, in heaven to Thee
And my elect compeers.

10 And thus I live and die to Thee;
Strong Lord of hosts, indeed!
In life and death Thou helpest me
From every fear and need.

Joh. Friedr. Herzog, before 1670

313 Hursley L. M.

P. Ritter, 1792 Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861


1 Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not
night if Thou be near; Oh, may no earth - born cloud a-
rise, To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes.

8s (L. M.)—2–4–33–43–66–69–73–112–118–120–124–125–127–131–146–147–170–175–187–191–220–226
231–239–251–258–260–261–(271)–275–(279)–280–(285)–299–304–313–316–319

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Has spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

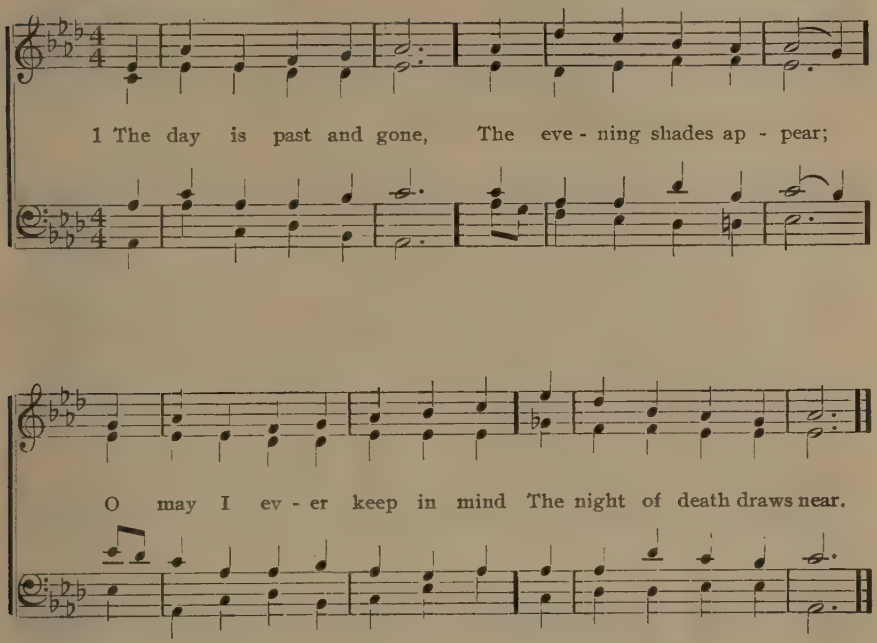
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come here and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
And lead us by Thy hand of love,
Until we reach our home above.

J. Keble, 1820

314 Schumann (Heath) S. M.

Arr. from R. Schumann, 1810–1856



6, 6, 8, 6 (S. M.)—37–46–47–48–64–67–74–76–99–104–108–138–141–145–164–171–200–213–227 240–247–292–307–314

2 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

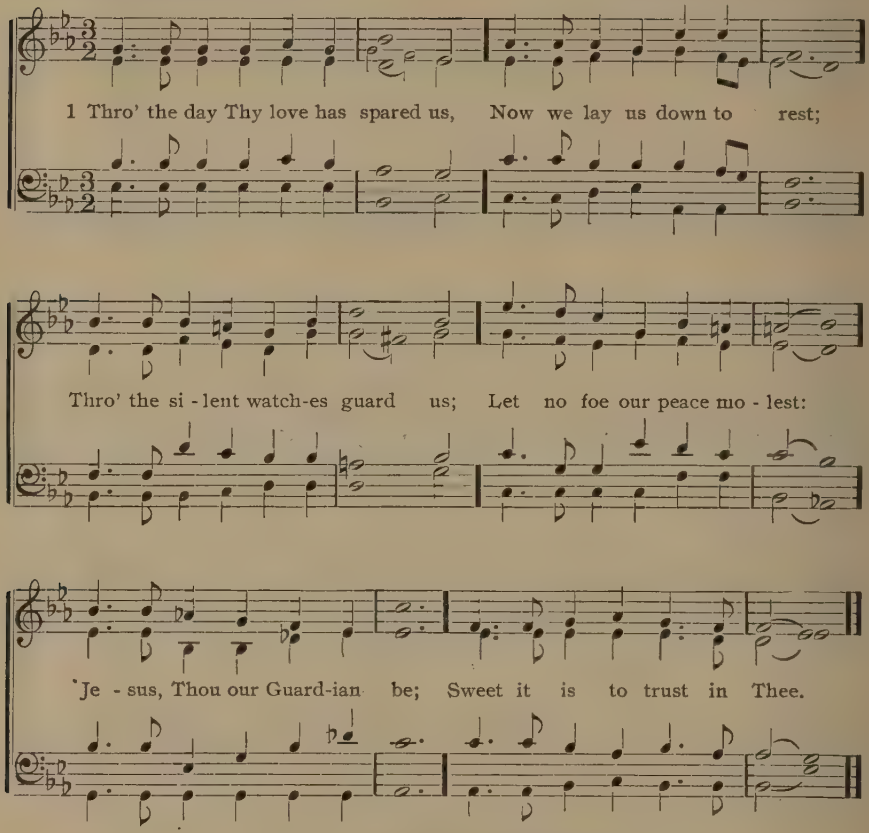
3 And when I early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run:

4 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord, I may in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.

John Leland, 1792

315 Through the Day 8,7,8,7,7,7

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872


1 Thro' the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;
Thro' the si - lent watch-es guard us; Let no foe our peace mo - lest:
Je - sus, Thou our Guard-ian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7—3–80–102–106–287–293–305–315

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

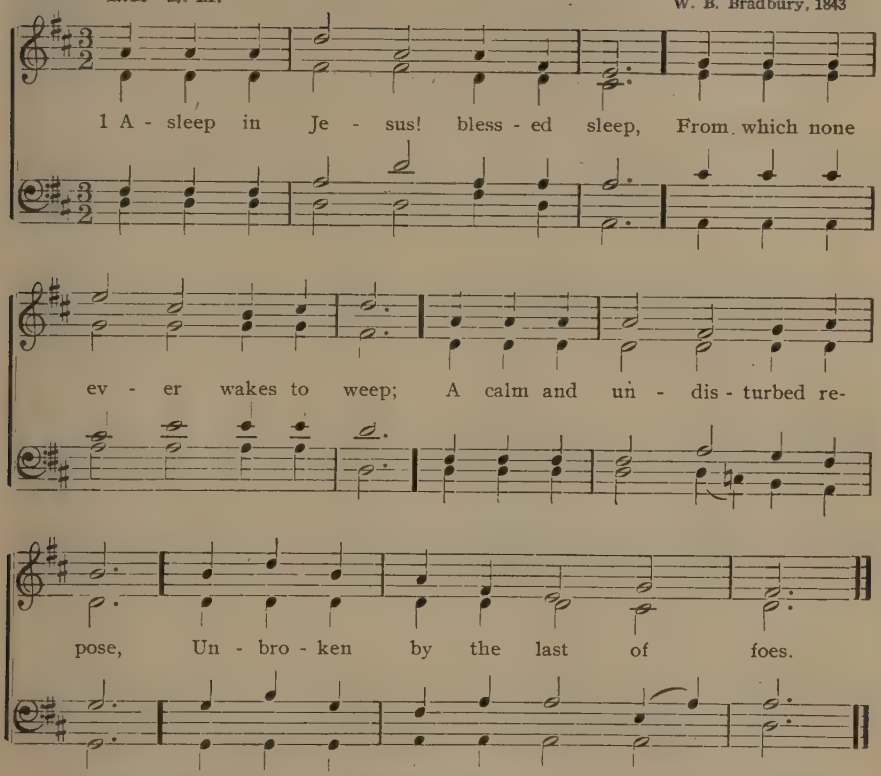
3 Triune God, let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth, and saints in heaven;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being given;
Who dost seek and save the lost;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806

Burial

316 Rest L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1843


1 A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none
ev - er wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis - turbed re-
pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

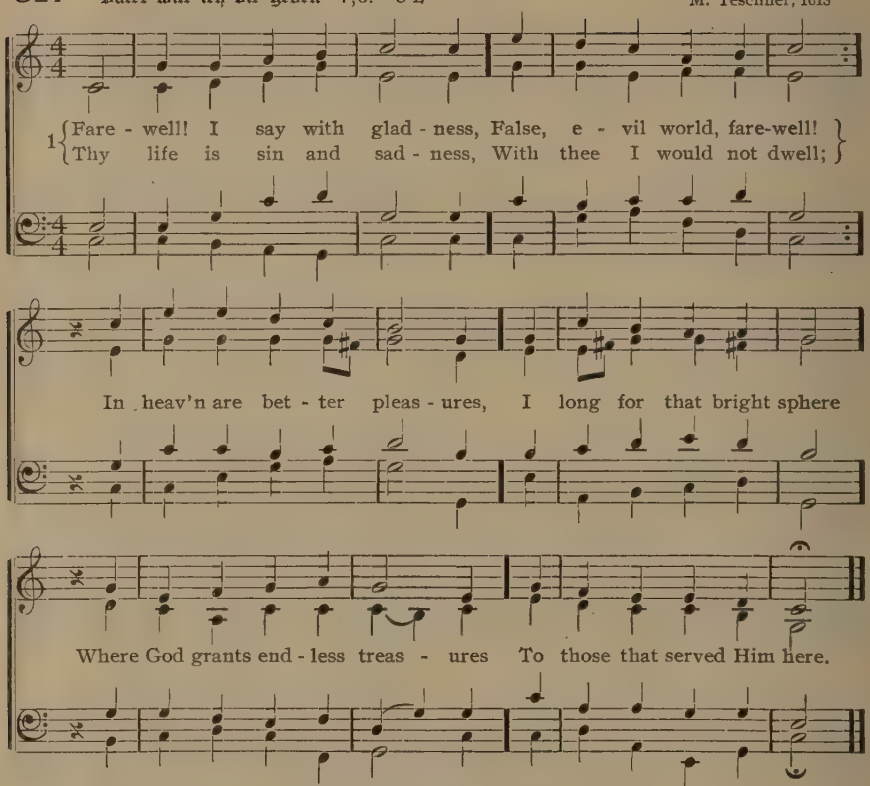
3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay, 1832 ab

317 Valet will ich dir geben 7,6. 8 L.

M. Teschner, 1613


1 Fare - well! I say with glad - ness, False, e - vil world, fare-well!
Thy life is sin and sad - ness, With thee I would not dwell;
In heav'n are bet - ter pleas - ures, I long for that bright sphere
Where God grants end - less treas - ures To those that served Him here.

7, 6. 8 L.—68–92–123–167–189–196–203–242–246–(272)–317

2 Do with me as it pleases
Thy heart, O Son of God!
When anguish on me seizes,
Help me to bear my load;
Nor then my sorrows lengthen,
But take me hence on high;
My fearful spirit strengthen,
And let me calmly die.

3 When all around is darkling,
Thy name and cross, still bright,
Deep in my heart are sparkling,
Like stars in blackest night.
Appear Thou in Thy sorrow,
For Thine was woe indeed,
And from Thy cross I borrow
All comfort heart can need.

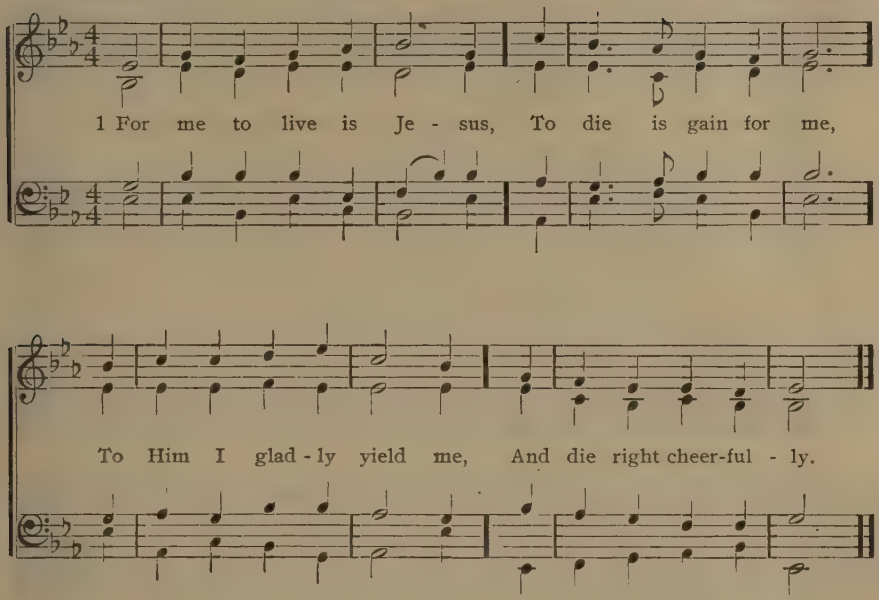
4 Thou diedst for me,—O hide me
When tempests round me roll;
Through all my foes, oh! guide me,
Receive my trembling soul.
If I but grasp Thee firmer,
What matters pain when past?
Hath he a cause to murmur
Who reaches heaven at last?

5 O write my name, I pray Thee,
Now in the book of life;
So let me here obey Thee,
And there, where joys are rife,
Forever bloom before Thee,
Thy perfect freedom prove,
And tell, as I adore Thee,
How faithful was Thy love.

Valerius Herberger, 1613
C. Winkworth, tr. a

318 Christus, der ist mein Leben 7,6,7,6

Vulpius, 1609



7, 6, 7, 6—28-303-(318)

2 From hence I go with gladness
To Christ my Brother's side,
That I may soon be with Him,
And e'er with Him abide.

3 I have o'ercome life's crosses;
Grief, pain, and sorrow cease;
Through His five wounds most holy
With God I am at peace.

4 When all my powers are breaking,
My breath comes heavily,
Nor word more I can utter,
Lord, hear my sighs to Thee!

5 When reason, sense, and thinking,
Fail like a flickering light,
That to and fro doth waver,
Ere 'tis extinguished quite:

6 Then let me softly, gently,
Lord, fall asleep in Thee,
When by Thy will and counsel
My last hour comes to me.

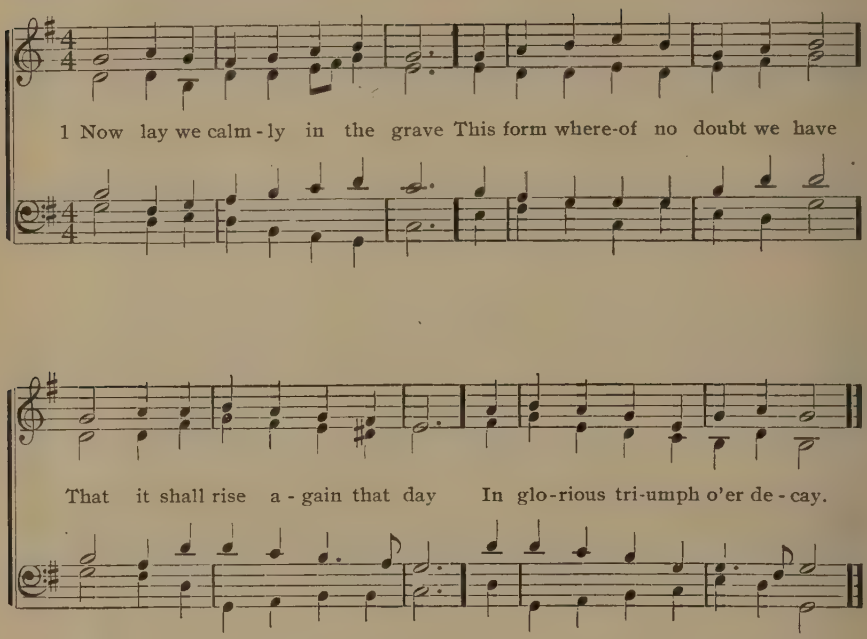
7 As to the oak the ivy,
So let me cleave to Thee,
And live in heavenly glory
With Thee eternally.

8 Amen! This wilt Thou, Jesus,
Grant graciously to me:
Endow me with Thy Spirit,
That I die happily.

Anna, Countess von Stolberg, 1600

319 Nun lasst uns den Leib L. M.

Pub. by Rhau, 1544


1 Now lay we calm-ly in the grave This form where-of no doubt we have
That it shall rise a-gain that day In glo-rious tri-umph o'er de-cay.

8s (L. M.)—2-4-33-43-66-69-73-112-118-120-124-125-127-131-146-147-170-175-187-191-220-226
231-239-251-258-260-261-(271)-275-(279)-280-(285)-299-304-313-316-319

2 And so to earth again we trust
What came from dust and turns to dust,
And from the dust shall surely rise,
When the last trumpet fills the skies.

3 His soul forever lives in God,
Whose grace his pardon hath bestowed,
Who through His Son redeemed him here
From bondage unto sin and fear.

4 His trials and his griefs are past;
A blesséd end is his at last;
He bore Christ's yoke and did His will,
And though he died he liveth still.

5 He lives where none do mourn and weep,
And calmly shall his body sleep,
'Tis God shall death Himself destroy,
And raise it into glorious joy.

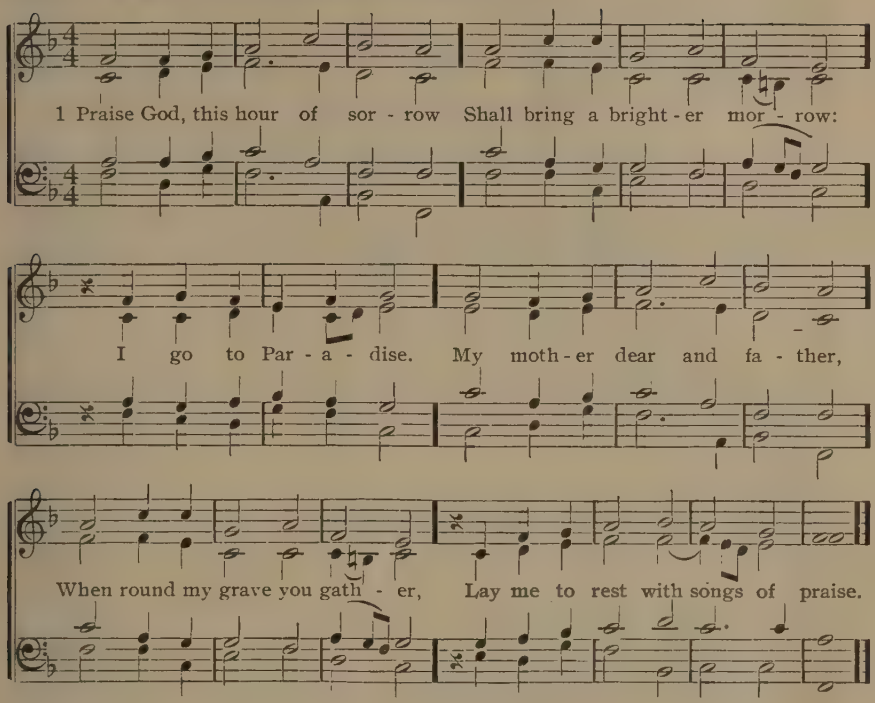
6 He suffered pain and grief below,
Christ heals him now from all his woe;
For him hath endless joy begun;
He shines in glory like the sun.

7 Then let us leave him to his rest,
And homeward turn, for he is blest:
And we must well our souls prepare,
For death may seize us everywhere.

8 So help us, Christ, our Hope in loss;
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy cross
From endless death and misery;
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee.

M. Weiss, 1531 V. 8 Dr. Martin Luther
C. Winkworth, tr. a

320 O Welt, ich muss dich lassen 7,7,6,7,7,8


1 Praise God, this hour of sor - row Shall bring a bright - er mor - row:
I go to Par - a - dise. My moth - er dear and fa - ther,
When round my grave you gath - er, Lay me to rest with songs of praise.

7, 7, 6, 7, 7, 8—276–309–(320)

2 What better can befall me
Than that the Lord doth call me
From hence, where sin holds sway?
Who is on earth a stranger
Must ever be in danger,
Till God hath closed life's fleeting day.

3 God takes His own from anguish
And pain, in which they languish
Within this vale of tears,
And gives them to inherit
The crown that Christ did merit:
The joy of heaven's eternal years.

4 I was on earth your treasure;
When now I know but pleasure
Ye weep in bitter woe;
Believe, whate'er betideth,
God's love in all abideth,
And soon your tears shall cease to flow.

5 Our days the Lord appointeth,
He woundeth and anointeth,
He knoweth all things well.
No evil He effected,
No good He e'er neglected,
And all His works His glory tell.

6 When ye shall see me nearing
The throne of God, appearing
Adorned and crowned a bride,
My palms of victory swinging,
'Midst Hallelujahs ringing,
In beauteous grace the Lamb beside:

7 Ye both shall rue the sadness
That made you weep, and gladness
E'er in your hearts shall reign.
Who follows where God guideth,
And takes what He provideth,
Shall know surcease from all his pain.

8 Farewell, I must now leave you;
The grief this day doth give you
Soon others, too, shall bear.
Be ye to God commended;
In heaven all woe is ended,
And we shall meet in glory there.

J. Heermann, 1634
H. A. Brorson, 1714

Festivals of the Church

I.

Immovable Festivals

CHIEF FESTIVALS.

Christmas, or the Nativity of our Lord	December 25
The Circumcision of Christ, and New Year's Day	January 1
The Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles	January 6
The Festival of the Reformation	October 31

MINOR FESTIVALS.

Observed in Some Parts of the Lutheran Church.

St. Andrew the Apostle's Day	November 30
St. Thomas the Apostle's Day	December 21
St. Stephen the Martyr's Day	December 26
St. John the Apostle's Day	December 27
The Presentation of Christ	February 2
St. Matthias the Apostle's Day	February 24
The Annunciation	March 25
St. Philip and St. James the Apostles' Day	May 1
The Birthday of St. John the Baptist	June 24
St. Peter and St. Paul the Apostles' Day	June 29
The Visitation	July 2
St. James the elder, the Apostle's Day	July 25
St. Bartholomew the Apostle's Day	August 24
St. Matthew the Apostle's Day	September 21
St. Michael the Archangel's Day	September 29
St. Simon and St. Jude the Apostles' Day	October 28
All Saints Day	November 1

II.

Movable Festivals

RULES.

To Find the Movable Festivals.

The **Movable Festivals** all depend upon **Easter** except **Advent.**

Advent Sunday is always the nearest **Sunday** to the thirtieth day of **November,** whether before or after.

Easter is always the first **Sunday** after the Full Moon which happens upon, or next after, the twenty-first day of **March;** and if the Full Moon happen upon a **Sunday, Easter is** the **Sunday** after.

The time of **Easter** being found, the other **Festivals** occur as follows:

Septuagesima Sunday is nine weeks before **Easter.**

Ash-Wednesday, or the beginning of **Lent,** is forty-six days before **Easter.**

Palm Sunday, or the beginning of **Holy Week,** is eight days before **Easter.**

Holy Thursday is the **Thursday** before **Easter.**

Good-Friday is the **Friday** before **Easter.**

Ascension-Day is forty days after **Easter.**

Whitsunday is seven weeks after **Easter.**

Trinity Sunday is eight weeks after **Easter.**

TABLE OF DAYS ON WHICH EASTER WILL FALL FROM 1913-2000

1913.	March 23	1931.	April 5	1949.	April 17	1967.	March 26	1985.	April 7
1914.	April 12	1932.	March 27	1950.	April 9	1968.	April 14	1986.	March 30
1915.	April 4	1933.	April 16	1951.	March 25	1969.	April 6	1987.	April 19
1916.	April 23	1934.	April 1	1952.	April 13	1970.	March 29	1988.	April 3
1917.	April 8	1935.	April 21	1953.	April 5	1971.	April 11	1989.	March 26
1918.	March 31	1936.	April 12	1954.	April 18	1972.	April 2	1990.	April 15
1919.	April 20	1937.	March 28	1955.	April 10	1973.	April 22	1991.	March 31
1920.	April 4	1938.	April 17	1956.	April 1	1974.	April 14	1992.	April 19
1921.	March 27	1939.	April 9	1957.	April 21	1975.	March 30	1993.	April 11
1922.	April 16	1940.	March 24	1958.	April 6	1976.	April 18	1994.	April 3
1923.	April 1	1941.	April 13	1959.	March 29	1977.	April 10	1995.	April 16
1924.	April 20	1942.	April 5	1960.	April 17	1978.	March 26	1996.	April 7
1925.	April 12	1943.	April 25	1961.	April 2	1979.	April 15	1997.	March 30
1926.	April 4	1944.	April 9	1962.	April 22	1980.	April 6	1998.	April 12
1927.	April 17	1945.	April 1	1963.	April 14	1981.	April 19	1999.	April 4
1928.	April 8	1946.	April 21	1964.	March 29	1982.	April 11	2000.	April 23
1929.	March 31	1947.	April 6	1965.	April 18	1983.	April 3		
1930.	April 20	1948.	March 28	1966.	April 10	1984.	April 22		

A TABLE OF THE MOVABLE FESTIVALS.

According to the several days that Easter can possibly fall upon.

Easter.	Sundays after Epiphany.*	Septuagesima Sunday.	Ash Wednesday.	Ascension-Day.	Whitsunday.	Sundays after Trinity.	First Advent Sunday.
March 22	1	Jan. 18	Feb. 4	April 30	May 10	27	Nov. 29
23	1	19	5	May 1	11	27	30
24	1	20	6	2	12	27	Dec. 1
25	2	21	7	3	13	27	2
26	2	22	8	4	14	27	3
27	2	23	9	5	15	26	Nov. 27
28	2	24	10	6	16	26	28
29	2	25	11	7	17	26	29
30	2	26	12	8	18	26	30
31	2	27	13	9	19	26	Dec. 1
April 1	3	28	14	10	20	26	2
2	3	29	15	11	21	26	3
3	3	30	16	12	22	25	Nov. 27
4	3	31	17	13	23	25	28
5	3	Feb. 1	18	14	24	25	29
6	3	2	19	15	25	25	30
7	3	3	20	16	26	25	Dec. 1
8	4	4	21	17	27	25	2
9	4	5	22	18	28	25	3
10	4	6	23	19	29	24	Nov. 27
11	4	7	24	20	30	24	28
12	4	8	25	21	31	24	29
13	4	9	26	22	June 1	24	30
14	4	10	27	23	2	24	Dec. 1
15	5	11	28	24	3	24	2
16	5	12	March 1	25	4	24	3
17	5	13	2	26	5	23	Nov. 27
18	5	14	3	27	6	23	28
19	5	15	4	28	7	23	29
20	5	16	5	29	8	23	30
21	5	17	6	30	9	23	Dec. 1
22	6	18	7	31	10	23	2
23	6	19	8	June 1	11	23	3
24	6	20	9	2	12	22	Nov. 27
25	6	21	10	3	13	22	28

*In a Leap Year, the number of Sundays after Epiphany is the same as if Easter had fallen one day later than it really does; and Septuagesima Sunday and Ash-Wednesday fall one day later than that given in the Table, unless the Table gives some day in March for Ash-Wednesday; for in that case the day in the Table is right.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS

FOR THE SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH YEAR.

OLD TESTAMENT.	EPISTLES.	GOSPELS.
Jer. xxxiii. 14-18	Collossians i. 12-23	Luke i. 1-25
Micah iv. 1-7	Romans ii. 1-16	Luke i. 26-35
Malachi iii. 1-6	Romans i. 16-25	Luke i. 39-56
Isaiah xl. 1-8	Heb. xii. 15-29	Luke i. 67-80
Isaiah vii. 10-14	Hebrews i. 1-12	John i. 1-14
Micah v. 2-4	1 John iv. 7-16	John l. 15-18
Isaiah xi. 1-5	Hebrews ii. 9-16	Luke ii. 22-32
Isaiah lxiii. 7-18	1 Peter i. 22-25	Luke xiii. 6-10
Isaiah iv. 1-13	James iv. 13-17	Luke iv. 16-21
Isaiah xlii. 1-9	Romans iii. 19-22	Matthew iii. 1-12
Isaiah xlix. 1-7	Romans iii. 23-31	Matthew iii. 13-17
Isaiah lxi. 1-3	Ephesians vi. 1-4	Mark x. 13-16
Deut. xviii. 15-19	Ephesians v. 21-33	Luke xix. 1-10
Jer. xxxiii. 6-9	Hebrews xi. 1-16	Luke xvii. 5-10
Isaiah xliii. 1-3	Romans iv. 16-25	Matt. xiv. 22-33
Jer. xvii. 5-10	1 Cor. iii. 3-23	Matt. xiii. 44-52
Isaiah lxi. 10, 11	2 Cor. iv. 5-6	Matt. xi. 25-27
Jeremiah i. 4-10	Acts xvii. 22-34	Matt. xxv. 14-30
Isaiah lv. 10-13	2 Tim. iii.10 ; iv.5	Mark iv. 26-32
Isaiah xxxv. 3-7	1 Peter iii. 18-22	John xii. 23-36
Jonah iii. 1-10 ; or Isaiah lix. 12-21	1 John i. 5-10	Luke vi. 20-49
Genesis iii. 1-24	James i. 2-15	Luke xxii. 24-32
Isaiah xlv. 20-25	James v. 13-20	Mark ix. 17-29
2 Samuel xxii. 1-7	Revelation ii. 1-7	John viii. 42-51
Isaiah xlix. 8-13	2 Peter i. 2-11	John vi. 36-51
Genesis xii. 1-3	1 Cor. i. 21-31	Matthew x. 32-45
Zechariah ix. 9, 10	Hebrews xii. 1-11	Mark xiv. 3-9
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Exodus xii. 1-14	1 Cor. x. 16, 17	Luke xxii. 14-20
Isaiah l. 6-9	Revelation v. 6-10	Matt. xxvii. 33-54
Isaiah lii. 13-15	1 Peter i. 3-12	Matt. xxviii. 1-8
Hosea xii. 14	1 Cor. xv. 12-20	John xx. 1-18
Job xix. 25-27	1 Peter i.17—ii: 3	John xxi. 15-19
Eze. xxxiv. 11-16	Heb. xiii. 20-21	John v. 22-30
Lam. iii. 18-26	Hebrews iv. 14-16	John xiv. 1-11
Isaiah xii. 1-6	2 Cor. v. 14-21	John viii. 21-36
Jer. xxix. 11-14	Rom. viii. 24-28	John xvii. 1-19
Isaiah lvii. 4-15	Ephesians i. 3-14	Luke xxiv. 46-53
Eze. xxxvi. 25-27	Rom. viii. 29-39	John xvii. 20-26
Joel ii. 28-32	Ephesians iv. 7-16	John xiv. 15-21
Isaiah xxxii. 14-20	Acts ii. 42-47	John iv. 5-26
Eze. xviii. 30-32	2 Cor. xiii. 14	Matt. xxviii. 18-20
Jer. ix. 23, 24	1 Timothy vi. 6-19	Luke xii. 13-21

EPISTLES AND GOSPELS

FOR THE SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH YEAR.

SUNDAYS AND CHIEF FESTIVAL.	EPISTLES.	GOSPELS.
1 Sunday in Advent,	Romans xiii. 11-14	Matthew xxi. 1-9
2 Sunday in Advent,	Romans xv. 4-13	Luke xxi. 25-36
3 Sunday in Advent,	1 Cor. iv. 1-5	Matthew xi. 2-10
4 Sunday in Advent,	Philippians iv. 4-7	John i. 19-28
Christmas Day	Tit.ii.11-14 ; Is.ix.2-7	Luke ii. 1-14
2 Christmas Day,	Tit. iii. 4-7	Luke ii. 15-20
Sunday after Christmas,	Galations iv. 1-7	Luke ii. 33-40
New Year's Eve,	.....	.....
Circumcision New Year,	Galations iii. 23-29	Luke ii. 21
Sunday after New Year,	1 Peter iv. 12-19	Matthew ii. 13-23
Epiphany,	Isaiah lx. 1-6	Matthew ii. 1-12
1 Sunday after Epiphany,	Romans xii. 1-5	Luke ii. 41-52
2 Sunday after Epiphany,	Romans xii. 6-16 *a*	John ii. 1-11
3 Sunday after Epiphany,	Romans xii. 16-21 *b*	Matthew viii. 1-13
4 Sunday after Epiphany,	Romans xiii. 8-10	Matthew viii. 23-27
5 Sunday after Epiphany,	Collosians iii. 12-17	Matthew xiii. 24-30
6 Sunday after Epiphany,	2 Peter i. 16-21	Matthew xvii. 1-9
Septuagesima Sunday,	1 Cor. ix. 24—x. 5	Matthew xx. 1-16
Sexagesima Sunday,	2 Cor. xi. 19—xii. 9	Luke viii. 4-15
Quinquagesima Sunday,	1 Cor. xiii. 1-13	Luke xviii. 31-43
Ash Wednesday,	Joel ii. 12-19	Matthew vi. 16-21
1 S. in Lent, Invocavit,	2 Cor. vi. 1-10	Matthew iv. 1-11
2 S. in Lent, Reminiscere,	1 Thess. iv. 1-7	Matthew xv. 21-28
3 S. in Lent, Oculi,	Ephesians v. 1-9	Luke xi. 14-28
4 S. in Lent, Laetare,	Galatians iv. 21-31	John vi. 1-15
5 S. in Lent, Judica,	Hebrews ix. 11-15	John viii. 46-59
6 S. in Lent, Palmarum,	Philippians ii. 5-11	Matthew xxi. 1-9
Monday in Holy Week,	Isaiah l. 5-10	John xii. 1-23
Tuesday	Jeremiah xi. 18-20	John xii. 24-43
Wednesday	Is. lxii. 11 ; lxiii. 1-7	Lk. xxii.1—xxiii.42
Holy Thursday	1 Cor. xi. 23-32	John xiii. 1-15
Good Friday,	Is. lii. 13—liii. 12	John xviii.1—xix.42
Easter Sunday,	1 Cor. v. 6-8	Mark xvi. 1-8
Easter Monday,	Acts x. 34-41	Luke xxiv. 13-35
Sundays after Easter,	.....	.....
1 Quasimodogeniti,	1 John v. 4-12	John xx. 19-31
2 Misericordias,	1 Peter ii. 21-25	John x. 11-16
3 Jubilate,	1 Peter ii. 11-20	John xvi. 16-23 *c*
4 Cantate,	James i. 16-21	John xvi. 5-15
5 Rogate,	James i. 22-27	John xvi. 23-30 *d*
Ascension Day,	Acts i. 1-11	Mark xvi. 14-20
Sunday after Ascension,	1 Peter iv. 7-11 *e*	John xv. 26—xvi. 4
Whitsunday,	Acts ii. 1-13	John xiv. 23-31
Whit-Monday,	Acts x. 42-48 *f*	John iii. 16-21
Trinity Sunday,	Romans xi. 33-36	John iii. 1-15
1 Sunday after Trinity,	1 John iv. 16-21 *g*	Luke xvi. 19-31

PSALMS

FOR SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS.

MATINS.	VESPERS.
Ps. 1	Ps. 143
Ps. 42	Ps. 91
Ps. 4	Ps. 98
Ps. 5	Ps. 145
Ps. 19, 45, 85	Ps. 89, 110, 132
Ps. 121	Ps. 111
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Ps. 122, 72	Ps. 90, 115
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Ps. 96	Ps. 72
Ps. 13	Ps. 86
Ps. 14	Ps. 16
Ps. 15	Ps. 33
Ps. 2	Ps. 97
Ps. 20	Ps. 86
Ps. 87	Ps. 8
Ps. 23	Ps. 114
Ps. 24	Ps. 25
Ps. 26	Ps. 27
Ps. 6	Ps. 51
Ps. 32	Ps. 16
Ps. 130	Ps. 25
Ps. 43	Ps. 86
Ps. 46	Ps. 139
Ps. 54	Ps. 27
Ps. 61	Ps. 67
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Ps. 116	Ps. 70
Ps. 22, 40, 54	Ps. 69, 88
Ps. 2, 57, 111	Ps. 113, 114, 113
Ps. 62	Ps. 30
Ps. 111	Ps. 4
Ps. 70	Ps. 23
Ps. 75	Ps. 146
Ps. 82	Ps. 126
Ps. 84	Ps. 124
Ps. 8, 15, 21, 47	Ps. 24, 68, 148
Ps. 93	Ps. 97
Ps. 48, 68, 45	Ps. 104, 145
Ps. 90	Ps. 19
Ps. 67, 8, 148	Ps. 115, 143
Ps. 119—1st part	Ps. 34

a End: "Men of low estate."
b Begin: "Be not wise in your own conceits."
c End: "ye shall ask me nothing."
d Begin: "Verily, verily, I say."
e Begin: "Be ye therefore sober."
f End: "In the name of the Lord."
g Begin: "God is love."

TABLE OF SCRIPTURE LESSONS—*Continued.*

Old Testament.	Epistles.	Gospels.
Isaiah xxv. 6-9	Rev. iii. 14-22	Luke xiv. 25-35
Micah vii. 18-20	Acts ix. 1-18	Luke xv. 11-32
Isaiah lviii. 6-12	Romans xiv. 7-17	Matthew v. 43-48
Jer. xvi. 14-21	1 Peter ii. 4-10	Matt. xvi. 13-26
Exodus xx. 1-17	Ephesians ii. 4-10	Matt. xix. 16-30
Jer. xxxi. 23-25	Acts xiv. 8-23	Matthew x. 24-31
Jer. xv. 19-21	Acts xx. 17-38	Matt. vii. 22-29
1 Chr. xxix. 10-13	2 Timothy i. 3-14	Luke xii. 32-48
Jeremiah vii. 1-7	Hebrews iii. 7-15	Matthew xi. 16-24
2 Sam xxii. 21-29	Romans x. 4-18	Luke vii. 36-50
Isaiah xxix. 18, 19	James iii. 1-12	Matt. xii. 31-42
Lev. xviii. 1-5	1 Timothy i. 5-17	Matt. xx. 20-28
Jer. xvii. 13, 14	Acts iii. 1-10	John v. 1-15
Deut. vi. 4-7	Acts viii. 26-39	Luke x. 38-42
Deut. xxxii. 39, 40	1 Cor. xv. 21-28	John xi. 19-45
1 Samuel ii. 1-10	Jude 20-25	Mark ii. 18-28
Deut. x. 12-21	1 John iii. 1-8	John xv. 1-17
Isaiah xliv. 21-23	1 Cor. xii. 12-27	John i. 35-51
Isaiah lxv. 1, 2	Romans xi. 25-32	Matt. xxi. 28-44
Hosea xiii. 14	Rev. iii. 7-13	John iv. 31-42
Deut. vii. 9-11	Ephes iv. 30-32	Matt. xviii. 1-20
Isaiah xxxii. 1-8	Romans xiii. 1-7	Mark xii. 41-44
Isaiah li. 9-16	2 Cor. v. 1-10	John v. 17-29
Isaiah xlix. 12-17	2 Peter iii. 3-15	Luke xvii. 20-33
Isaiah xl. 9-11	Hebrews iv. 9-13	Matthew xi. 25-30
Isaiah lxv. 17-19	Rev. xxi. 1-7	Matthew v. 13-16
Deut. xxvi. 1-11, or Malachi iii. 10-12	Acts xiv. 15, 16, or James i. 17-18	Matt. vi. 24-34 or Luke xii. 13-21
2 Chr. xxix. 12-19	Galatians ii. 16-21	John ii. 13-17
Lam. iii. 22-25	Galatians vi. 7-10	Luke xvii. 11-19
Daniel ix. 3-19	Hebrews x. 1-31	Matthew iii. 1-12
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TABLE OF EPISTLES AND GOSPELS—*Continued.*

Sundays and Chief Festivals	Epistles.	Gospels.
2 Sunday after Trinity,	1 John iii. 13-18	Luke xiv. 16-24
3 Sunday after Trinity,	1 Peter v. 6-11	Luke xv. 1-10
4 Sunday after Trinity,	Romans viii. 18-23	Luke vi. 36-42
5 Sunday after Trinity,	1 Peter iii. 8-15 *h*	Luke v. 1-11
6 Sunday after Trinity,	Romans vi. 3-11	Matthew v. 20-26
7 Sunday after Trinity,	Romans vi. 19-23	Mark viii. 1-9
8 Sunday after Trinity,	Romans viii. 12-17	Matthew vii. 15-23
9 Sunday after Trinity,	1 Cor. x. 6-13	Luke xvi. 1-9
10 Sunday after Trinity,	1 Cor. xii. 1-11	Luke xix. 41-48
11 Sunday after Trinity,	1 Cor. xv. 1-10	Luke xviii. 9-14
12 Sunday after Trinity,	2 Cor. iii. 4-11	Mark vii. 31-37
13 Sunday after Trinity,	Galatians iii. 15-22	Luke x. 28-37
14 Sunday after Trinity,	Galatians v. 16-24	Luke xvii. 11-19
15 Sunday after Trinity,	Gal. v. 25—vi. 10	Matthew vi. 24-34
16 Sunday after Trinity,	Ephesians iii. 13-21	Luke vii. 11-17
17 Sunday after Trinity,	Ephesians iv. 1-6	Luke xiv. 1-11
18 Sunday after Trinity,	1 Cor. i. 4-9	Matt. xxii. 34-46
19 Sunday after Trinity,	Ephesians iv. 22-28	Matthew ix. 1-8
20 Sunday after Trinity,	Ephesians v. 15-21	Matthew xxii. 1-14
21 Sunday after Trinity,	Ephesians vi. 10-17	John iv. 46-54 *i*
22 Sunday after Trinity,	Philippians i. 3-11	Matt. xviii. 23-35
23 Sunday after Trinity,	Phil. iii. 17-21	Matt. xxii. 15-22
24 Sunday after Trinity,	Colossians i. 9-14	Matt. ix. 18-26
25 Sunday after Trinity,	1 Thess. iv. 13-18	Matt. xxiv. 15-28
26 Sunday after Trinity,	2 Peter iii. 3-14, or 2 Thess. i. 3-10	Matt. xxv. 31-46
27 Sunday after Trinity,	1 Thess. v. 1-11	Matt. xxv. 1-13
Harvest,	.....	.....
Reformation,	Galatians ii. 16-21 Revelation xiv. 6-	John ii. 13-17
Thanksgiving,	.....	.....
Humiliation,	.....	.....
Apostles', Evangelists' and Martyrs' Days,	.....	.....
St. Michael's Day	.....	.....

TABLE OF PSALMS—*Cont.*

Matins.	Vespers.
Ps. 119—2d part	Ps. 28
Ps. 119—3d "	Ps. 25
Ps. 119—4th "	Ps. 92
Ps.119—5th "	Ps. 113
Ps. 119—6th "	Ps. 114
Ps. 119—7th "	Ps. 125
Ps. 119—8th "	Ps. 126
Ps. 119—9th "	Ps. 139
Ps. 119—10th "	Ps. 143
Ps. 119—11th "	Ps. 147
Ps. 119—12th "	Ps. 104
Ps. 119—13th "	Ps. 84
Ps. 119—14th "	Ps. 66
Ps. 119—15th "	Ps. 34
Ps. 119—16th "	Ps. 36
Ps. 119—17th "	Ps. 56
Ps. 119—18th "	Ps. 54
Ps. 119—19th "	Ps. 61
Ps. 119—20th "	Ps. 57
Ps. 119—21st "	Ps. 31—1st part
Ps. 119—22d "	Ps. 31—2d "
Ps. 124	Ps. 31—3d "
Ps. 125	Ps. 18—1st "
Ps. 116	Ps. 18—2d "
Ps. 111	Ps. 18—3d "
Ps. 103	Ps. 27, 97
Ps. 65, 100	Ps. 67
Ps. 126,48	Ps. 138, 87
Ps. 136, 104	Ps. 92
Ps. 6	Ps. 32
Ps. 70, 138, 143, 148	Ps. 113, 115, 117, 145
Ps. 8, 19	Ps. 24, 34

h End: "sanctify the Lord God in your hearts."

i Begin: "And there was a certain nobleman."

APOSTLES' DAYS AND OTHER MINOR FESTIVALS.

Minor Festival Days.	Epistles.	Gospels.
St. Andrew the Apostle,	Romans x. 10-18	Matthew iv. 18-22
St. Thomas the Apostle,	Ephesians i. 3-6	John xx. 24-31
St. Stephen the Martyr,	Acts vi. 8—vii. 60	Matt. xxiii. 34-39
St. John the Apostle,	1 John i. 1-10	John xxi. 19-24
The Conversion of St. Paul,	Acts ix. 1-22	Matt. xix. 27-30
The Presentation of Christ,	Malachi iii. 1-4	Luke ii. 22-32
St. Matthias the Apostle,	Acts i. 15-26	Matthew xi. 25-30
The Annunciation,	Isaiah vii. 10-16	Luke i. 26-38
St. Philip and St. James, Apostles,	Ephesians ii. 19-22	John xiv. 1-14

Minor Festival Days.	Epistles.	Gospels.
St. John the Baptist,	Isaiah xl. 1-5	Luke i. 57-80
St. Peter and St. Paul, Apostles,	Acts xii. 1-11	Matthew xvi. 13-20
The Visitation,	Isaiah xi. 1-5	Luke i. 39-56
St. James the Elder, Apostle,	Romans viii. 28-39	Matthew xx. 20-33
St. Bartholomew the Apostle,	2 Cor. iv. 7-10	Luke xxii. 24-30
St. Matthew the Apostle,	Ephesians iv. 7-14	Matthew ix. 9-13
St. Michael the Archangel,	Revelation xii. 7-12	Matthew xviii. 1-11
St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles,	1 Peter i. 3-9	John xv. 17-21
All Saints Day,	Revelation vii. 2-17	Matthew v. 1-12

LESSONS FOR MORNING AND EVENING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

These Lesons may be used at Matins and Vespers, or at Morning and Evening Prayer of the household, on the days of the week.

The Lessons appointed for days between the **Fourth Sunday in Advent** and the **First Sunday after Epiphany** are to be omitted when the days for which they are appointed do not occur.

When there are not six **Sundays after Epiphany,** the Lessons for the week after the **First Sunday** may be omitted one year; and those which follow another **Sunday,** the second year; and so on: in order that in the course of several years all the Lessons provided may be read.

The Lessons appointed for the days from the **Twentieth Sunday after Trinity** to the end of the year are to be read in every year, and those appointed for the weeks before the **Twentieth Sunday after Trinity** are to be omitted so far as necessary to this end.

(In this Table the first Lesson is for the Morning, and the second for the Evening of each day.)

1st Sunday in Advent.
Mon. Matt. 11 : 25-30. Gen. 3 : 1-24
Tues. Acts 3 : 22-26. Gen. 9 : 1-19
Wed. Col. 1 : 15-29. Gen. 22 : 1-19
Th. Heb. 1 : 1-4. Gen. 49 : 1-28
Fri. Heb. 2 : 1-4. Num. 24 : 14-25
Sat. Eph. 3 : 1-12. Deut. 18 : 15-19

2d Sunday in Advent.
Mon. Acts 17 :16-34. 1 Chr. 17 :1-27
Tues. 1 John 4 :9-16. 2 Chr. 7 :11-22
Wed. Col. 1 : 1-8. Is. 11 : 1-10
Th. Phil. 2 : 12-18. Jer. 23 : 2-8
Fri. Phil. 3 : 12-16. Jer. 30 : 1-22
Sat. Col. 3 : 1-11. Jer. 33 : 14-26

3d Sunday in Advent.
Mon. Heb. 10 : 35-39. Is. 2 : 1-5
Tues. Lk. 21 : 5-24. Is. 24 : 21—25 :5
Wed. Luke 12 : 35-59. Is. 25 : 6-10
Th. James 5 : 7-11. Is. 26 : 1-21
Fri. Luke 1 : 1-25. Is. 51 : 1-16
Sat. Luke 1 : 26-38. Is. 52 : 1-12

4th Sunday in Advent.
Mon. Matt. 1 : 18-25. Is. 40 : 1-11
Tues. Luke 1 : 39-45. Mal. 3 : 1-7
Wed. Luke 1 : 46-56. Mal. 4 : 1-6
Th. Luke 1 : 57-66. Is. 28 : 14-19
Fri. Luke 1 : 67-80. Is. 7 : 1-17
Sat. Matt. 1 : 1-17. Mic. 5 : 1-5

Christmas.
Dec. 27. John 1 : 15-18. Mic. 4 : 1-8
Dec. 28. Luke 2 : 15-20. Is. 32 : 1-8
Dec. 29, Luke 2 : 22-24. Is. 46 : 3-13
Dec. 30. Luke 2 : 25-32. Is. 49 : 1-13
Dec. 31. Matt. 2 :13-15. Is. 55 : 1-13
Jan. 2. Matt. 2 : 16-18. Is. 42 :1-9
Jan. 3. Matt. 2 : 19-23. Is. 61 :1-11
Jan. 4. Matt. 3 : 1-12. Is. 56 : 1-8
Jan. 5. Luke 3 : 1-9. Is. 12 : 1-6

Epiphany.
Mon. Luke 3 : 10-14. Gen. 1 : 1-31
Tues. Luke 3 : 15-20. Gen. 2 : 1-25
Wed. Mark 1 : 1-8. Gen. 4 : 1-26
Th. Mark 1 : 9-11. Gen. 5 : 1-32
Fri. Luke 3 : 21. 22. Gen. 6 : 9-22
Sat. Luke 3 : 23-38. Gen. 7 : 1-24

1st Sunday after Epiphany.
Mon. John 1 : 29-34.Gen. 8 :1-22
Tues. John 1 : 35-42. Gen. 11 : 1-9
Wed. John 1 : 43-51. Gen. 12 : 1-20
Th. Luke 4 : 1-13. Gen. 13 : 1-18
Fri. Mark 1 : 12-15. Gen. 14 : 8-24
Sat. Matt. 4 : 12-17. Gen. 15 : 1-21

2d Sunday after Epiphany.
Mon. Matt. 4 : 18-25. Gen. 17 : 1-22
Tues. Matt. 5 : 1-9. Gen. 18 : 1-33
Wed. Matt. 5 : 27-48. Gen. 19 : 1-29
Th. Matt. 6 : 1-23. Gen. 21 : 1-8
Fri. Matt. 7 : 1-14. Gen. 24 : 1-28
Sat. Matt. 7 : 24-29. Gen. 24 : 29-67

3d Sunday after Epiphany
Mon. Matt. 8 : 14-22. Gen. 25 :19-34
Tues. Matt. 8 : 28-34. Gen. 27 : 1-45
Wed. Mat.9 :9-17. Gen.27 :46—28 :22
Th. Matt. 9 : 27-38. Gen. 29 : 1-20
Fri. Matt. 10 : 1-16. Gen. 31 : 1-18
Sat. Mat.10 :17—11 :1. Gen.32 :3-32

4th Sunday after Epiphany.
Mon. Mat. 11 :11-24. Gen. 33 : 1-20
Tues. Matt. 12 : 1-21. Gen. 35 : 1-21
Wed. Mat. 12 :22-50. Gen. 37 : 1-36
Th. Matt. 13 : 1-23. Gen. 39 : 1-23
Fri. Matt. 14 : 1-36. Gen. 40 : 1-23
Sat. Matt. 15 : 1-20. Gen. 41 : 1-37

5th Sunday after Epiphany.
Mon. Mat. 15 :29-39. Gen. 41 :38-57
Tues. Matt. 16 :1-12. Gen. 42 : 1-38
Wed. Mat. 16 : 21-28. Gen. 43 : 1-34
Th. Matt. 17 : 9-27. Gen. 44 : 1-34
Fri. Matt. 19 : 1-15. Gen. 45 : 1-28
Sat. Matt. 20 :17-34. Gen. 46 : 1-34

6th Sunday after Epiphany.
Mon. Matt. 21 :10-46. Gen. 47 :1-31
Tues. Matt. 23 : 1-39. Gen. 48 : 1-22
Wed. Mark 1 : 16-45. Ex. 1 : 1-22
Th. Mark 2 : 1-28. Ex. 2 : 1-25
Fri. Mark 3 : 1-35. Ex. 3 : 1-22
Sat. Mark 5 : 1-20. Ex. 4 : 1-31

Septuagesima Sunday.
Mon. Mark 5 :21-43. Ex. 5 :1-23
Tues. Mark 6 : 1-29. Ex. 6 :1-13
Wed. Mark 6 :30-56. Ex. 11 :1-10
Th. Mark 7 : 1-30. Ex. 12 : 1-28
Fri. Mk.8 : 10—9 : 1. Ex. 12 : 29-42
Sat. Mark 9 :2-32. Ex. 13 : 1-22

Sexagesima Sunday.
Mon. Mark 10 : 1-31. Ex. 14 : 1-31
Tues. Mark 10 :32-52. Ex. 15 : 1-21
Wed. Mk 11 :1-33. Ex.15 :22—16 :36
Th. Mark 12 :13-44. Ex. 17 :1-16
Fri. Luke 4 : 14-44. Ex. 19 : 1-25
Sat. Luke 5 :12-39. Ex. 20 :1-23

Quinquagesima Sunday.
Mon. Luke 6 :1-35. Ex. 24 :1—25 :
Tues. Lk. 6 :33-49. Ex.31 :18—32 :3
Wed. Luke 7 : 1-10. Ex. 33 : 1-23
Th. Luke 7 : 18—8 :3 Ex.34 : 1-1
Fri. Luke 8 : 16-56. Ex. 34 : 27-3
Sat. Luke 9 : 1-27. Ex. 40 : 1-38

1st Sunday in Lent.
Mon. Luke 9 : 28-62. Num. 3 : 5-1
Tues. Luke 10 :1-22. Num. 10 :11-3
Wed. Lk.10 :38—11 :13. Nu. 11 :1-3
Th. Luke 11 :29-36. Num. 12 :1-1
Fri. Lk. 11 : 37-54. Num. 13 :1-2
Sat. Lk. 12 : 1-34. Num. 13 :26-3

2d Sunday in Lent.
Mon. Luke 13 :1-17. Num. 14 :1-4
Tues. Lk. 14 :25-35. Num. 16 :1-22
Wed. Lk. 15 :11-32. Num. 16 :23-5
Th. Lk. 16 : 10-18. Num. 17 :1-1
Fri. Lk. 17 : 1-10. Num. 20 : 1-2
Sat. Lk. 18 :1-8. Num. 21 :1—22 :

3d Sunday in Lent.
Mon. Lk. 18 : 15-30. Num. 22 : 2-4
Tues. Lk. 19 : 1-40. Num. 23 : 1-3
Wed. Lk. 20 :1—21 :4. Num.24 :1-1
Th. Lk. 21 :37—22 :38.Nu.27 :12-2
Fri. Lk. 22 : 39-71. Deut. 5 : 1-3
Sat. Luke 23 : 1-25. Deut. 8 : 1-20

4th Sunday in Lent.
Mon. Lk. 23 : 26-56. Deut. 9 : 1-2
Tues. Matt. 26 : 1-35. Deu. 10 : 1-2
Wed. Matt. 26 :36-75. Deut.. 11 :1-3
Th. Matt. 27 : 1-38. Deut. 28 : 1-1
Fri. Matt. 27 :39-66. Deut.28 :15-6
Sat. Mark 14 :1-31. Deut. 34 :1-12

5th Sunday in Lent.
Mon. Mark 14 : 32-72. Jer. 2 : 1-1
Tues. Mk. 15 : 1-19. Hosea 13 :9-1
Wed. Mark 15 : 20-47. Zeph. 3 : 1-8
Th. John 12 : 1-19. Micah 3 : 9-12
Fri. John 12 : 20-50. Is. 66 :1-9
Sat. John 13 : 16-38. Zech. 9 : 1-17

Palm Sunday.
Mon. John 18 :1-18. Jer. 7 : 1-15
Tues. John 18 : 19-40. Is. 50 :4-11
Wed. John 19 : 1-12. Jer. 11 : 18.2
Th. John 19 : 13-24. Zech. 3 : 1-1
Fri. John 19 : 25-37. Lam. 2 : 8-15
Sat. John 19 : 38-42. Is. 52 : 13-15